

# LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 138. VOL. VI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30, 1865.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE WRECK.]

## THE GOLDEN APPLE: OR, CHRISTMAS WITH THE SHERSTONS.

### CHAPTER III.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir W. Raleigh.

"Come, Mark, lad, ride home with us. We can manage to entertain you at the Cliff, even if Mrs. Sherston forbids a day's good hunting. Maggie here has endless resources when you insist upon her bringing them out; and she will invite over Ted and Rose Elsingham, and as many other young people as you desire. Jessie has promised to go long ago. I believe that compact was made before we came over to the manor," said Colonel Selwyn, as he rose from the dinner-table.

Mark answered smilingly, after a glance at his father's pale, absent countenance:

"I should certainly enjoy it very much, my dear colonel, but I cannot promise that my mother will consent, since I have so lately returned home."

"But you are to remain for the future; there's time enough for her to get tired to death of a troublesome young fellow like you."

"Well, let us see what she will say to the proposition," replied Mark, quite indifferent himself, how the suggestion was received.

They hunted up the ladies, and found them in the drawing-room, with a portfolio of engravings just arrived from London.

The colonel bustled up to the lady of the house in his usual noisy fashion.

"Now, Mrs. Sherston, I've come for you to say yes without any reservation to a very simple request of

mine, and I'm seconded by Maggie and Jessie and Mark—all of them."

"Let us hear what it is," was the lady's reply, while her smiling glance turned upon her son with all a mother's fondness.

"Let him go home with us to spend Christmas week."

"What, when we have only had him three days after an absence of years?"

"I told you, colonel, what she would say," said Mark.

"Pshaw, will you let the first skirmish frighten you? you haven't made a direct attack yet. You see, my dear madam, I am determined to have a jolly Christmas. Your niece has given her promise long ago to accompany us, and we intend to have quite a party of young people, who will all be indignant to miss this newly arrived hero from their number. It will be a pleasant opportunity for him to renew his acquaintance with the young ladies; and, bless you, you have got him here now, for the rest of his life, you can well afford to give us a few days."

Mrs. Sherston smiled at the colonel's eagerness. She linked her white hand in her son's arm, and drew him on one side.

"You would enjoy it, Mark, I am sure; and with Jessie away, the house will be duller than usual. Yes, I am sure you had better go. Your father did not seem very well before dinner, though he was evidently annoyed that I remarked it; the quiet will recruit him, for he has exerted himself beyond his custom since the colonel's visit. Much as I shall miss my precious one, even for a single day, I favour your going."

"My mother's wishes shall always make the law for my actions," replied Mark, raising the soft hand to his lips.

"You were always a dutiful child, Mark. My dear, dear boy, what should we do if it were not so? You who are our one sole heir and treasure," answered

the mother, gazing fondly upon the youthful, manly countenance.

"Well," said the colonel, coming forward, "what is the decision?"

"Your eloquence has conquered. I am to go. Suppose you try to extort permission for me to try a shot with you."

"That youngster is an exception to the common rule, I can tell you, Mrs. Sherston."

"He is a good son; I cannot be too thankful for that, Colonel Selwyn."

"And I have no doubt you will give him the wider liberty for his generous submission," persisted the colonel, with an artful smile. "I think if I were you I should say, 'Mark, my boy, I know you will enjoy keenly a day's sport with the colonel; I would try my gun while at the Cliff, if I were you.'"

Mark laughed heartily, and so did Mrs. Sherston.

"Well, Mark, I will certainly withdraw my prohibition," replied the latter.

The colonel rubbed his hands briskly.

"Now everything is satisfactorily settled; it could only be improved by your coming yourself, with the squire."

"Oh, no, indeed. Serle needs a little careful tending at home; we must defer our visit."

Mark went off to the portfolio-stand where the girls were still busy.

Merry, hoydenish Maggie Selwyn, the darling and pet of the witless colonel, turned her black eyes upon him with joyous triumph.

"I'm so glad you are to go, Mark; I knew papa would manage it. Here's Jessie offered to wager a pair of gloves against a rosebud that we should get you. She tells marvellous stories of your devotion to your mother, and she'll defy the loveliest maiden in the land to rival Mrs. Sherston's claims."

Maggie looked up sanely in his face with her bright black eyes.

"Jessie is once mistaken you see, so why not twice, Maggie? Moreover I don't see that there's a chance for any other affection to rival that given to a mother. Whatever else may come, such a mother as mine must reign supreme in her own peculiar realm."

"But it's not the inner one. Oh, Mark, how I shall enjoy seeing you in love. I mean to gather all the beauties of the shore at the Cliff, just to witness the assault on the invulnerable citadel."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Miss Maggie."

"How is it with you, cousin Jessie? Must I count you on the opposing side?"

Jessie Wharton blushed deeply at this speech, and her grey eye flashed angrily.

She was a tall girl, almost masculine in her height and lightness of limb; yet was finely proportioned, had symmetrical features, and a very pleasant countenance.

She swept him a haughty curtsey, and answered scornfully:

"Among the anglers for your condescending attentions, do you mean, Sir Mark? Allow me most respectfully to decline the uncourtly and hopeless task."

"Fahaw, Jessie, you know very well what I implied; as if I supposed you capable of such an absurdity—you who are my cousin and playfellow."

She curled her red lip, and then set the even row of white teeth almost savagely against it.

"We are not cousins," answered she, sulkily.

"Well, something very like; the kinship is rather remote, I believe, but my father adopted you as a niece, so you are my cousin; but pray don't be a capricious one, my dear, or I shall disown you," replied Mark, good-naturedly, yet much astonished at her mood.

Jessie turned, and bent over the portfolio.

"She's lost her gloves; no wonder she's vexed with you for departing from your usual rules," replied the frank, open-hearted Maggie.

Mark found a picture, a German scene, and began explaining its peculiarities so interestingly, that in a few minutes Jessie's clouded face brightened, she turned towards him and listened eagerly, and as he went on to relate some amusing incident that had occurred there, she joined her clear voice to their laughter.

"Oh, Jessie, how often I wished for you to share my pleasure in witnessing some of those queer German festivals; you always enjoyed the bright costumes of the peasant, free so much," continued he.

She fixed her eyes earnestly on his, and a slow smile broke over her face.

A keen observer had guessed the secret so feverishly guarded by that free and haughty heart in that one little moment.

Both Mark and Maggie were gazing dreamily upon the engraving.

"And you really wish me to believe you had thought of me in those picturesque old scenes; why, I should have hardly expected you to remember your mother, Mark, at such a time. One would be all eyes and no memory, I should think."

"It was in such places that I most keenly sighed for true companionship. Well, Jessie, I would have given up half my journeyings to have had you and my mother on the other half."

#### CHAPTER IV.

A gallant ship! and had, no doubt,  
Some noble creature in her! *The Tempest.*

NEXT day, being the day before Christmas-day, the party went cantering away from the Manor waving their adieus. Jessie's laugh was gayest and merriest of all.

Mark rode beside her a great part of the way, with Maggie on the other side sometimes, and sometimes the colonel; and when the roads were wide they rode four abreast.

"By the way," observed Mark, when for a moment the animated conversation languished, "I heard a queer story from Rufus White about the Little Island, Wizard's Isle, he tells me it is. Have you visited it yet, fair ladies?"

Maggie bent forward from her horse and looked into her friend's face, then burst into a peal of laughter.

"You've been there, both of you; tell me about it," cried Mark, triumphantly.

"The old fortune-teller is an impostor, so I wouldn't take pains to seek her out, Mark," observed Jessie, shortly.

"What did she say to you? What did you see in that mysterious pool?"

Jessie did not seem inclined to tell, but Maggie replied, frankly:

"We saw the veriest old witch's face that ever you imagined, only equalled by her veritable self; and

she scowled upon us as if we had been so many knights come to wage battle and put her and that grim old master of hers from the island."

"And what were your fortunes?"

"More rhodomontade," interposed Jessie, hastily. "She did not give any very definite information, yet it may sometimes gain significance. She whispered half of Jessie's. I only heard that her dearest hopes were to be thwarted. What are your dearest hopes, Jessie?" added Maggie, peering roguishly into Jessie's face.

The latter struck her horse sharply with the whip and rode on to the colonel's side.

He called out to the others:

"Follow Jessie's example, and hurry along; that cloud is rising swiftly, and it has an ugly look."

His prophecy was not a false one.

They had scarcely gained the shelter of the fine old Selwyn roof, when the tempest broke upon the earth and sea with terrific violence, and blinding snow swept around in sheets of sleet.

The girls crept together by the side of Colonel Selwyn with pale faces and trembling hearts.

The Selwyn mansion, as its name implied, was situated upon a high cliff jutting out upon the sea.

The force of the tempest seemed to come from the sea itself; the wind and snow continued, settling into a decided storm.

"It is an uncommonly high wind," observed the colonel to Mark. "We feel such weather at the Cliff, but we don't have a wind setting in this direction in company with a snow storm hardly twice a year. It would be trying to a ship getting into the channel on the strength of the morning's fair promise. Elias," added he, turning to the servant waiting for the housekeeper's orders, "have any ships passed up, that you have noticed?"

"I think there was one about noon, sir; the butler was speaking about it. It is too thick to see anything from here, now."

"I hope for its sake that the wind will go down with the sun," observed the colonel, shivering; "let us have a good fire. It's one of my follies, Mark, to be always fretting about the ships in a storm. It is the disadvantage of living so near the coast. Yet not in my lifetime has there been a serious shipwreck. They have usually warning enough to keep outside. In my poor father's day, there was a terrible scene just below. It is one of my nightmare recollections—his description of it to us children. But we won't talk of it to-night."

"What a majestic woman our Jessie has become!" thought Mark, and as he saw the grey eyes lifted questioning to his face, he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Why, Jessie, dear, I won't agree till now how those three years have been improving you. You would make a perfect Amazon. Indeed, your wrath is really becoming, or is it you become the wrath? You look down for a crown."

Jessie flashed one smiling glance toward him, and radiantly happy, glided to the piano, and swept her hands across the keys.

"It is just the hour for music," said the colonel; "how fast the twilight gathers! Come, girls, let us have songs without number."

Jessie was a brilliant musician, and was in the mood for compliance. She played and sang nearly two hours, until they were summoned to dinner.

When they returned to the drawing-room, the colonel swept away the curtains and looked out.

"Ah, the clouds are breaking, the storm is over; we shall have starlight in an hour longer," observed he.

They were still enjoying the music, when one of the servants came rushing unceremoniously into the room, exclaiming in a horrified voice:

"Oh, master! oh, Colonel Selwyn! the ship has struck on the rocks! We can see her now; and hark! she has been firing guns for some minutes."

The girls came hurrying from the piano. Colonel Selwyn sprang to his feet, his ruddy face losing all its colour.

"Good heavens, William, you don't mean so!"

"Hark, sir."

Every breath was hushed, every ear strained in listening.

It came—dull, heavy, hoarse, but terribly distinct.

"The minute gun!" exclaimed Maggie, wringing her hands.

Mark turned resolutely to the colonel, who seemed completely unnerved.

"We must do our best to help them, sir; a few human beings may be saved at least."

"There is an old life-boat down below, sir," exclaimed William, eagerly, turning to Mark, recognizing at once his superior coolness and energy; "but I'm afraid not more than half the crew are about. It isn't once in a lifetime, you know, it's needed."

"I am good for one or two in an emergency," was Mark's prompt reply.

"No, no!" cried Jessie, springing to his side, and

seizing both hands frantically, "you must not risk your life. Think of—your mother!"

He pushed her away impatiently.

"There's no time to be lost. Round all the help you can. Get ropes, boats, and all the men possible, William," cried Mark, authoritatively, buttoning up his coat while he spoke.

"Let us all go!" exclaimed Jessie, hoarsely.

Maggie ran out for wrappers. She brought to Mark a thicker coat, but he left it untouched; he was already out on the lawn, directing the servants to light a fire on the outer cliff, when the colonel put on his hat.

In his own sphere no one was cooler or braver than Colonel Selwyn; but the horrors of this long-dreaded calamity seemed to have deprived him of all self-possession.

The two girls, clinging to each other, followed the hurrying, shouting line of servants to the beach.

The old boat had been hoisted down to the water, and was only waiting for more hands at the oars; but it looked fearfully.

Mark leaped in, although receiving a thorough drenching of spray in the attempt.

All was confusion and disorder; every one too excited to be of any service.

Twice the boat was nearly swamped, there at the shore.

"This will never do!" cried Mark, resolutely; "is there any one here can take command of the boat? For some one must command, and every one else obey."

No answer came.

"Then I will do it myself—I am not afraid. I can carry it safely through, if you will all give me implicit obedience."

"Ay, ay, captain, we know we can trust you," said a brave-armed sailor. "Go ahead!"

The boat by this time was kindled. Its ruddy glare flashed over the scene as the boat was pushed off by a dozen stout arms to the mournful refrain of that despairing gun.

"Why does he go?" cried Jessie Wharton, fiercely; "what's that ship and all its crew to the loss of his life?"

And her fascinated eye followed the tall erect figure at the helm, around which the red light seemed to glow in a kind of halo.

In another moment boat and leader were both lost from sight. A huge mountain wave leaped upon it, and seemed to swallow all.

A wild cry arose from the horrified groups along the beach.

Maggie, weeping wildly, buried her face in her hands, but her companion, with livid cheeks, clenched hands, and white teeth set savagely upon the dry, parched lips, stared fiercely after them.

Far out into the grey breadth of water tossed helplessly the black wreck. Every now and then the scudding clouds left the clear starlight overhead, and they could see how it was tossed by those pitiless giant arms to and fro against the cruel rocks of the hidden reef.

It was impossible now to follow the movements of the gallant boat. Whether the waves had engulfed it, none could say.

All waited in the most intensely painful suspense what seemed hour after hour, but was in reality not more than twenty minutes. The last gun had been fired. The keeneast eye fancied the ship had broken in two, and that the fragments were drifting to final destruction; when, feeble and faint, but yet distinct enough to ensure belief, came over the roar of the waves, a cheery hurrah.

"They have reached the ship!" cried Colonel Selwyn, the tears streaming over his cheeks. "Brave fellows! noble fellows! Heaven give them safety on their return!"

Yes—they were actually returning.

Lighter combustibles were thrown upon the fire, and the ruddy gleam streaming farther away showed the boat returning.

It came slowly and in a vacillating course. The strong arms were evidently exhausted, but the brave hearts, never!

Mark was the first to leap out; some twelve helpless creatures were passed out, and taken up by those on shore with shouts of rejoicing.

"Thank heaven, you are safe, Mark!" cried Colonel Selwyn. "What could I have said to your parents had anything happened?"

"That I was doing a man's duty. The boat must return. I want a fresh crew; these are completely used up. What ho! I want fresh hands at the oars; who will come?" shouted he, turning to the crowd on the beach.

No one came forward.

"It is madness to venture a second trip; it is a miracle you returned this time," answered a voice.

"Shall I go alone?" cried out Mark, appealingly. "for go I shall."



The same sailor who had at first responded came forward.

"Here's a hand to try it over, though my arms are weather-beaten and used up; it can't be said the captain asked for men and got no one."

This example roused the others, and they came forward hurriedly in answer to Mark's last appeal.

"Will you allow your fellow-beings to perish before your eyes? There is no need of failure."

A second time the boat pushed away valiantly through the angry billows.

It was still longer away this time and returned with a smaller freight. The wreck had gone down with its helpless crew.

Half a dozen exhausted men had been picked up. Their own boat had been twice capsized, but they reached the shore at length in safety.

Dripping like a sea-god, and looking to their eyes quite as kindly, Mark dashed up to the group around Colonel Selwyn, with a heavy burden in his arms.

"This is my own special prize. I leaped into the water twice for him; the first time he was sensible, but when our boat went over, whilst little life he had was knocked out of him. It was a long time before I could find him the second time. They wanted me to give it up, but I persisted; so I feel as if his life, if it can be saved, was of my giving. Will you have him taken to the Cliff, colonel?"

"Certainly; leave him to us now, and look to yourself, Mark. You are a hero, and I am proud of you."

"Nonsense! I have done what I could. Good heavens, there is but a handful saved; the greater portion went down with the ship's bow."

"How frightful—how frightful, but come, our part lies in restoring the sufferers. The Cliff must be a hospital to-night."

Mark was unable to assist any further. He wavered, and staggered like a drunken man; and the colonel called one of the servants to assist him to reach the house.

Arrived there he was fain to lie on the sofa, even after William had got dry clothing upon him, and given him a powerful restorative.

Jessie hovered over him with the most tender attentions; indeed, seriously annoyed him by her persistence.

"I wish you would go and see what has become of the poor man I snatched twice from the angry waves," said Mark, half impatiently; "he needs these attentions more than I."

"Oh, Mark, I can only think of you. It appeals to me to remember what might have happened."

"There's many a better fellow gone down with this very ship, I don't doubt," answered Mark, sweetly wondering at his own sentiment and impatience of her presence. "Where are they? I think I could walk with your assistance to the other room, if the colonel is there."

She held out her arm unhesitatingly, and helped him to accomplish his wish.

## CHAPTER V.

Leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.

They found Colonel Selwyn and William perseveringly at work over the still insensible stranger, while Maggie stood by, handing warm blankets and fresh drinks, and lending every possible aid.

He was breathing quite naturally, but had not yet spoken or opened his eyes.

Colonel Selwyn, for a moment dropped the hand he had been chafing, and turned to inquire anxiously of Mark concerning his own recovery.

As Mark sank into a chair with a cheery smile, which relieved the apprehensions excited by his extreme paleness, Jessie came forward to take a curious glance at the stranger's face.

The pale hand drooping heavily over the counterpane arrested her eye.

She started. A singular look of mingled astonishment and suppressed excitement swept across her face, as she glanced for the second time at the large and very peculiar old-fashioned ring on the little finger.

She stopped on hastily, and gave one earnest piercing look at the stricken face.

It was that of an elderly man; the features sharply defined, somewhat gaunt, and, as he lay now, the eyes closed, the lips drawn down with an expression sinister and cynical. The most locks of grey hair steamed back upon the pillow, the ears were cold and white, as if fashioned of ice.

Long and earnest was the girl's inspection. And she only withdrew when the colonel returned to his post.

"An elderly man," observed she, calmly; "you think he will survive the shock, do you not?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. The doctor has looked in

upon him and given us directions to call him if a moment consciousness returns. He has some very serious cases down in the gardener's house, he told me."

Mark made an effort and came likewise to the bedside.

"Poor old man, I hope he will survive, and know many happy years yet. It is rather a peculiar feeling I have for him. I cannot bear to think he will meet sorrow, or be guilty of wrong doing."

"You remember the old superstition about saving a drowning man," observed the colonel; "it's very unlikely in this case, if it were a young man, there might possibly be a chance for him to become a mortal enemy. I think you are quite safe here, my boy."

Mark laughed lightly.

The sound seemed to penetrate to the torpid brain. The eyelids suddenly fluttered open, and a pair of keen, cold, grey eyes looked straight into Mark's face.

"Where am I? What has happened?" asked the old man, in a feeble voice, but still in calm, measured accents.

"It is all right—all right, sir; don't you fret yourself a bit!" exclaimed the colonel, pushing his head before Mark's arm.

A little bewildered by the reply, the old man's eyes ran from face to face.

"You were in the ship which was wrecked, and are saved now," interposed Mark.

"Ah, yes, I remember. Where about am I? On what part of the coast?"

Mark informed him briefly.

"I must be near an old friend, if I remember rightly. How far off is Sheraton Manor?"

"Ten miles," replied the colonel, in utter astonishment. "Why, it is Mark Sheraton here, who asked your life for you."

He waved his hand toward the young man, and that icy glittering eye followed the movement and rested on Mark's face.

"Mark Sheraton—Mark—Mark! Oh, yes, I know, Serle's son—Serle's son Mark."

Mark bowed with a pleasant smile.

"I am very glad I have been able to help one of my father's friends; perhaps I know you well by description, for my father is apt to talk a great deal about his favourites; we will take you over to the manor as soon as you can bear the ride. My father will be delighted to see you."

A grim smile crossed that cynical mouth.

"No doubt, no doubt; yet I question if you have heard my name. At his great many years since I have seen him. I intend to make my home with him for a little while. I am old and sore; I think I can go to sleep now."

Saying which, he closed his eyes.

"I think the old gentleman imagines he has landed in a hotel," observed Maggie, dryly. "I really congratulate you, Mark, upon the acquaintance you will have to your home circle. How coolly he announced his intentions, and without giving his name, either. I don't believe in their being friends; your delicate, sensitive, over-refined father, and this cool, stony block. Only think if you had lost your life in trying to rescue that thankless creature."

"Spare your indignation, my little Maggie," replied Mark, laughingly; "he may prove a rough diamond, and we may yet be convinced of intrinsic worth beyond present guessing. That he is my father's friend is warrant for my postpositive judgment. As soon as I learn his name, I must beg the colonel's permission to allow me to send a servant over to the Manor."

"Certainly; and Maggie my darling, don't allow your indignation at his ingratitude for Mark's heroic exertions to put away from your mind the remembrance of his actual condition—a shipwrecked guest given by the storm to our hospitality."

Maggie, looking a little repentant, went over to Jessie Wharton.

"Come, Jessie, I really think there is no further need for our remaining here. We shall be dull enough to-morrow at the best. Let us say what time we can."

Jessie arose, still mute and undemonstrative.

"Good night, papa; good night, thou brave young hero," said Maggie gaily as she took the candle.

Jessie went up to Mark and held out her hand.

"Good night, Mark; you are indeed beyond all heroes."

"Pshaw," said Mark impatiently, "you will drive me frantic. Why am I any better than the dozen sailors who manned the life-boat?"

Then seeing the tears rising to her eyes, he added kindly:

"Good night, my tender-hearted cousin; try to sleep off this excitement, or you will be ill to-morrow."

She went away without another word. But when Maggie would have lingered in her chamber, Jessie peremptorily dismissed her.

"Go to your bed at once, Maggie dear. I shall be ever so long unwinding my hair, and I am too tired to talk."

So Maggie retired at once, and was sound asleep, while the girl sat still in the same attitude, never stirring for more than an hour. She made no movement then toward disrobing, but opening the corridor door very softly, she listened anxiously.

Everything was quiet, and without her candle she crossed the wide hall, descended the stairs, and stood a moment hesitatingly before the door of the room where she had left the old man under William's care.

Then turning the handle very softly she passed on.

William was dozing beside the bed, but the bright, grey eyes of the patient fell directly upon her face. His stuper had been succeeded by a wakeful irritation. He looked at her wonderingly.

She turned to William calmly, and said, with the utmost composure:

"Could you get a little camphor for me, William? I did not like to ring the bell, because I knew what a hard night every one had had, but my head aches, and I feel sure it would relieve it."

The servant, of course, very willingly obeyed. The moment he had gone, the girl turned to the attentive watcher.

"I am Jessie Wharton," said she, "I recognized you at once, but I did not care that they should know it."

A bright glow kindled upon the pallid face.

"Jessie, my darling—is it possible? How you have grown! Why, you have a look like a queen!" exclaimed the old man, half raising himself from the bed and stretching out both hands to her.

She gave hers to him somewhat coldly, but he was too eager and pleased to notice it.

"Ah, what a pretty creature, you have grown! You are happy, it is plain to see. And how are matters progressing? I counted up what your age would be, and I thought it was time to come and redeem my promise to you. You haven't forgotten it have you?"

A bright red spot shone on her cheek.

"Forgotten it? No! Did I not recognize you a once?"

"And do you still wish that I should fulfil it?" asked he, the sharp eyes full upon her face.

How like his own grew those grey eyes of hers as they seemed to gleam so idly!

"Above all things else in the world!" answered she, hastily, and in a quivering voice.

"It shall be done," was all he answered.

Then drawing her toward him by the hand he held, he fondly and admiringly examined her face.

"Perhaps there was no need of my coming," said he. "You are so brave and comely, you would win the prize without my help."

"One cannot tell," replied she; "but I am glad you have come."

"You have thought of me, then—you have loved me a little? Child, child, but for your sake I could never have stayed away so long. I knew you would be brought up a true lady there. I knew it was best. You must have loved me a little, Jessie, or how did you recognize me?"

She smiled softly, nor gave a hint that the well remembered ring on his finger revealed his identity, which closer observation corroborated.

"Don't let them know it yet," said she, hastily, as she heard William's steps without.

"Good-night!"

"My pride, my joy, am I not to have the name from your lips which I have yearned for so long?"

She laid her lips to his ear and whispered it, and turned in time to open the door for William with the camphor.

"Thank you, William. I am sorry to trouble you. I shall be better now, I am sure."

And she flitted away to her own chamber; and when late in the morning Maggie came into the room, she found her friend in a sweet slumber.

The great house, at the Cliff presented a somewhat amusing and very confused appearance the next day, looking, as Maggie laughingly declared, like a hospital, very suddenly improvised.

The patients were all of them very comfortable. Down half a mile below the house, on the beach where the tide drifted the fragments, was the saddest scene.

But the inmates came around the breakfast-table with serene faces. Mark was quite himself.

The stranger was reported by William as extremely comfortable.

"I'm going in for his name," remarked the colonel, as he rose from the table.

"Do, by all means. Say that I wish to send word to my father," returned Mark.

The colonel returned in a few moments.

"Why, Mark, it is the Australian geologist, who

has become quite well known of late by means of his very able letters to the Society. Kinmouth is his name. He desired me especially to refrain from sending any word to Sherston Manor. He will ride over to-day, and take his old friend by surprise."

(To be continued.)

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXII.

There is not, night or day, a speck to stain  
The azure heavens;—the blessed sun alone,  
In unapproachable divinity,  
Carvers, rejoicing in his fields of light. *Thompson.*  
O'er heaven and sea, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling radiance reigns,  
And all, from pole to pole, is undistinguishable blaze. *Southey.*

THE ship was sailing towards the sun, and the weather was very beautiful; but the passengers in the cabin had been at sea more than a month, and so they were beginning to long for a sight of land, even though it were a foreign shore.

Captain McKenzie had said that if the wind continued tolerably favourable, by the first week in November they would make the Cape Verde Islands, where the ship was to stop for fresh water and provisions.

The wind had not been particularly favourable; and it was now the second week in November; but they were hoping to reach Port Praya in four or five days.

They began to long for the sight of the Cape Verde Islands as if they were their native shores and the bourn of all their hopes.

"I do not believe we shall ever get there!" said Martha Breton, as she and the two other young women sat together in their cabin, one afternoon, when the weather was too hot to permit them to stay on deck. "I do not believe we shall ever get anywhere! To go to bed every night and leave the same sea and the same sky, and to get up every morning and find the same sky and the same sea, and no change and no sign of progress—oh! I tell you it is beginning to craze me! I am beginning to doubt whether there is any reality in all this; and that I am not a miserable monomaniac, haunted with the horrible old idea of sailing for ever on an endless sea! Say something to me, Britomarte!"

"Well," said Miss Conyers, smiling, "I think, though the sea and the sky present little change; yet still there is abundant proof that we do move—not only on the chart and in the log-book, but in the season. Recollect this is November, and we have a sun as hot and fierce as that of July and August in our native climate. We do move, my dear, believe me."

"Oh, I suppose we do; that is to say, I take the fact on trust. I don't see it myself," yawned Martha Breton.

"You feel it, don't you? If you don't, I do! It is so warm. And it grows warmer every day. We must be near the tropic," said Mrs. Ely.

"We are. I heard the captain say this noon that we were in twenty-nine degrees seven minutes north latitude, and thirty-three degrees nine minutes east longitude. And I should think, at the rate we are going now, that we are within two days' sail of the tropic of Cancer, and five days' sail of the Cape Verde Islands. Come, we shall get there at last. Have courage and patience. 'Time and the hour wears out the longest day,' you know," said Britomarte.

"Ah, yes, I dare say; but there are so many long days. And time and the hours will wear me out first, I think," said Mrs. Breton, half laughing and half groaning.

Britomarte saw a great deal of Justin. Not only did they meet at the three meals that were served in the dining-saloon, where the conversation was always general, but also on deck in the morning and the afternoon, and in the cabin in the evening; but Justin seemed to make no progress in the favour of his beloved.

It is true that he did not once again, by word or look, express his love.

He was very guarded. He talked of books, of missions, of social reforms, of everything and anything, or nothing, rather than of that; and Britomarte met him frankly on this ground.

And, singularly enough, neither Justin nor Britomarte found the sea-voyage half so tedious as did their fellow-passengers.

But a sea-voyage, like all other things, comes to an end sometime or other, or somehow or other. Their voyage was approaching the end of its first run—to the Cape Verde Islands.

The captain said:

"If this wind holds, we shall make Port Praya the day after to-morrow."

And if he had said:

"We shall all realize immense fortunes the day after to-morrow," his words could not have produced so great delight.

The next morning, when the ladies came out of their state-rooms, Mr. Breton, who had been out early on deck, came down into the cabin, and after greeting the party, said:

"We are now within the tropics. We crossed Cancer in the night. We shall make the Cape Verde Islands to-morrow evening."

"I hope so," answered his wife; "but, oh dear! and oh dear! I hope deferred maketh the heart sick; you know; and the bourn of our voyage seems to recede as we advance, like a moveable horizon, to which there can be no termination."

"Yes; but there is a termination near at hand; keep up!"

At breakfast that morning they had nothing but salt fish as a relish to their bread and butter and coffee. The steward explained that the fresh provisions were running low; that they had only enough left to serve two meals; and that it would be reserved for dinner that day and the next.

"Which looks like coming to an end of this part of the voyage," whispered Mrs. Breton, hopefully.

"It looks like coming to an end of our provisions," laughed her husband, and he helped her to a piece of dried laddock.

"We shall see land to-morrow," said the captain.

And "we shall see land to-morrow" was the chief burden of the conversation among the passengers all that day. It was the supplement of their good-night, when they separated to retire to their state-rooms, and the next morning it was only slightly varied by: "We shall see land to-day."

And all day long they were all on deck, with their telescopes, on the watch for land. It was of no use for the officers to assure them that such vigilance was unequalled for, as the man stationed aloft on the look out would be the first to announce it.

They all chose to stay on deck in the burning heat, and use their own eyes and glasses.

Nevertheless, the forenoon passed, dinner-time came and went, and the afternoon waned, and night set in, and there was no land in sight. They sat up very late, and at length reluctantly went below and turned in.

"I knew we wouldn't see it! I knew it was all an hallucination the idea of our ever getting nearer to any place! We are going on and on over these waters for ever and for ever! That's my belief!" complained Mrs. Breton, as she disappeared within her state-room.

She was mistaken, of course, as all impatient people always are; for the passengers had scarcely dropped into their first doze, when they were startled out of it by a trumpet cry from the man on the look-out:

"Land ho!" Those who have heard that cry at sea only know its rapture or its anguish; for sometimes it means life, and sometimes death.

To our sea-weary voyagers it simply meant change, but it filled them with delight for all that.

They turned out quickly, hurried on what clothes lay nearest at hand, and hastened into the cabin.

The ladies remained below, but the gentlemen went up on deck.

In the purple darkness of the tropical night, however, they could see nothing.

The officer of the watch informed them that they had made out the Cape Verde Islands, but also assured them that they would not reach Port Praya before morning.

With this news the gentlemen went down below, where, after mutual congratulations, the little party once more bade each other good-night, and turned in and composed themselves to sleep. After their watching and excitement they slept long and soundly, and late into the next morning.

When Britomarte came out of her state-room, she found Judith alone in the cabin and in the act of stowing away baskets of oranges, lemons, bananas and other tropical fruits into that omnium gatherum, the spare state-room.

"I am very glad! Where are the ladies?—on deck?" inquired Britomarte, looking around.

"No, ma'am; sure they're slaping like angels after being so tired; but the gentlemen are up there trading with the natives, as have boarded the ship like a gang of wild pirates entirely! Look what a lot of bananas and trash they're after buying!" said Judith pointing, in strong disapprobation to the baskets of fruit that cluttered up the spare state-room.

Britomarte looked and laughed, and then went up on deck.

"Good morning, Miss Conyers! Here we are at

Porto Praya!" said Justin Rosenthal, receiving her at the top of the stairs.

"Let us congratulate each other, then, that the Cape Verde Islands are not the *fata morgana* that Mrs. Breton feared," replied Britomarte, as she stepped upon deck.

Mr. Breton, Mr. Ely, and several of the ship's officers greeted her with good morning. She smiled in acknowledgment of their salutations, and walked forward to look around her.

It was a novel and curious scene. The ship was anchored just within the entrance of the harbour, and the quaint little town of Porto Praya—half Portuguese, half African—half civilized and half barbarous, and wholly unique in character and appearance—lay at a short distance off.

The ship was surrounded with bum-boats, filled with provisions of all sorts—sheep, pigs, poultry, the fine fruits, the cheap wines, and the small manufactures of the islands; and the deck was crowded with a motley mob of Portuguese, negroes and half-breeds, whose clacking voices nearly deafened their hearers as they vaunted their wares and solicited custom.

Nearly everybody bought something of them; but it was a good while before the deck was cleared of the crowd and the bum-boats left the sides of the ship.

Then the officers and passengers prepared to go to breakfast.

Just as they were passing the cabin doors, Mrs. Ely and Mrs. Breton made their appearance on deck, as full of wonder at the new scene as though they had never beheld land in all their lives before.

"You two have missed a good thing! You have missed the bum-boats and the traders," said Mr. Ely.

"Oh, we don't mind that—we are so glad to be here," replied Mrs. Breton.

And they all went to the breakfast-table.

"We shall remain here for twenty-four hours," said the captain. "We shall have to take in fresh water and provisions enough to last us until we get to the Cape of Good Hope. So we shall not be able to make sail before to-morrow morning. There is a boat getting ready to go on shore; and if any of the passengers would like to take a look at the town, now is their opportunity to do so."

Of course, every one of the passengers would like to take a look at the town; they would like to look at any town after looking at nothing but water so long, and especially they would like to look at this queer little town, which was a foreign one, and a great curiosity.

So they soon hurried through with their breakfast, and hastened down below to get ready to go on shore.

They lost no time, but soon came on deck—the ladies dressed in their thin summer-mantles, light bonnets and thick veils, and with their large sun-shades in their hands, though this was the month of November—but it was summer there.

The yawl-boat, with its little crew and two of the officers, was waiting for them below the starboard gangway.

The ladies were assisted down into it, and the gentlemen followed.

"Only think," said Mrs. Ely; "it is six weeks since we crawled up the side of that ship by the rope-ladder and were so frightened! And we have never been off her from that time to this. And now we don't mind coming down in the same way at all!"

The boat put off from the side of the ship, and a few minutes of rapid rowing brought them to the rude pier of the little town, where they all jumped ashore with a hearty if unspoken hail to the land.

But what a quaint little outlandish place it was to be sure. How still, lonely, and slumberous it seemed.

In the quiet little harbour they had just left, beside their own ship, there was but one other ship—a Portuguese trader, just from the Cape of Good Hope.

In the quiet little town they just entered there seemed just life enough to keep it from death. How different from the busy cities, towns, and villages of their native country.

And so they went through that strange little seaport town, so little known to the rest of the world, so little frequented except by ships bound to and from the Cape of Good Hope and the Indies; that hybrid town, in its character half-European and half-African, half-civilized and half-savage, with its narrow streets and gaily-painted houses; its mixed population of Portuguese, or "Gees," as they are called there, negroes and half-breeds; and with its gay booths, where fruits, wines, tobacco, amber, and fancy pottery are exposed for sale.

All through these streets our little party walked. They were occasionally hailed by the vendors behind the booths, and invited to buy.

But the two missionaries had little money to spare, and that had already been spent among the owners of the bum-boats earlier in the morning.



Justin, however, was more fortunate; and he bought fruits, jellies, amber ornaments, fancy pottery, and other "knickknacks," which he pressed upon the acceptance of the two married ladies, and with which they loaded down their patient husbands.

Not to appear singular, or to attach too much importance to such a trifle, Miss Conyers followed their example so far as to accept an amber comb, for which she thanked Mr. Rosenthal with as much grace and sweetness as if she had been a queen graciously accepting an offering from the most favoured of her nobles.

They walked through the town, and out into the country, where they noticed with interest the scattered cabanas of the Portuguese colonists, surrounded by groves of palm, tamarind and adansonia trees, and cultivated fields of maize, rice, tobacco and sugar. There, too, they saw the coffee, the indigo, and other tropical plants in the natural state. But among all these novel objects, what struck them as the strangest, were the English domestic animals—cows, sheep, pigs, goats, and poultry, so much at home on their foreign and tropical island.

It was late in the afternoon when they retraced their steps into the town, and down to the harbour, where they signalled the ship, which sent a boat to bring them off. It was sunset when they reached the Sultana.

## CHAPTER XXII.

He pauses to gather his fearful breath,  
And lifts up his voice like the angel of death;  
And the billows leap up when the summons they hear,  
And the ship flies away as if winged with fear;  
And the uncouth monsters that dwell in the deep  
Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,  
And career through the waters like clouds through the night,  
To share in the tumult their joy and delight. L. E. L.

"Welcome back again!" said Captain McKenzie, as he received his passengers on deck.

"Welcome back to our floating prison!" laughed Mrs. Breton; "which we shan't be able to leave again for another six weeks, I suppose."

"Not until we reach Cape Town; which, if we have very good luck, we may reach in that time," answered the captain.

"After all, it is like coming home to come back on board of the ship to the care of Judith and the captain. I think we must have the best stewardess and the best captain that ever was in this world," said Mrs. Ely, as they all went to the dining cabin.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Breton; "yes, it is like coming home—but it is like coming home to prison; where, to be sure, we have got a humane gaoler, and a good-natured female warder! But I shall be glad when we have all served our time out, and are set at liberty."

It was a merry party that gathered around the beautifully spread table that evening. All had been on shore at one time or another during the day. And each had his little experience to give of his intercourse with the simple natives or cunning colonists.

The sitting around the table was prolonged. When the company arose, our little party retired to their cabin, where the gentlemen left the ladies, while they themselves returned to the deck.

Judith, as usual, was busy sitting in and out of the state-rooms, putting in order things that were indeed sufficiently so before she touched them. When she got through, she sat down to rest on the lowest step of the cabin stairs.

The ladies had gathered around their table, and taken out of their pockets some fine bright yarn that they had purchased in the town; and they were now commencing a new series of crocheted work.

Britomarte turned to the Irish girl.

"Did you get leave to go on shore, Judith?" inquired Miss Conyers.

"Sure, yes, ma'am, meself and Misthress Mullony, and Mike and Foretop Tom went on in company. And by the same token, Foretop Tom prisinted me with a present iv a parrot. And faix meself thinks it will be just the squakingest crayture that iver was, intirely; though sure P'd rather have itself, or two iv it, than the grinning baste of a monkey that Misther Mullony bought for Biddy. And ah! ma'am, about Mike Mullony, sure. Yer ought to know yer did him a dale of good with the blowing up yer give him."

"Ah! I hope he treats his wife better than he did," said Miss Conyers.

"Ye may jist belave he does that same, ma'am. Sure he's niver riz his hand agin Biddy since, at all at all. Faix, he says, ye made him fole like a shape-staler, intirely."

"I am very glad of it," said the merciless man-hater, "and I hope he'll continue to feel like a thief every time he remembers striking his wife. But, Judith, my girl, you are a good creature, and I take a great interest in you. Now about this Foretop Tom. I wouldn't be taking presents from him,

and accepting of his escort on shore, and all that sort of thing. It might encourage him to make love to you, you know."

"Sure, ma'am, and where's the harm?" said Judith, violently blushing, and rolling the ends of her apron. "He might wish to marry you, and you would never consent to that, with the warning of Mr. and Mrs. Mullony before your eyes."

"Faix, ma'am, and why wouldn't I, itself? Sure me and Tom are troth-plighted this many a day, and we'll be married if ever we get home ag'in from this voyage."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Britomarte, dropping her work and gazing compassionately upon the victim.

Apparently, Judith could not stand the gaze, so she quietly arose, smoothed down her apron, and stole away up the cabin-stairs.

When they woke up in the morning, the ship had already made sail, and was flying southward before a fair wind, at the rate of eight knots an hour.

When they dressed and went on deck, they found themselves on the open sea once more, with the land nearly out of sight. Looking in the direction of the Cape Verde Islands, they saw only a shadowy line on the horizon, that might have been cloud, or fog, or land; but it was the shore they had left with the first tide that morning.

"Well," said Mrs. Breton, the desponding, "we have made Port Praya, that bourne of our many days' hopes, and we have left it, and are at sea again, with the prospect of a much longer and rougher voyage before us than the one we left behind us, and now what better off are we for our visit?"

"Oh, a great deal!" said Mrs. Ely, the hopeful; "we have seen Port Praya, we have got some curiosities and remembrancers of the Cape Verde Islands, and lastly, we have laid in a fine, large supply of fresh water and provisions."

The ship was crowded with all the canvas she could bear, and was going finely; but the day was blazing hot, so, after breakfast, the ladies were driven into the cabin, to take shelter from the sun's insufferable heat, and there they sat fanning themselves, and drinking lemonade and tamarind water until dinner time.

On the first of December, at seven o'clock in the morning, they crossed the Equator. And this seemed to be the great event of the voyage. Very early in the morning, a sort of Admiral of Mistrule took command of the ship, deposing, for the time being, her legitimate officers. The cabin passengers were soon roused out of their sleep by the noise over their heads; and when, after a hurried toilet, they all, nearly simultaneously, came out of their state-rooms to see what the matter was, Judith answered:

"Sure it's crossing the line we are, and the sailors are receiving Neptune on board."

"Oh!" they all exclaimed in a breath.

They had all heard of this grotesque ceremony, but of course they had never seen it. So they hurried up on deck to be at hand to do honour to his marine majesty.

What a scene of confusion met their eyes!

The men were all gathered aft, where in their midst stood one of their number, disguised to represent Neptune, or their ideas of Neptune.

But surely sea-king, nor any other king, ever wore such extraordinary robes!

The king's face was concealed by a hideous mask; two sheepskins, with the wool on, tied around his lower limbs; an ox-hide, with the hair on, supplied the royal cloak; the horns formed the crown. In his regal hands he held, by way of a trident, a huge three-pronged pitchfork.

Immediately around and in attendance upon his majesty were the high officers and nobles of his court—seamen dressed as mermen, or according to their ideas of those fabulous beings.

They seemed to have just paused from a parade round and round the deck—for a nobleman, apparently high in court office—probably Lord High Chamberlain, or something of that sort—superbly dressed in a court costume of a dried alligator's skin, and carrying an oar by way of a baton, stood in front of the king, as though ready to clear the way for the royal progress.

Seeing the approach of the cabin passengers, this high official dignitary brought down the end of his staff upon the deck with a stunning thump, and in a voice of thunder ordered the new-comers to

"Halt!"

And accordingly they halted—the two young wives frightened, trembling, and clinging to the arms of their husbands; and Britomarte standing quietly alone, until she felt her hand gently taken and drawn through the arm of some one.

She turned and saw Justin Rosenthal, who had come silently to her side.

They bowed to each other simultaneously, and then turned to give attention to the Lord High Chamber-

lain, who seemed by his speech to be a son of Erin, and who was about to address them.

"And sure what are yer after wanting at the court iv his Majesty Neptune, King of the High Says?"

Mr. Rosenthal, with a gesture enjoining silence on his companions, undertook to speak for the whole party, and explained to his lordship that they had come to pay their respects to his royal master.

He had no sooner made this answer than, at a sign from the Lord High Chamberlain, another high official personage, gorgeously apparelled in a blue shirt and trowsers embroidered all over with seaweeds, crab's-claws, and fish-tails, and bearing a large pewter-pot, approached and offered the visitors refreshment, in the form of a quart of sea-water to each individual.

Objection being made to this beverage, the royal cup-bearer informed them, that in rebuke to their rudeness in refusing to pledge the king in his own native element, they would each be fined a half-crown towards paying for grog, in which the crew might drink the royal health.

And at another sign from the Lord High Chamberlain, the Royal Treasurer, habited very much in the same style as the Royal Cup-bearer, and holding in his hand a conch-shell as the royal cash-box, came forward to collect the fine.

With another gesture recommending quiet to his companions, Justin Rosenthal took out his pocket-book, and drew from it a half-sovereign, which he paid into the king's treasury.

As this sum was just four times as much as the amount of the fine laid on the offenders, the court of the Sea King so far forgot their offence and its own dignity, as to give them a rousing cheer. After which, the visitors were allowed to depart in peace, to get their breakfast.

Afterwards, instead of going on deck, where Neptune and his court were still holding high revelry and devilry, they went down into the cabin.

For three more hours the wildest uproar raged on deck.

At the end of that time, however, the men were piped to quarters, and fell into discipline as easily as if they had never been out of it.

And the ship sailed on, always towards the sun. Fair winds prevailed and nothing occurred either to alter the course of the ship, or vary the monotony of the voyage, until the morning of the sixth of December, when they passed to the eastward of Ascension Island.

All the passengers came on deck to see it, which they could easily do with the aid of the telescope, which was passed from hand to hand, as they stood on the starboard side of the deck, leaning over the bulwarks.

The island seemed a mountain rising out of the ocean.

"I wonder why it is called Ascension Island?" said Mrs. Breton.

Before any one else could answer, Judith, who stood behind the group, volunteered to explain:

"Sure, ma'am, it is easy to see that same. Faix it will be called Ascension Island for the reason that it ascends out of the sea itself towards the sky!"

"Is that really the reason?" inquired Mrs. Ely.

"No," laughed Miss Conyers, "though in default of more accurate information, it is a very shrewd conjecture. It is called Ascension Island because it was first discovered on Ascension Day."

"Sure, ma'am, that will be a better reason still," said the Irish girl.

They continued to gaze at the island as long as it continued in sight, after which they hurried away from the blazing heat of the deck to the shades of the cabin.

On and on over the world of waters they sailed, with no change from day to day, except the alternation of morning and night, and the shifting of the wind, until the afternoon of the thirteenth of December, when the cabin passengers were invited to come on deck to view the Island of St. Helena, so deeply interesting from its intimate association with the last days of Napoleon.

They passed so near that, standing on the starboard gangway, with their naked eyes they could see the island—a cluster of rugged rocks rising from mid-ocean. Diana's Peak—the highest point—was shown them. And with the aid of the telescope, they could see the trees and houses on the land—refreshing sight, after so much water!

They watched the island out of sight. Very reluctantly they saw it fade away in the distance, in the waste of waters behind them.

At tea, that evening, the captain cheered the hearts of his passengers by telling them, in answer to their questions, that if they should have good luck, they would be at Cape Town by New Year's Day.

On the twenty-fourth of December they crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, and after this the weather grew

teasibly cooler, though at this time of the year it was mid-summer in the south temperate zone.

They kept Christmas royally on board ship.

In the morning they had Divine worship in the dining cabin, and nearly all the officers and crew assisted at it.

Mr. Breton, and Mr. Ely conducted the devotions, and Mr. Rosenthal preached the sermon.

After morning service they had a sumptuous dinner, and sat over their dessert until a late hour in the afternoon.

On the following day, in the evening, at the request of his fellow voyagers, Miss Conyers read the tragedy of *King Lear* to the passengers and officers of the ship assembled in the dining saloon. And again her amazing histrionic power excited the wonder and admiration of her audience, as with a protean magic she changed her voice, her face, almost her very identity, to suit the parts of the mad king, the blunt Kent, the tender Cordelia, the antic Edgar, the faithful jester, and all the other dramatic persons of the play.

"It is marvellous—it is incomprehensible!" said Captain McKenzie to little Dr. Van Deyck, who sat beside him at the reading. "I have heard many professional readers, and seen many celebrated actresses in my time and in my travels, and many of them were, no doubt, more cultivated than this young lady is in dramatic art, but I have never seen any—reader or actress, man or woman—with her incredible power of changing her very individuality to suit that she reads. It is absolutely like magic!"

"It is!" said the little doctor, "almost magical! But what a power for good or evil that faculty is in her hands! It is a great and perilous gift both for herself and others. Think what she could do with it! Why, she could assume any character, and go almost anywhere, at any time, with impunity! Heavens! what a successful spy she would make in war time!"

"I cannot fancy her acting the part of a spy; there is something too frank and noble about the girl. I can more easily imagine her, Joan-of-Arc-like, leading an army!" said the captain, laughing, and then adding: "But while we are criticizing her reading, we are losing the best part of it. Listen!"

She was reading the great scene in the last act, where the heart-broken old king comes in, bearing the body of the dead Cordelia in his arms. She read it with a truth to nature that drew tears from the deepest eyes among her hearers.

When the reading was over, the audience crowded towards the reader to offer their thanks and compliments.

But Miss Conyers had slipped away, and was gone. In truth, though always willing to entertain her companions, and always delighting, with the true artist's delight, in the exercise of her genius, Britomarte was, as every refined nature is, exceedingly unwilling to listen to the vapid praises that often followed her exhibitions.

There was an elegant supper laid in the captain's cabin for the entertainment of his officers and passengers, and Miss Conyers was sent for among the rest; but she sent back and begged to be excused from appearing.

She passed the short remainder of the evening alone in the cabin, quietly reading, until her fellow-passengers came down.

They entered as gaily and as much exhilarated as though they had just returned from some very successful evening party; but to avoid hearing the reading of *Lear* discussed, Miss Conyers arose, took up her book, and bade them all good-night.

So passed the festivity of Christmas, which, indeed, had been a very cheering episode in their long and monotonous sea-voyage.

But ah! with their Christmas holidays passed away all their good weather.

To be sure, they were approaching the Cape of Good Hope, and heavy gales and rough seas might be expected.

For some days the ship had been suffering finely before a fair wind, and holding well her south-easterly course.

One splendid afternoon of a day that "perished silently of its own glory," the cabin passengers were all on deck, seated in the stern of the ship, and watching that one sublime spectacle that never grows monotonous by daily repetition—the setting of the sun at sea. They never withdrew their eyes.

While they gazed, the sun sank suddenly down into the sea, and was out of sight. Almost as suddenly the wind fell. The effect of this unexpected lull was first felt in the changed motion of the ship. It was running on smoothly before a fair wind, when, from the instantaneous withdrawal of that impetus, the sails flapped, collapsed, and hung motionless, while the ship rolled a little from side to side, and then stood still, or nearly so.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Breton, who was always ready to take fright upon the smallest provocation.

"The wind has gone down," answered her husband.

"And what will happen?"

"It may leave us in a dead calm for days, or it may rise in some other quarter and end in a gale."

"A gale! oh, dear me!"

"There is no occasion for alarm, my dear, even if it should come. This is a good ship, and the captain is a good sailor, and both have weathered many a storm you may be sure. But I am sorry I said anything about the prospects of one. If you look so terrified, I think in future, I shall prophesy only smooth things to you."

"Oh, no! don't, please! tell me the truth! Let me know the worst at once!" said Mrs. Breton, in a sepulchral tone.

"Worst, my child? there is no worst in the case! But come, there is the tea-bell! Let us go in."

The next morning, the wind, that had sunk with the sun, rose with it, and from another quarter—from the north-east—and it blew a gale.

Mrs. Breton remained in the cabin, and could not be persuaded to leave it.

The other ladies were obliged to be helped up the cabin stairs, and helped all the way to the breakfast table, for the wind was so high, the sea so rough, and the rolling of the ship so great, that they could not either of them keep their feet or stand alone for a moment.

It was then that Justin Rosenthal dared to jest with Britomarte. "As he carefully guided her steps to the breakfast-table, and tenderly placed her in her seat, he whispered softly:

"We men have the happiness of knowing that our strength is sometimes useful, and even necessary to women."

She blushed at him a blaze of resentment from her beautiful eyes; but bowing, answered smoothly:

"It is true, Mr. Rosenthal, but it is a happiness you share with the horse and the donkey; their strength is also sometimes useful, and even necessary to us. I am very grateful to you, however, for exerting yours in my service. Only you must found your claim to our esteem upon some higher plea."

Justin bit his lip and laughed; he could not on the instant find a retort equal to Britomarte's merits.

But when breakfast was over, he did not any the less carefully and tenderly support and guide her steps from the saloon to the cabin door.

"For all I have said," Mr. Rosenthal, I am sensible of your kindness," she admitted.

And he knew that she spoke the truth; but he could not avoid saying, with a smile:

"Are you equally sensible of the kindness of the horse and the donkey, when they serve you?"

"Yes, I really am, when they do it kindly," she answered promptly. Then looking around, she said:

"I do not think that I will go down into the cabin; it is too close there. Will you kindly help me to some place on deck, where I can sit and hold on to something, while I enjoy this fine gale?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do so. But I recommend you not to try the experiment. You will be covered with spray, and wet through."

"I have a good waterproof cloak in the cabin."

"And your good water-dog will run and fetch it," said Justin, starting off on the errand.

He soon returned with the garment, and wrapped her carefully in it, and took her to the stern, where, under the cover of the wheelhouse, he found her a safe and comfortable seat.

"I do thank you very much for the trouble you have taken," Mr. Rosenthal. "I wish I could find some way of rewarding it," said Miss Conyers, betraying an uneasy sense of obligation.

He stooped and whispered:

"It is written that 'virtue is its own reward.' I do not know whether that is true or not; I doubt very much whether it is; but I do know that any service I can render you is its own exceeding great reward. But all this is making too much of a trifle," he concluded.

And then, lest he should be tempted into saying something that might lose him the little ground that he thought he had gained in her confidence, he walked away.

But he did not leave the deck or lose sight of her.

He remained there to watch over her, to see that she did not get into danger while she staid there, and to be at hand to guide her steps when she should be ready to go below.

But the gale increased in strength, the motion of the ship became dangerous to landmen, and Justin came to the side of Miss Conyers, and entreated her to allow him to take her down.

And for once she complied with his request.

In the cabin Britomarte found her frightened companions seated on the floor, and cowering together, and listening to the yarns of Judith, who, seated at the foot of the stairs, was engaged in soothing their fears with graphic descriptions of all the terrible storms

and hair-breadth escapes she had herself encountered in her sea life.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have come down, Britomarte! There is real strength and comfort in your presence, dear. And here is Martha, almost terrified out of her senses; and I cannot re-assure her, because I am in not a much better plight myself," said Mrs. Ely, with an attempt to smile.

As Justin, after "landing" Miss Conyers safely at the foot of the stairs, turned to reascend them, Mrs. Breton, who was sitting nearest them, caught his coat-skirts, and held him fast, exclaiming:

"Oh, don't go, Mr. Rosenthal! please don't! Here we are, almost dead with fear, and this dreadful ship rolling so that we have to sit on the floor to keep from being beaten to death! And our husbands on deck, or dear knows where!"

"Thank you very much for the invitation; I shall be but too glad to remain with you," said Justin.

"And you won't mind our sitting on the floor, will you? We get tumbled off the chairs every time we try to sit on them."

"Oh, not at all!" laughed the young man.

"And you won't mind having Judith go on with her story, will you, Mr. Rosenthal? It is such an interesting account of the dreadful gale this very ship was in in these very latitudes on her last passage to India," said Mrs. Ely, smiling.

"Oh, no, if you do not; but I must mention that I do not consider it the most cheering subject she could choose."

"Oh, no, indeed! It is very depressing; but still, I like to know the worst," sighed Mrs. Breton.

"Oh! but I don't think it depressing at all. I think it very encouraging, for, only see, she who tells it has come safely through it, and that is the reason why I like to hear it," said Mrs. Ely.

And, indeed, from all appearances, the narrative of Judith seemed to take a very opposite effect upon Mary Ely, the hopeful, and Martha Breton, the desponding. Martha was full of fear of a possible storm, while Mary was full of hope of weathering the very worst that might come.

"Go on, Judith; tell us the worst," sighed Mrs. Breton.

"Well then, ma'am, sure the worst was over once we got into Table Bay, itself. But truth! we'd been lost that time!"

At the same time the ship took in a great wave, that dashed upon the deck and poured into the cabin.

"Put up the dead lights!" thundered a voice above the roaring of the wind and waves.

"Dead lights! Heaven and earth, we are lost!" cried Mrs. Breton, in the extremity of terror, as she rolled over and over.

"Niver a bit of it we are lost, thin!" said Judith, struggling up on her hands, and trying to regain her feet.

"This is nothing at all, at all! This is only what the seamen call a 'cappall o' wind,' sure! Wait till you get doubling the Cape, or into the Indian Sea! Thin, you'll see a rowling ship entirely!"

"But the dead lights!" wailed Mrs. Breton; "what do they mean by putting up the dead lights?"

"Sure it's a way they have of saying 'Close the windy-shutters.'"

"Is that all?"

"Troth it is! Only they can niver spake sensible, thin sailors."

While Judith spoke, Justin Rosenthal was busy giving what assistance he could to the ladies. He had helped Mrs. Ely into her state-room, where she took shelter in her lowest berth. And now he came to render a similar service to Mrs. Breton. But at that moment the two missionaries came stumbling down into the cabin.

"A terrible gale," said Mr. Ely, as he went pitching into his state-room.

Mr. Breton went to the assistance of his wife.

The cabin was closed up; and the gale still increased in violence.

(To be continued.)

TRANSYLVANIAN GIPSIES.—"Colour! colour! everywhere colour! in the various dresses and in the articles exposed for sale. . . . On a day like this, the art of dress might profitably be studied. Who could have thought it possible that the simple *robuca* could be twisted and worn in so many different fashions? . . . And there are two gipsy women; how they stream along in their rich apparel, and in the pride and consciousness of their imposing beauty! . . . A kerchief of yellow silk is tied round the head; over this a large shawl, the ends hanging down in thick folds. The white lawn sleeves are abundantly full, and carelessly thrown over the shoulders is a jacket bordered and lined with fur. The skirt of this dress is of rich brocade, with a train behind. . . . The wandering gipsies come merely for the fair, and will be off again when it is over. Such are not allowed to remain in town



over-night; they have their encampment at a village close by. "La propriete c'est le vol" is their motto. For the dance, no music can be better than that of a gipsy band; there is life and animation in it which carries you away. If you have danced to it yourself, especially in a Ceardas, then to hear the stirring tones without involuntarily springing up, is, I assert, an absolute impossibility. There is a thrill in the wild dissonance, a life and impetuosity in the movement, an animation and vivacity in the varying rhythm, which is quite enthralling. And the dancers feel the thrill; see how they glide majestically along as the prelude is slow and sonorous; and as the music quickens, and there is a rush of tones, and the fantastic melody hastens on at a headlong pace, how all are seized by the potency of the spell; their movements quicken too, their feet beat time to the music; and suddenly clapping their willing partners round the waist, they whirl round, carried away by, and borne, as it were, upon that gushing flood of strangely intermingling tones."—*Transylvania; its Products and People.* By Charles Bonor.

### SMALL SINS.

It is quite evident to the most casual thinker that when Cain cried aloud, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" he was suffering very deeply; and the judgment of the mass of mankind is, that Cain deserved to suffer.

Of course he did; he had committed an enormous sin, and no man, with such a load as the blood of his own brother upon his hands and upon his conscience, could escape suffering.

In fact, it is very generally admitted by all professing Christians that sin deserves punishment, and that very great sins will bring upon the transgressor a pretty liberal return of punishment.

But there are some things in the philosophy of life that are not so generally admitted, and not so generally understood. In the first place, sin cannot be measured like grain and water, so that its just reward of punishment may be computed in pounds, shillings and pence.

Sin is a violation of God's law, and the sternity consists rather in its willing continuance than in its width of departure.

One man may be stumbled over a frightful precipice, and come forth alive, while another simply slips upon an icy sidewalk, and is killed.

One man passes through storm and tempest, exposed to deadly frost and malaria, and lives to tell of his adventures, while another, who comes to his home at noon, weary with the heat of toil, and sits down near an open window to gain a little of heaven's fresh air, is convulsed with torturing spasms, and dies before the dawning of another day.

The pain caused by a small pebble in a closely-fitting shoe is very slight, if we obey the law and remove the cause; but how long can the pebble be endured? So far as pain or punishment, or the misery of living, is concerned, what odds does it make whether a man has a little flinty pebble in his shoe, or a mill-stone about his neck? And as in the physical, so it is in the moral and social world.

A disobedience of the laws which God has instituted for our government will be very sure to bring us into suffering, and let not the self-righteous flatter themselves that small sins are of small account, and let not the thoughtless children of earth imagine that they can be free from suffering while indulging in the very least of the little social or moral sins of every-day life.

I will tell you of a little experience that a friend of mine, named John Tidd, once had.

He was accounted one of the best men in the town—was John Tidd. He was simple-minded, honest and true, kind and generous, and possessed strong and tenacious affections.

He was blessed with a wife as good as wife could be (at least, such was his firm opinion)—with happy, healthy, obedient children, and with enough of this world's goods to lift him above the need of over-work or anxiety.

"I tell you, Matilda, I shall never speak to Solomon Hatch again!" And as John Tidd thus spoke, he moved his chair back from the tea-table, and placed it against the wall with a most emphatic flourish.

"What do you want to talk so for, John?" returned the wife, with mild earnestness.

"I talk so just because I mean it," was John's answer.

"No, no, John; you do not mean any such thing."

"But I tell you I do, Matilda Tidd."

"Really and truly, John Tidd, that you will never speak with Solomon Hatch again?"

"That is—what—I mean!" said John, speaking about as emphatically and decisively as it was possible for him to do.

Matilda laughed in spite of herself; and then, to

make some amends for her levity upon so serious an occasion, she placed her hand upon her husband's shoulder, and kissed him; after which, to show that she did not thus mean to yield her point, she said:

"John Tidd, you don't know yourself."

"Don't what?"

"Don't know what a soft, kind heart you've got."

"Nonsense, Matilda."

"Let me say, nonsense, too, John. And I say it is nonsense. You say Solomon Hatch cheated you?"

"I said so."

"And he accused you of trying to cheat him?"

"Yes."

"Then so far you are even."

"No, no, Matilda. Hatch spoke falsely. The—cheat was on his part."

"Ah, John, why do you hesitate at that word? Why not call it as it was in your heart to call it—an error, or a mistake?"

"Because, from the manner in which Solomon repeated upon me, I think he had a sore conscience. But it was not all he said. He said that I was self-righteous and sanctimonious, and thought myself better than my neighbours. If you know one, half he said, you'd tell over."

"I don't need to know, because it makes no odds how much he said. A frightened horse may kick and do no damage, and no one will think it worthy of note; but let the same horse kick and break his owner's leg, and the commission will be immense; and yet in either case it was all the same with the frightened horse. So it is with an angry man. He is hardly to be held to strict account for the effect of words spoken in the heat of passion. At all events, a good kind neighbour like you will certainly overlook and forgive a fault."

"Not if I know myself, Matilda, and I think I do. We need to say no more on the subject. I cherish no feeling of revenge toward my neighbour—none at all. I would not at this moment, even indirectly, by word or deed, do him an injury; but I simply want nothing more to do with him—that is all."

"John Tidd, the Bible doesn't speak falsely."

"Who said it did?"

"Remember, John, what it says about laying up wrath."

"Pshaw! nonsense! Who's laid up any wrath? Goodness gracious! can't I be allowed to have my own feelings?"

"Dear husband," said Matilda, as she turned to the table and made a commencement of removing the tea service, "if you were not a real, good, sensible man, and possessed of a better spirit than you give yourself credit for, I should be tempted to quote for your instruction the third verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Proverbs."

At this point one of the elder children came in and the conversation was dropped; and while the wife went on with her household duties, the husband went into another room and made a tremendous rustling with a newspaper; but this was only a blind—a little piece of strategy on his part.

As soon as he had sufficiently drawn attention to the newspaper, he noiselessly took the Bible upon his knee and looked to find that particular verse of Proverbs of which his wife had spoken. He at length found it, and read as follows:

"A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both."

John Tidd smiled grimly. He smiled to think how little his wife understood of the true principle of his feelings; but as his wife was one of the best women that ever lived, he would not be offended, he would not chide her.

He arose in the majesty of his manhood, and went forth to carry out his resolve.

That very night John Tidd met Solomon Hatch at the Post-office, and as the newly-arrived mail was not quite distributed, he had to wait for it. He shook hands with several of his friends and bowed to others, but he did not look at Solomon Hatch.

How strange it seemed thus to turn from one of his oldest and nearest neighbours.

He stood himself bolt upright for a while, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, for fear of meeting the glance of Solomon; but he could not endure this long, and finally he turned and commenced a rambling, meaningless conversation with a man who stood near him.

He could not seek a conversation with his most intimate friends, for they happened to be in the immediate vicinity of Hatch.

By-and-by the letters and papers were ready for delivery, and as soon as he got his paper he hurried off so as not to fall in with his neighbour.

John Tidd hadn't at all enjoyed this first trial at his resolve. But then it was a stern duty he was performing, and he must not shrink.

This idea he expressed to himself aloud; but down underneath said ideas there was a busy little spirit, kicking and restless, and muttering something about

"stones," and "sand," and "a fool's wrath;" but John did not listen to this nonsense.

Two or three evenings after that John had occasion to go into one of the shops after a few goods.

But as he looked in, he saw Solomon Hatch standing in the very centre of the shop. Of course he could not go there.

He would not subject himself to the torment of passing by the side of his neighbour, and not being able to speak with him—for a real torment he had found it to be. So he went home and sat over a paper two days old.

"Dear John," said Matilda, with sincere earnestness, "aren't you well?"

"What makes you ask that question, Matilda?"

The moment he looked up, so troubled and confused, and with such an awkward attempt at dignity, she knew what was the matter, and wisely concluded to let it work its own course.

"I thought you looked and acted uncommonly sad," she answered.

John smiled oddly, and then busied himself once more with the old news.

Sabbath morning John Tidd approached the little white church with a feeling very different from any that he had ever before experienced on a like occasion.

How should he act if he should meet Solomon Hatch face to face in the vestibule, as he was very likely to do? The thought troubled him exceedingly. But he resolved to push on, and be bold and brave. Luck was against him. He met the very man directly in the doorway.

Had he possessed a face of brass, and a heart of stone, he might have passed on and taken his seat with a feeling of satisfaction; but not having that constitutional organisation, he was forced to submit to a very different state of feeling.

And then, by-and-by, he knew that Solomon Hatch had come in and taken a seat directly behind him; and he certainly had a right to suppose that his neighbour was regarding him with feelings of scorn and wrath.

And he could not help thinking that many people were looking at him curiously, that he was a verb of censure of observation to the whole congregation. If he could at that particular season have been transported to the summit of Mount Blanc, or to the middle of the biggest desert in the world, he would have been very grateful. He was never more uncomfortable in his life.

John Tidd, always so joyous and so happy, with smiles upon his genial countenance, and with kind words upon his lips, what can have come of him? What cloud can have fallen upon him?

The poor man wondered if the people were not thinking thus as they looked upon him, and he wondered very near the truth.

When the minister got up to announce his text, John fairly felt in a fever induced by the fear that he was to hear that fatal verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Proverbs, but he heard no such thing—in fact, he heard nothing: for when he finally reached his home he could not have told to his children a single idea that the minister advanced in his sermon.

In the afternoon it was all repeated; and when evening came John Tidd began really to ask himself if he was not acting foolishly.

"Confound it all!" he muttered. "I am enduring all the suffering, and what does it amount to? Solomon Hatch don't mind it, for the result is none of his seeking. He hasn't laid up anything against me. Plague take it! I was the first to get angry, and then I resolved that I'd stay angry; for I must really nurse my wrath just so long as I refuse to speak with my neighbour. If I'd kept cool, he might have kept cool, and then we might have settled our business without difficulty. Matilda was right—my wrath is the wrath of a fool, and it is heavier upon my shoulders than stones and sand. In nursing my wrath against my neighbour I know that I have sinned, and I must cry out with Cain—'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'"

John Tidd stood by the corner of his garden-fence, and as he raised his head he saw Solomon Hatch coming down the road.

The sun was just sinking behind the distant line of hills, giving its last golden glow to the beautiful tints of the autumnal foliage; and John instinctively pronounced aloud the words of St. Paul—"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." In a moment more he was in the road, with his hand extended.

"Solomon, will you take my hand?"

He trembled a little, and his voice was not quite steady, for he was not sure that his neighbour would answer him kindly; but still he was sustained by one grand thought:

"If his neighbour would not answer, then the burden would henceforth rest not upon his shoulders, but upon his neighbour's."

But Solomon Hatch, high-tempered and impulsive, was kind and forgiving, and he jumped to grasp the extended hand as he would have started to grasp any proffered blessing.

"To be sure, John. You and I had some high words, but there wasn't much damage done. I know I was rather quick."

"No, no, Solomon; I think I must take the first blame, for I certainly did the first wrong thing, though I certainly meant no wrong at the time. Knowing your character as well as I did, I had no right to intimate that you meant to wrong me simply because you did not acknowledge the value of figures as I fancied they stood."

"Well, well, John; I don't wonder you thought me either somewhat dishonest or else very stupid; for I have just found out—not half an hour ago, that my boy misunderstood me, and instead of leaving the last load of corn at your barn, as I am very sure I told him to, he took it to the mill, where it was passed to my credit. I was even now on my way to tell you of this."

"Egad, Solomon," cried John Tidd, still holding his neighbour by the hand, "this week of error may, after all, be of real benefit to me, for its suffering has shown me how much of my happiness depends upon the social harmony of our neighbourhood; and I think I shall hereafter do more than ever before towards making that harmony perfect and firm."

"John Tidd, I'm with you there."

And so passed off the cloud, and so was lifted the burden, from John Tidd's soul.

When he next entered his house his step was light and free, and his face wore its old look of goodness and content.

"Hush!" he said, as his wife, in playful mood, would have spoken lightly of his folly. "I have grievously sinned, and heaven knows I have grievously suffered. Ah, Matilda, you were right when you called my attention to that proverb of the inspired writer. Surely, of all the burdens that erring mortals can take upon themselves, a foolish, impotent wrath is one of the heaviest; and yet how many, who would scorn the commission of what society regards as sin, stagger sadly on, bearing, of their own free will, the galling load upon their backs."

S. O. J.

ALL Paris is agog with a rumour that a certain nobleman, well known in fashionable circles, and whose speculations at the gaming-table and on the turf have been the talk of the day, has further given rise to increased astonishment by the avowal of his marriage to the daughter of a rag-picker. It is stated, moreover, that the father-in-law became famous some ten years back by his lucky discovery of a large sum in notes and gold on one of his night-rounds, since which time he has so well nursed his wealth, and speculated so wisely, that he is one of the richest men in Paris.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—San Francisco was visited on Sunday morning, Oct. 8th, 1865, by the heaviest earthquake shock of which we have any record in the history of California. The first shock occurred at precisely fifteen minutes before one o'clock p.m., and lasted about five seconds. The ground undulated violently, the waves of motion seeming to proceed from north-east to south-west. The shock was so violent as to alarm the entire city, and to send the whole population into the streets. The second shock, which followed after an interval of a few seconds, was accompanied by a loud rumbling noise, swelled by the din of falling plastering and breaking glass. Bells rung, here and there feebly-constructed walls came crashing down, and general consternation prevailed. The second and last shock was attended by a wrenching rotary motion, and lasted perhaps some six seconds. The damage done was considerable, though it has been much exaggerated in the first accounts contained in the daily press.

AN ENGLISH PRISONER IN AFRICA.—Where one Englishman goes, others are sure to follow. Mr. Baldwin, a gentleman from Natal, succeeded in reaching the Falls guided by his pocket-compass alone. On meeting the second subject of her Majesty, who had ever beheld the greatest of African wonders, we found him a sort of prisoner at large. He had called on Mashotlane to ferry him over to the north side of the river, and, when nearly over, he took a bath, by jumping in and swimming ashore. "If," said Mashotlane, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us; therefore, we said, he must pay a fine." As Mr. Baldwin had nothing with him wherewith to pay, they were taking care of him till he should receive beads from his waggon, two days distant. Mashotlane's education had been received in the camp of Sobitane, where but little regard was paid to human life. He was not yet in his prime, and his fine open

countenance presented to us no indication of the evil influences which unhappily, from infancy, had been at work on his mind. The native eye was more penetrating than ours; for the expression of our men was, "He has drunk the blood of men—you may see it in his eyes." He made no further difficulty about Mr. Baldwin; but, the week after we left, he inflicted a severe wound on the head of one of his wives with his rhinoceros-horn club. She, being of a good family, left him, and we subsequently met her and another of his wives proceeding up the country.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone.*

## CHRISTMAS.

Now does old Father Christmas, with a reverend yet joyous mien, heralding a goodly train of joyous wassailers and gleemen, proclaim through all the realms of Christendom a high and hearty festival, bidding mankind to rest them for a space from toil, and yield without reserve to wholesome joy and unlicensed revelry; and, at his bidding, mirth and hospitality arise, and exercise benevolent sway, reigning in undisputed sovereignty, and welcomed universally with loud and fervent acclamation.

Now do the spells of home revive in their ancient weight within the breasts of many and many a household band, long sundered from the hearths round which they clustered in their early childhood; and the young wife who had well nigh forgotten the innocent gambols of her girlhood feels her heart quicken at the musical sounds of her boyhood sister's voice; and the brother, who in the struggles and the turmoil of a selfish world, has soiled the free, fair spirit of his youth, regains some portion of the frankness and sincerity that were his pride of old among familiar faces, and in the well-remembered haunts of happy boyhood.

Now are the dark and cheerless homes of many lightened for a season by the angel visits of smiling charity; and want forgets to pine, and grief forbears to weep, as benevolence, with open hand and gentle voice, pours forth her store of alms and consolation; and beneath the holy and beautiful influence of the period men's hearts are touched with compassionate and kindly feelings towards their fellows, and the ties of common fellowship and brotherhood are recognized and felt by men of all classes and persuasions, and the clear strong light of an universal festival shines equally upon all—on the dwellings of the peasant and the poor, on the palace and the poor-house, and even gleams with a tempered ray upon the inmates of the gloomy prison.

Now does the mystic mistletoe depend from porch and ceiling in many a stately house and many a lowly cottage throughout the length and breadth of "marie England," and now does the peachy cheek of the gentle maiden, caught by surprise beneath its license-giving branches glow with a rich rose blush, raised transiently by the hearty impress of the startling kiss.

Now, as the wait-still the "drowsy ear of night" with their harmonious discords, choleric old gentlemen aroused from their first sleep invoke the plagues of Egypt to rain on all such slumber-spoiling minstrels, and once more bury their heads within their yielding pillows to woo old Somnus to their drooping eyelids.

Now are the butchers prodigal of their smiles and gas, lavish in fair white cloths and berried bolly, and rival each other in the display of huge and over-fed carcasses, especially in beefsteaks. Now do grocers alluringly set forth a rich array of spices and fruits, candies and preserves, products of

India, east or west, or middle shore,  
In Pontus or the Punic Coast, or where  
Alicious reigned.

Now is a confectioner's shop a tempting thing to holiday boys, whose store of silver coin is burning in their pockets, and greedy looks are turned towards the ice within from snow and ice without, and many conjectures formed as to the relative worth of the sugared cakes—sprinkled with ornaments and imagery—until at length the contemplated purchase is effected, and fruition of the Twelfth-night cake forestalled by craving and impatient appetites. Now do old almsmen, who have out-lived their kindred and generation, resort for warmth and converse to the rude settles ranged before kitchen fires, and mutter between their shrivelled lips and toothless gums, old tales of bygone days and Christmas celebrations—in their hot youth, when George the Third was king.

Now do the visages of thriftless debtors look blank and rueful, and creditors hazard wide calculations on the results of settling-day.

Now is there awful carnage among turkeys, destruction in the game-field, and slaughter in the barnyard. Now are the "up"-trains laden with feathered bipeds from the country, and the "downs" freighted

with living and smoke-dried importations from the capital.

Now are all those important functionaries, the cooks, stirring betimes, and very crimson are their rotund, shining frontispieces, and very red their round, plump arms, very greasy their chubby fingers, very eloquent their untiring tongues in "amorous descent" on the joints and puddings beneath their supervision, and very onerous their labours deemed—to toil when all the world keeps holiday.

Now do the bright and laughing faces of happy youth peer at you from within and without the laden trains, and their loud laughter rings in loud, joyous peals above the clattering wheels that speed them on their journey, and every milestone that is left behind serves to make those faces brighter—that laughter louder than before; and now does the radiant countenance of delighted childhood—beaming with boisterous mirth at every magic change of harlequin, mischance of pantaloons, gesture and grimace of clown—meet you in every well-filled box, pit, gallery of the gay and crowded theatre.

Now in the long dark winter evenings do humble companies of five or six huddle around your door, chanting rude carols of "the seven good joys that Mary had," with many a natural trick and quaver in patient expectancy of some remunerating pittance. Now do the quiet, dim interiors of grey old village churches show strangely and solemnly festooned with wreaths of glossy evergreens, and monkish carvings look grimly through the dark and shining leaves, and vaulted roofs give pleasant echoes to the choral anthems of children clad and taught by charity.

Now does the great dining-room at "the old house at home," with its dark shining wainscoting, its heavy drapery, its huge wood fire, the gleesome circle there assembled, the sparkling wines and beaming faces, look as it looked of yore—"a love-lit winter home."

And now, seeing that a spiced and steaming chalice of generous wine, mantling with a delicious cream, stands before us, we must perforce wind up our article, and in a deep and hearty draught, pledging our readers collectively and individually with the venerable and primitive "Wassail," we make our bow until the New Year dawns—bright may its dawning be to each and all!

## INNOCENT MIRTH.

Thus have our pleasures their assigned part;  
To be as gracious teachings to the mind,  
Fitted to form and cherish in the soul  
A strong and lasting relish for some greater good.

In the most lively hour of mirth, the innocent heart dictates nothing but what is innocent; it will immediately take alarm at the apprehension of doing wrong, and stop at once in the full career of youthful sprightliness, if reminded of the neglect or transgression of any duty.

My advice to all, young ladies in particular, is to watch for these symptoms of innocence and goodness, and to admit no one to their entire affection who would ever persuade them to make light of any sort of offence, or who could treat with levity or contempt, any person or thing that bears a relation to strict propriety.

Take no such person to your bosom, however recommended by good humour, wit, or any other qualification; nor let gaiety or thoughtlessness be deemed an excuse for offending in this important point. Those who are habituated to the love and reverence of virtuous and innocent mirth, no more want the guard of serious consideration to restrain them from speaking disrespectfully of strangers, than to prevent them speaking ill of their dearest friends. Whatever tends to embellish and enlighten our understanding is certainly well worth our acquisition.

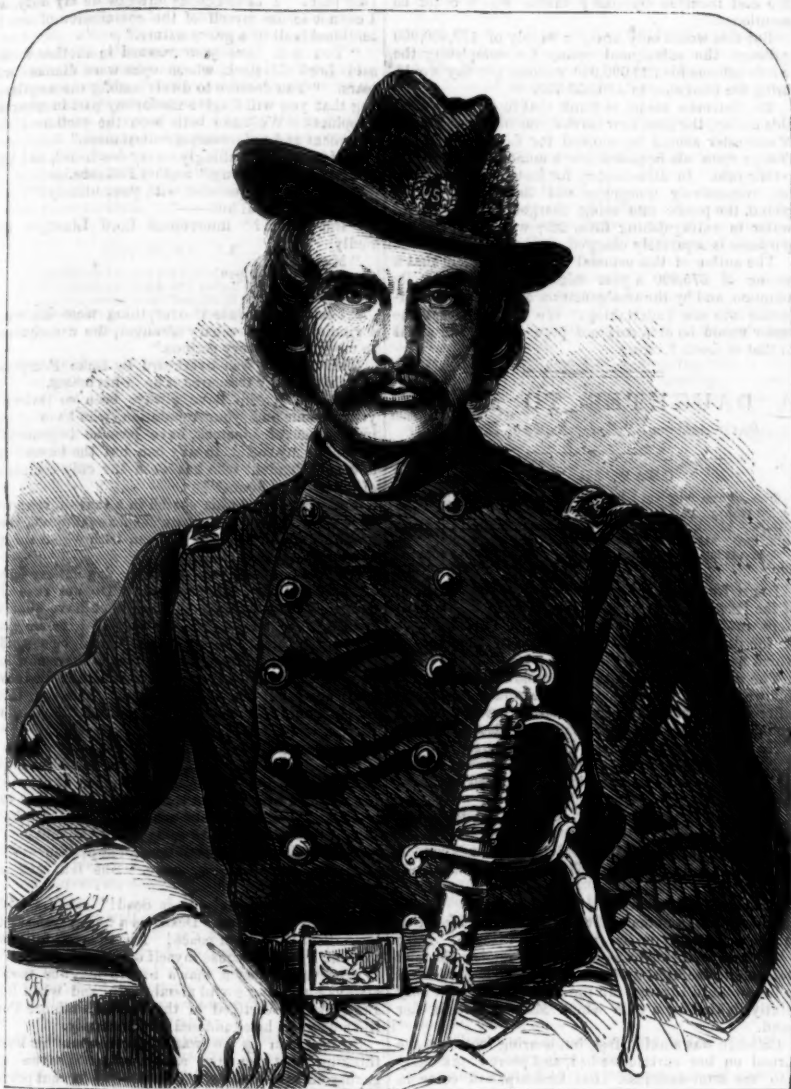
The wretched expedient, to which I know ignorance so often drives us, of calling in slander to enliven the tedious insipidity of conversation, would alone be a strong reason for enriching our minds with innocent subjects of social and mirthful entertainment.

J. A.

PRODUCE OF HONEY.—It has been calculated that the pastures of Scotland could maintain as many bees as would produce 4,000,000 pints of honey and 1,000,000 lb. of wax; and were these quantities tripled for England and Ireland, the produce of the British Empire would be 12,000,000 pints of honey and 3,000,000 lb. of wax per annum, together valued at £3,225,000.

On the opening night of the Royal Irish Academy, the executors of the late W. Smith O'Brien offered to the society, in accordance with his will, a gold cup, value £800, with a large collection of manuscripts and some printed books. The Academy unanimously declined to accept the cup, for the sole reason "that they had not a place of sufficient safety to put it into!"





[JOHN O'MAHONY, PRESIDENT AND HEAD CENTRE OF THE FENIAN "BROTHERHOOD."]

### THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY.

WE this week present our readers with the portrait of John O'Mahony, the chief leader of the Fenian Brotherhood.

What the Fenian Brotherhood is, and what was the object it proposed to accomplish, is now well-known, though for some time it was a considerable puzzle to simple-minded readers of the newspapers. It has, however, been "found out;" and stands revealed as the most egregious piece of seditious and revolutionary folly that sane men ever concocted or meddled with. Irish "patriots" themselves have called it "a wretched farce;" and so it undoubtedly was in its inception, and also in its progress to a certain point; but that point has now been reached, and the Fenian farce has turned out a serious drama for some of its leaders in Ireland; that it has not been converted into a tragedy as regards its dupes, is owing to the energy exhibited by the Irish Government in having entirely arrested its further development there.

The Fenian movement originated in America several years ago, but it is only in the last year or two that it has attracted any notice in this country. For the first five years of its existence, it did not represent many of the Irish people in America, and consisted of a circle in New York and an executive office where remittances were received from only a few western towns. In the meantime there was a movement in Ireland, and it became desirable to have the American managers step out among the general people and see if they would actually refuse to associate

themselves as a sort of grand co-operative Irish revolutionary committee which could lay the case well before America, while "the men in the gap," as they call the Irish Fenians, were sitting up for the field.

Some of the rank and file, particularly the pioneer Circles of Illinois and Missouri, as Chicago, St. Louis, &c., called loudly for a general taking of stock, and the effort to obtain a Congress was finally successful, an appeal to that effect by twelve or fifteen local Centres through the country being acceded to by Mr. John O'Mahony, an Irish linguist and "patriot," who had up to that time been entrusted with the chief management of the society in the United States. The Congress at Chicago in 1863 instituted a general overhauling of society affairs, and came out decidedly for the Irish revolutionary movement in an address and a code of dogmas which soon gained favour with the sub-Centres already formed, and with other people. The Centres at Chicago made Mr. O'Mahony General Centre for a year, and appointed state-rulers for the same period. Then it was decided to seek the Irish people and invite them in.

Subsequently, in October, 1865, a great council of the American Fenians assembled at Philadelphia, where some five hundred "centres" attended or were represented. At this gathering John O'Mahony was appointed President and Head "Centre;" the vice-presidents being Colonel Roberts, of New York, James Gibbons, a Pennsylvania printer, Patrick Banon, of Louisville, Kentucky, and Michael Scanlon, of Chicago. The "Irish Republic" was proclaimed by this potent body; and a regular warlike organization entered into

The British Minister, Mr. Bruce, at Washington, was not unobservant of these proceedings; and not long after the American-Fenian pronunciamento was fulminated, the Fenian leaders in Ireland found themselves in the grasp of the Government. The principal of the Irish leaders, James Stephens, cleverly effected his escape from the Richmond Bridewell; but Luby, the next in importance, being the proprietor of the *Irish People* newspaper, the now suppressed organ of the Brotherhood, has been tried and convicted, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

If there were room for the belief that a ray of reason could penetrate the minds of the deluded and unfortunate men implicated in the Fenian conspiracy, we would hope that a calm contemplation of the trial of Luby, and of the observations of the learned judge who presided, might be regarded as giving a death-blow to such projects. The trial itself was a fair illustration of the institutions which it is the object of the Fenians to overturn, and even Luby had nothing to say against the impartiality with which his case was adjudicated upon, and the temperate manner in which it was conducted on the part of the prosecution.

Mr. Justice Keogh, in his every remark, in his admirable exposition of the law of treason, and in his address to the jury, telling them what they ought and ought not to bear in mind in making true deliverance between the Queen and the prisoner at the bar, furnished a bright example of the true personification of that justice in the possession of which we justly take pride.

As during the trial he proved himself a just judge, so when the trial was over, and when he came to address, through the prisoner, the many thoughtless men associated with him in his designs, he spoke as a wise counsellor and a humane citizen. In this case it was not merely the punishment that formed the example; the reason and common sense which, in language impressive and intelligible to all, came from the bench, added tenfold to the force of the lesson.

If the text of Mr. Justice Keogh's address were circulated where Fenianism is known to prevail, and if it did not prove a greater blow to the institution than a garrison, then we should only have to conclude that Fenianism was simply lunacy, and that its unfortunate adherents might more fitly fall within the attentions of the Surgeon-General than the Attorney-General.

The impossibility of a successful revolution against British authority in Ireland seems to our minds a proposition unnecessary to prove; but for those who, either wholly ignorant or probably possessing that little knowledge which is scarcely less dangerous, its demonstration is by no means superfluous. They will have read with interest the incidents connected with the catastrophe which has befallen their associate Luby, but when they have read to the end they will have been obliged to imbibe a lesson so plainly appealing to every feeling of reason, that they must consider their seditious movement not merely an object, the accomplishment of which must be accompanied by severe suffering and deprivation of that liberty for which they are so ardent, but as physically and perfectly impossible—one that no genius, no devotion, no daring could carry out.

To give hope of carrying out a Fenian revolution in Ireland, men must contemplate the possibility of revolutionizing a country not only against the government, the "garrison," as it has been called, but against the country itself, against society, against the clergy of all denominations, against every one endowed with education or possessions; and this, as Mr. Justice Keogh observed, with half the ships and soldiers of England within a short day's reach. Some 20,000 Englishmen—in which we must include very many brave Irishmen—held at bay some hundreds of thousands of men skilled in the use of arms, backed up by a population of many millions, aided by a climate that proved more fatal to them than the bullets of the foe. They did this with reinforcements months away from them, and we may judge from it what success a rising in Ireland would have with more than 100,000 men of the regular forces in the United Kingdom who could be poured into Ireland in a few days.

All this was put with admirable force by Mr. Justice Keogh, and we hope that his words will be read far and wide throughout the country which is cursed with these seditious. But it was not only the wild impossibility of a revolution that the learned judge thus dilated upon for the benefit of his less enlightened countrymen. The horrors of a revolution were well described, and, what was perhaps more to the purpose, the present loss sustained by Ireland through the reluctance of Englishmen to be closely connected with a country whose good sense and proper subordination to authority cannot be relied on, where even individual prosperity is not a guarantee against the wildest designs of the most arrant political impostors.

Irishmen have themselves to thank for the extra-

ordinary fact that while there is in England the largest amount of capital in the world bartering to employ itself, yet, with small exceptions, it refrains from going to a country which presents more than a fair field for enterprise. So long as Peninsular and other forms of political luxury prevail, it must be so. All the law allows has been done to crush this movement; and every precaution taken for the protection of the legal and peaceable; but whilst this has been done it will, we believe, be found that the Government are endeavouring to remove any grievance, however small, which may remain to give even a shadow of cause for sedition and disturbance.

#### LONDON NEW WATER SUPPLY.

There recently expressed fears as to the continuous supply of water to London by the present means have excited some attention among the public.

To supply the three million souls who reside within the metropolitan area, there are eight water companies, who obtain at least one-half of the supply from the Thames. The population having so largely increased, the gross daily quantity delivered has nearly doubled during the last six years.

As is well known, the volume of the Thames has greatly diminished of late years, and several companies have sought for additional means of supply. It is feared, however, that it will be impossible to obtain increased supplies from the old sources, and some liberal method ought to be adopted to meet the difficulty.

An eminent civil engineer, who has for many years had great experience in water supply, has just proposed a scheme that bears upon it the impress of practicality.

Mr. John F. Bateman has published an account of his extensive scheme for obtaining the supply of water to London from the sources of the river Severn. In his opinion, no proposal is worthy of attention that would not bring in less than two hundred million gallons of water per day, at an elevation which would supply nearly the whole metropolitan district by gravity without pumping.

"The nearest district," he says, "from which the quantity of water can be obtained is that which, lying on the flanks of the mountain ranges of Cadiz Idris and Plymmon, in North Wales, forms the basis of the main tributaries of the river Severn." This district is somewhat similar to the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains, where there is an extraordinary rainfall; and from a number of observations, Mr. Bateman concludes that forty-five inches may be said to represent the annual net produce of two or three successive dry years upon the drainage ground from which he proposes to obtain the water supply of London.

Reservoirs of sufficient capacity to last out about 140 days might be constructed; and two districts are selected, situated on the Upper and Lower Silurian formations, one of which, 66,000 acres in area, has summits of 2,914 ft. and 2,979 ft. in height, and the other of equal area, 2,500 ft. in height; the discharge pipes of the lowest reservoir in each of these districts being placed 450 ft. above the level of Trinity high-water mark.

Mr. Bateman proposes to conduct the water by separate aqueducts of 19 miles and 21½ miles in length respectively, near to Marten Mere, a spot situated north-east of Montgomery, from whence, by a common aqueduct, crossing the Severn, near Bridgnorth, the water will be conducted along a line of route near to Stourbridge, Bromsgrove, Henley-in-Arden, Warwick, Banbury, Buckingham, Aylesbury, Tring, Berkhamstead, and Watford, to the high land near Stanmore. Here service-reservoirs must be constructed at an elevation of about 250 ft. above Trinity high-water mark. The works would be of simple character, and the length of the common aqueduct is estimated at 150 miles; it will be capable of conveying 220 million gallons daily.

The total distance from the lowest reservoir on the river Vyrnwy will be 171 miles, and the total distance from the reservoir on the Severn will be 173½ miles, to which must be added the length of piping from the service-reservoirs to London, about ten miles, making the total distance 183 miles. Partly by open and partly by covered aqueducts, the water will flow through the valleys of the rivers Stour, Avon, and other streams, avoiding all coal-fields, &c.

It is intended that no embankment of a reservoir should be more than 80 ft. in height, and "they will be placed in situations either where hard impervious clay, or the solid rock of the Silurian formation, afford the means of making perfectly safe and watertight reservoirs." One of these reservoirs might form a lake of 600 miles in length. The cost of the works is estimated at about £8,600,000, which is "not more in proportion, either to the quantity of water to be obtained, or the ability of the inhabitants to pay for it, than has been expended in Glasgow, Manchester,

Liverpool, and many other towns, while it is far below the cost incurred by many towns which could be mentioned."

But this would only bring a supply of 130,000,000 gallons: the subsequent outlay for completing the whole scheme for 220,000,000 gallons per day would bring the total sum to £10,850,000.

Mr. Bateman seems to think that in order to meet this outlay, the plan now carried out in Glasgow and Manchester should be adopted for London, viz., to charge upon all householders a domestic rate and a public rate. In Manchester, for instance, these rates are respectively ninepence and threepence in the pound, the public rate being charged for the use of water in extinguishing-fires, &c.; water for trading purposes is separately charged.

The author of this colossal scheme considers that a saving of £75,000 a year might be effected by its adoption, and by the amalgamation of the various companies into one undertaking. We may add that the water would be of a soft and pure nature, and equal to that of Loch Katrine.

## A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Batter Barke at Elm," &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.

True.—Then why am I punished? Have I a thought concealed from you?

False.—If you say so on this hated subject, I'll never enter more than the roof, nor see your face again.

True.—It is strange, but I have done. Say that you hate me not.

Lord Linstock walked quietly over the flagstones of the Pavilion, as if fearful that the echo of his footsteps would reveal his rank to the miserable denizens of the poverty-stricken court, within the precincts of which he had ventured.

The colonnade was quite unobtrusive that he was followed by Luke Fentyman. So far did such a possibility seem from his thoughts, that he never took the trouble to turn his head and look over his shoulder.

He went direct to Patience Pomfret's house, so that it was fair to presume that he had been there before. He knocked at the door, which was opened by Mula, the dumb girl.

"How is your mistress?" he enquired, in a low tone.

Mula made some rapid passes with her hands, which appeared to be intelligible to Lord Linstock, who continued:

"Conduct me to her."

Mula did so, and omitted to close the door after her, intending to do so on her way to the kitchen. Luke Fentyman took advantage of this remissness, and stole on tiptoe into the house, leaving the hardihood to follow Lord Linstock up the stairs, which were only faintly lighted by a rush which Mula carried in her hand.

Patience was sinking fast, but hearing footsteps, she turned on her curtained bed, and peered anxiously into the semi-darkness. His lordship had come in time; just before the last spark of the flickering lamp had expired, and the once elastic mind extinguished for ever.

Mula walked into the room and deposited her miserable apology for a candle upon a deal table, which was destitute of any covering. At a sign from Lord Linstock, she quitted the apartment as noiselessly as she had entered it, and passed Luke Fentyman on the stairs without being aware of his dangerous proximity, which was so far fortunate for her, as the fellow held his clenched fist ready to knock her to the bottom of the flight if she attempted to give the least alarm of his presence. With her tongue she could do nothing, but with her hands much.

Finding that he was not noticed, he stole silently upstairs and placed his ear to the keyhole of the door of the room in which Patience Pomfret was lying in death's grasp.

He could hear nearly every word that was spoken. Lord Linstock's bass voice, which when lowered was deep and sonorous, was distinctly audible; but occasionally Patience was so weak and so much overcome by the ironies of her malady that her tones were too faint to penetrate to the passage.

Lord Linstock took a seat by the bed-side of the dying woman, whose face became irradiated with a flash of pleasure. She was apparently grateful for the kindness and condescension of her visitor.

"You are ill," he said, advancing a proposition which was too palpable for contradiction.

"I am sick unto death," was the reply; "but I can die without regret since I see you before my decease. Oh, Ernest, I have suffered much for your sake. Never once has my love wandered from you. I have endured poverty and privation, hard work, and banishment from all my friends and relations in order that you might not experience inconvenience or annoyance.

My fate has been wretched. My life has been one long pain. I have endeavoured to do my duty, and I cannot accuse myself of the commission of one intentional fault of a grave nature."

"You will have your reward in another world," said Lord Linstock, whose eyes were dimmed with tears. "You deserve to dwell among the angels. I beg that you will forgive me for my part in your unhappiness. We have both been the victims of bad judgment and unforeseen circumstances."

"I forgive you willingly on my death-bed, as I have forgiven you all along," replied Patience.

"Is any one acquainted with your history?"

"No living soul but—"

"But whom?" interrupted Lord Linstock, hurriedly.

"Mula!"

"The dumb girl?"

"Yes."

"I ask you because if everything were known to a vindictive or mercenary stranger, the consequences to me would be very serious."

This remark was overheard by Luke Fentyman and that worthy treasured it up in his breast.

"Should I, who have always been so jealous of your honour and your reputation, who have gloried in the name of Linstock, have been so imprudent as to confide my secret to any one but the humble and devoted attendant who has been the only companion of my solitary hours?"

Patience uttered this speech in a tone of reproach, as if she felt hurt at the bare suspicion of having been unfaithful in any way to the man with whom she was mysteriously connected.

"If it is possible, you will some day let my father know everything, will you not? Do not rush into danger by so doing. I would not have that for worlds," she added. "But it would give me great pleasure to think that my family would be some day enlightened as to the mystery of what they now look upon as my early death. Would that I had died seven years ago; but I am thankful that I can say, God's will be done! It was hard for you to stifle your love for me, was it not?"

"It was, indeed!"

She seized his hand in her almost pulseless grasp, and pressed it tenderly. Then a sudden fit of coughing attacked her. When this was over, she was very weak, and scarcely able to articulate. Looking up in Lord Linstock's face, she said:

"See to Mula!—do—lest temptation—"

She was unable to say more. She fell back and gasped heavily.

"Gracious heavens! she is dead!" said Lord Linstock. "Poor thing. Death is a happy release for her. Rest her soul in peace! I have much to answer for, but I cannot accuse myself of intentional sin."

However callous a man's nature may be, there is always something awful about death, and when Lord Linstock felt certified of the fact of Patience Pomfret's decease, he shuddered involuntarily.

Strong man as he was, he sank upon his knees, thinking that no eye save that of heaven was gazing on his humility, and breathed a fervent prayer, the burden of which was that the woman who had died might be worthy of divine clemency.

Rising from his knees, he sought the bell, but found that the chamber was destitute of that useful appendage.

He walked to the door, opened it suddenly, and saw Luke Fentyman on the landing, rapidly retreating.

"Ho!" he said, "who are you? Hi! I say!"

The man did not wait to be questioned. He had learnt that a secret was to be mastered, and that a dumb girl called Mula was the possessor of it. He resolved that he would work upon the girl's fears or upon some of her passions until he ascertained the meaning and nature of the connection which existed between the gentleman whom he had followed and Patience Pomfret.

As no attention was paid to his summons, Lord Linstock descended the stairs and sought Mula. When the girl saw his lordship enter the kitchen in which she was seated, she rose from her chair and immediately placed pen, ink, and paper upon the table. Seizing the pen in a nervous grasp, Lord Linstock wrote: "Your mistress is dead. I will provide for you. Say not a syllable to anyone of what she may have told you, or of what your intelligence may have put you in possession of."

Mula read the paper and nodded her head.

"Swear," said his lordship.

Mula took the pen and wrote "I swear."

"That will do," cried Lord Linstock. Laying a purse upon the table, he added, "that will defray your present expenses and those of the funeral. Let the body be buried this day week at Kensal Green. I will meet you there at two o'clock."

Mula wrote: "It shall be done. I fully understand; I shall expect you at the cemetery."



Taking up the paper in his hand, Lord Linstock crumpled it, but instead of throwing it into the grate, kept it in his hand, thinking he would throw it away in the street, where, if anyone did pick it up, they would find it altogether unintelligible.

He wished Mala good night, and took his departure. When he entered the Panthea, he looked about for a dark corner and threw the paper into it.

But he did not perceive a dark figure which darted forward and picked up the paper with nervous eagerness.

Unwittingly he had given Luke Fentyman the clue to the burial-place, and informed him that he himself intended to be present.

## CHAPTER IX.

Oht ye immortal powers that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams! Remember all his virtues,  
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Cato.

The proprietors of the club known as the Sons of Darkness were so skilful in their movements and so well versed in their business, that they experienced little or no difficulty in hiding away every trace of gambling long before the police could make an entry into the rooms.

The inspector and his men took a survey of the room, drank a few glasses of wine with the manager; and it was singular that the inspector, whom no one would have suspected of vanity, went away with a handful of sovereigns clanking together in his pocket, and his ears tingled pleasantly at the sound of the melodious music laid upon them.

Mortimer Saville did his best to persuade Maurice Fenwick to play again, but in spite of his utmost exertions, the young man could not be induced to tempt Fortune a second time.

"No, no, my dear fellow," he said. "Don't ask me. I don't look upon the bank as I do upon an individual. I am not bound by the rules of honour to give it revenge. I have made a little money, which will be of great service to me, and I mean to keep it. If you are my friend, you will at once see the force and truth of what I say."

"Please yourself," replied Mortimer Saville with a shrug of the shoulders, and lighting another cigar as he spoke. "If I had been you I should have gone on. You are in a lucky vein and safe to break the bank. I frankly confess that I have no sympathy with you faint-hearted players."

"Your disposition is unlike mine, for I am cautious to a degree."

"An admirable trait, no doubt," said Mortimer with a sneer. "But come. If you will not risk any more of your 'hard-earned gold,' we had better be on the wing. It is getting into the small hours, and we shall not be fit for work to-morrow."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," answered Maurice, taking his friend's arm.

On the staircase they were passed by Michael Saville. He did not notice his brother, but Maurice Fenwick exclaimed: "How did you get on?"

Michael looked up, exhibiting a countenance flushed with wine and convulsed with disappointment.

"Lost every rap?" he said. "Hav'n't a penny piece." "Take this," said Maurice, trying furtively to slip a note into his hand.

Mortimer's quick eye caught the movement, and interpreted it at a glance.

"Don't be absurdly ridiculous," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"He will never repay you."

"I don't care about that! I can't bear to see fellows so miserably hard pressed."

"Thank you," replied Michael Saville proudly. "I am under an obligation to you already, but that is no reason why you should insult me."

"Insult you!"

"Yes. I don't live upon promiscuous charity."

"Bravo!" muttered his brother in an undertone.

"I didn't know you had so much independence in you."

"If you will call upon me," said Maurice Fenwick, much hurt. "I will endeavour to prove to you that I had not the slightest intention of insulting you."

"Call upon you!" repeated Michael Saville, as if he were not in the habit of receiving invitations from respectable people.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At the Tax Office."

"Oh! all right! I'll call, but—"

"What?"

"You didn't tell me your name."

"Maurice Fenwick."

"Fenwick?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you a friendly hail," said Michael, waving his hand and passing on.

"You are very young," said Mortimer Saville, casting a commiserating glance upon Maurice.

"Why?"

"You know so little of the world. His refusal to accept the tissue you offered him was only a trick. He is the most worthless fellow in London—we have all tried to do something for him, but he is irrefragable."

"He is your brother," replied Maurice, in a tone of mild rebuke.

"I know that, my good fellow," said Mortimer. "But that has nothing to do with it. If your brother is a good-for-nothing fellow, there is no necessity, in my opinion, to fraternize with him and take him by the hand. If you associate with men of his stamp, you will soon find that your decent friends will give you the go-by in the street."

"Youself amongst the number?" queried Maurice.

"Precisely. Myself amongst the number."

"You may give me the cold shoulder now, if you like. I shall not allow any one to dictate to me in my choice of acquaintances."

"Oh!" cried Mortimer Saville, standing still in the street and regarding his companion curiously. "Your sudden accession of wealth has made you rather more independent than usual, hasn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean, by that," replied Maurice, blushing.

"Shall I explain?"

"If you please."

"Now that you have a pound or two in your pocket, you can afford to give yourself airs which you never dreamt of when you were weighing out pill-dust and apportioning *agacipura* in the paterfamilias shop!" Maurice's face burned.

"If my father is a shopkeeper," he retorted, "I consider myself fully as good as you are!"

"Do you? It is fortunate that you have a good opinion of yourself."

"Why?"

"Because, in all probability, you are the only one who has," returned Mortimer, with a laugh.

"Do you want me to knock you down?" cried Maurice, in an ungovernable rage.

"You can try, if you like. I used to have a good idea of handling my fists, but, possibly I have forgotten something lately."

Maurice, maddened by passion and inflamed by drink, hardly knowing what he did, rushed at his companion, but Mortimer stepped back adroitly, so that the blow fell short; then, throwing out his left hand, he struck the foolish young man in the face, and sent him rolling into the gutter.

A policeman happened to come by at this instant, and wished to be enlightened as to the nature of the disturbance.

"The fellow's tipsy, policeman," cried Mortimer.

"I know him slightly, but I haven't the remotest idea where he lives."

"Shall I lodge him for nothing, sir?" said the policeman, with a grin.

"By all means. Be careful with him, as he has a large sum of money about him."

Mortimer knew that the policeman would ransack his pockets, and perhaps appropriate some portion of the money which was to be found in them.

"Good night," he said. "Look after your charge."

And away he walked.

"He's a nice sort of pal to have, I don't think," muttered the policeman. "However, if the gent's got a little loose cash, we'll go halves. Oh, say!" he added; "he's as rich as a Jew!"

With an amount of celerity which must have been the result of practice, a large amount of notes and coin was transferred to the policeman's boots. He would not take the whole of the money—that would have looked too suspicious; he left a considerable sum.

"That's treating him handsomely. Now we'll move him on."

Maurice was just beginning to recover from the effects of the knock-down blow Mortimer Saville had administered to him; but his ideas about things in general were so confused that he suffered himself to be dragged along by the guardian of the peace without offering a word of remonstrance.

The station-house was not far off, and a dismal looking place it was, with a flaming gas-jet in a broken lamp over the door. Inside was a drowsy inspector, who took up his pen as he saw a prisoner come in.

"What is it?" he asked, in a monotonous voice.

"Gentleman tipsy, sir."

"What's that?" cried Maurice, beginning to recover himself.

"The constable accuses you of being tipsy—and disorderly, did you say?"

"No, sir. Very quiet—in the gutter."

"Oh! You are accused of being tipsy in the gutter. What have you to say in answer to the charge?"

"It is an infamous falsehood."

"You deny being in the gutter?"

"I don't say that."

"H'm! In my opinion you are not, sober at present; so I shall lock you up to keep you out of further mischief, and let the magistrate decide upon your case in the morning. What name?"

"I will give you no name, and I protest—"

"Gentleman found tipsy by police-constable—name and address refused," said the inspector, writing in the charge-sheet.

Maurice's expostulations went for nothing. His pockets were turned out, and his property deposited with the inspector, and he was rudely pushed into a cell, where he remained till morning, being brought out at ten o'clock, with a bump on his forehead, a dirty face, a short stubbly beard, an unclean collar, and looking altogether disreputable. He was taken in a cab to the police court, where the sitting magistrate fined him five shillings for being tipsy.

He was especially annoyed at this adventure, because it prevented him from continuing Mortimer Saville's acquaintance, and he thought this would be an insuperable bar to his intercourse with Felicia; but he was greatly mistaken.

Two days afterwards, Mortimer called upon him at the Tax Office, and laughed off the affair, saying: "You were very screwed, indeed, you know; and so pugnacious, that I thought I couldn't do better than give you in charge. You wouldn't get into a cab, and you were very outrageous."

Maurice had his doubts about the truth of this statement, but it did not answer his purpose to contradict it; and he accepted an invitation to dine at the Bar One Club on the following Tuesday.

Maurice could not blame Mortimer for striking him. He only did it in self-defence, and that was just what every man of spirit would have done. He had provoked it, and as he wished above all things to keep old friendly terms with the Savilles, he put his pride in his pocket. Such is the influence of lovely women over government clerks, as well as ordinary mortals.

Mortimer had not been gone half an hour, when Michael Saville made his appearance outside the inconspicuous building in which the business of the Tax Office was conducted. He passed through an iron gate, walked through a sort of court-yard, pushed open a hybrid door of wood and glass, well polished at the top by contact with many hands, and tolerably disfigured at the bottom by the unprovoked assaults of many boots, and found himself in a spacious hall. The flagstones had been whitened to a painful pitch of intensity by the industrious hands of persevering housemaids.

In the hall was a sort of sentry-box, with a glass top, in which a messenger sat.

To him Michael said:

"Mr. Fenwick. I want to see Mr. —"

"Fenwick, sir? Yes, sir," said the portly messenger who was exercising the privilege of an Englishman, "Accountant-General's Office."

"Pray where is that?"

"Go up the stairs, and turn to the right. Go 'long passage and turn to right again; then 'second stairs two flights, and go 'long passage, 'second stairs, and go 'long passage; then ask 'messenger."

"Oh!" said Michael, rather confused, "much obliged to you."

Portly messenger bowed, and went on exercising Englishman's privilege, whilst Michael Saville ascended the stairs.

That's a lively sort of a fellow to help a lame dog over a stile," he said. "I wonder if I shall ever find the Accountant-General's Office? Let's see, what did he say—up the stairs and turn to the right? I'll be hanged if I can remember."

(To be continued.)

ESQUIMAUX AND THEIR HOUSES.—The Esquimaux and the Lap form almost the only connecting link between the old world and the new. Iceland and Greenland were the first parts of America discovered by Europeans, and the Esquimaux were accordingly the first of all American tribes known to whites, and they are now as they were then. The few colonies that have sufficed almost to sweep away the red man, leaves the Esquimaux lord of his snowy realm, which defies the conquering hand of the white. Ice and Stricelings, as the Northernmen called the Esquimaux, destroyed the flourishing Northern colony in Greenland, with its towns, its churches, cathedrals, and monastic piles. Arrayed in his closely-fitting sealskin dress, and with his long snow-shoes and spear, he proceeds over the snowy desert to battle with the seal, walrus, and other animals abounding in oil, which alone could supply him with the carbon necessary to sustain life in that terrible climate. The Esquimaux is filthy, but it is the vice of the uncivilized, and more pardonable in these who have no flowing streams like the inhabitants of more favoured climes. Snow and ice are all. Their game is hidden

in the snow to preserve it. A spot is selected where the snow is about two feet deep, and compact, and a circle is traced about twelve feet in diameter. The inner circle is then cut into slabs, about a yard long and six inches thick, and the depth of the snow. These are taken out and piled upon each other, like courses of hewn stone, around the circle, the beds being so cut as to give them a slight inclination inward. The dome is closed somewhat suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge form, instead of the more rectangular form below. The roof is about eight feet high, and is closed by a small conical piece. The whole is built from within, and when all the blocks are in place, loose snow is thrown over it to fill up all chinks. When just made, the purity of the material, the graceful form and translucency of the walls, present an appearance superior even to marble.

## MAUD.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!  
Like apparitions seen and gone;  
But those which soonest take their flight,  
Are the most exquisite and strong.

*J. Norris.*

These thoughts flashed like lightning through the brain that had given higher range to its ambition than Edward dreamed of.

Richard did not speak, but, wheeling his horse suddenly, dashed down a forest-path and lost himself in the woods.

When he came forth again Maud Chichester's fate was sealed. Richard had told the truth. He was far too refined in that intense selfishness which takes the utmost enjoyment out of everything that comes in its way for the coarser pleasures which disgraced Edward's reign.

The woman he loved must be innocent, pure, and devoted, because these qualities alone appealed to his fastidious taste.

He did not shrink from sin in his own person, but to mate with anything unholy in a woman set his whole nature in revolt.

But that love which springs so much from the intellect, is at all times subservient to the master passion which has no power to control that intellect. There is no doubt that Richard loved the young creature whom he had married—privately, it is true, but in good faith as regarded the future.

He was very young then, and love controlled all other feelings with him. Time had not changed him, and could not change him in that. But the growth of a mighty ambition overshadowed the love it could not uproot.

With the dim vision of a crown before him, the young man was ready to crucify his own soul, and the heart which had moved him best, knowing well that this great love would be an eternal bar between him and the greatness he dimly groped after.

All day long this young man rode in the forest up and down, never resting for a moment.

He felt no fatigue, and was neither hungry nor athirst.

All these feelings were consumed by the burning thoughts which had taken fire from Edward's suggestion—thoughts that had smouldered in his bosom without hope till then, for while Clarence lived, he was far removed from the throne, even though the infant heir should be taken from his path, as his sickly state seemed to promise.

That day Richard Plantagenet gave himself up to the ambition which was ready to sweep down human rights, and trample out the human life which lay in his path to the throne.

"Let me go and look upon the walls that shelter her," he said, communing with the demon that possessed him; "this yearning pain is a sign of weakness, and must be vanquished. He who grapples with destiny must learn first to conquer himself. Happiness or power—both are impossible. This day my choice must be taken. Maud, my poor Maud! how she will suffer—how she loves me! But to one who aspires, happiness is nothing. If power is only to be won by suffering, then it is kindest to be cruel."

With these keen, selfish thoughts in his mind, Gloucester rode close up to the brink of the stream and looked toward his wife's chamber. She was seated near the window, not looking out, for the night had lowered down stormily over the forest; but he could distinguish the lovely outlines of her face defined against the rosy cloud of curtains that swept over her infant's cradle. Clearly cut and pure as a cameo, that sweet side face appeared against the warm background.

It was the head of a Madonna, pensive and sad, but imbued with the very spirit of innocent affection.

A groan broke from this hard man. With all his philosophy, the young heart in his bosom ached with intolerable pain, for he loved that beautiful creature

above all women in the world—above everything but the crown which his soul grasped at. It was agony to give her up—such agony as only a strong man can feel and conquer.

Slowly that strange being turned his horse and rode away. To the last his head was turned, and his eyes dwelt on the fading outlines of that face. When it died away, the cloud of drapery grew crimson in his mind; and where those beloved features had been, a massy crown broke upon his imagination, burning itself against a sea of blood.

"Be it so," he muttered. "Are crowns ever won without slaughter and bloodshed? What matters it to me if human life goes out on the battle-field, or between four walls? But love her! Love—St. Paul! it is hard!"

Through the black forest he rode, filled with blacker thoughts, and moaning sad echoes to the wind, which sighed gloomily among the branches like grieving spirits praying him to pause before he gave up that which is most precious in human life—human love.

But heaven itself had no power to win that hard, brilliant man back to the life he had abandoned.

When Richard entered the Tower, weary and unattended, he passed the king upon the ramparts, and paused to address him.

"Sire!" he said, in the low, calm voice which won so sweetly on the ear, "have I your gracious permission to urge my suit with the Lady Anna? She is fair, and under the promise of your highness will be richly endowed."

Edward looked at his brother searchingly.

"Tell me in all frankness, Richard; are you free to wed this lady, and thus wrest her inheritance from grasping Clarence and his wife, who apes the royalty which she usurps?"

"Sire!" answered Richard, gravely, "no bands hold Richard Plantagenet which he will not find the power to break when the occasion requires it."

"And the fair lady of the lodge? Ah, Richard! Richard!"

"Do not speak of her—not jestingly, at least. No woman worthy of that light scuff has ever stayed Richard one moment on his path."

"Is it so serious, then? Well, well, my boy! love lightly or in earnest, as seems you best; so long as no grand passion, such as nearly lost your king a throne, usurps policy and schemes of more consolidated power from our house, I care not. But Edward is not yet strong enough to breast his enemies without the firm support of his kinsmen. The great wealth of Earl Warwick was a mighty prop to his influence; that wealth must not be divided, or pass away from our house. It must be wielded, too, with a firmer hand than weak Clarence ever possessed."

"But he will not give up a fair half of these goods, without a struggle," answered Richard. "Before proceeding in this matter I would have full assurance of royal protection in my suit for a generous division."

"Division! Ay, by my crown, I will pledge all that you can ask when the fair Anna is once your bride. But as for division, look you, Richard—if Clarence swerves again, but by a hair's breadth, from his allegiance, there will be little need of halving Warwick's riches."

A keen, quick glance was exchanged between the brothers.

That look of cold ferocity which sometimes hardened Edward's features into iron, thrilled its way to the eager heart of Richard.

From that moment the fate of Clarence was understood between the brothers.

### CHAPTER XXV.

One fire burns out another's burning.  
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

MAUD CHICHESTER was alone with her child. She had been greatly disappointed in not seeing her husband again after the royal carouse, and watched his coming with more than usual impatience. Duke Richard was never wantonly cruel. He could be as hard as steel under an ambitious purpose, but he took no pleasure in suffering for its own sake. He loved the fair, young woman who had cast her life with such unquestioning trustfulness into his keeping, and would have endured pain a thousand times over rather than give it to her. But he lived even then up to the maxim which genius has given to his lips.

"What's bought by blood must be by blood maintained."

And when the price which he must pay for exaltation was a broken heart for that gentle wife, he did not shrink back weakly, or in half measures wring her soul with uncertainties. Still, he could not wholly give her up, or crush her to the earth with a single blow.

It was not fear which held him back, for in good or evil, boy or man, the prince was bold as the greatest

general that ever lived; but he loved the woman dearly, and shrank from sweeping the glory from her life at one fell swoop.

With these feelings wounding his heart, without in the least changing his purpose, Richard sent a message to Maud. With all his courage and iron resolution, he could not slay that gentle heart with his own hand; but Catesby, his master of the horse, was sent on the savage errand.

This man was Richard's instrument, not his confidant—for, young as he was, the prince told his secrets to no man living. He commanded, but seldom explained.

When Maud heard the tramp of a horse on the forest-path, she started up from her child's cradle like a bird fluttering out from its nest as the parent-bird approaches, snatched the babe from under its rosy cloud of silk, and kissed it with passionate joy.

"He is coming! Oh, my boy! my sweet, sweet boy! thy father is here! Kiss me, darling! kiss me back! and he shall take it warm from my lips!"

The boy, just aroused from his slumber, opened his great eyes wide, stretched out his white feet and chubby little hands, like a prize-fighter trying his limbs, and broke into a lusty cry, that brought the hot blood into Maud's face.

"What, crying, and your father here? You naughty, naughty child! You shall not kiss me with that mouth. There, go back to bed, sleepy thing!"

She lifted the curtains, huddled the child back into his cradle, gave him a little pat of the hand, half tender, half impatient, and ran out to meet Catesby, who that moment entered the great hall.

Maud fell back on seeing the man, so keenly disappointed that she could not speak. All the graceful dignity of her character was lost in this painful surprise.

"Lady," said Catesby, advancing towards her, "forgive this rude entrance. I was only waiting to inquire the way to your presence."

"Come you from my lord?" questioned Maud, forgetful of the secret she had been cautioned to guard. "Have you seen him?"

Catesby took a letter from his bosom and gave it to her.

She looked at the writing.

"To the Lady at Hunsdon Lodge," she read.

There was no more; but she knew the handwriting, and pressed her lips upon it, blushing crimson the next moment when she saw Catesby's eyes upon her.

"Go in yonder, fair sir; my people will attend to your comfort while I read this missive," she said, with gentle courtesy. "In a brief time I will see you again."

With a bend of the head, she withdrew into the chamber, where her child had dropped to sleep again, and lay among the rosy draperies and snow-white pillows like a cherub couched among summer clouds.

With fingers quivering with impatience, she attempted to unknot the band of floss silk with which the letter was tied, but only tangled it into a crimson impossibility.

Then she tore at it with her white teeth, and flung the fragments away, unfolding the parchment with such eager haste that the writing floated vaguely before her eyes.

Maud read the letter at last over and over again, for it was brief and clear, cutting to her heart like steel.

"Going abroad—the king will have it so. On business of state. Stay for years—for years! Oh, my God! It says for years! My husband! Oh, mercy, my husband! Gone already! Gone without a word of farewell! If I love him, I will stay here with the child; the people will remain with me. The man who brings this will see to our wants, and visit us often. He has left Duke Richard's service. Gone—gone!"

The poor young creature fell upon her knees and clung to the edge of the cradle, which shook beneath her trembling hands like a cloud drifted by stormy winds.

She did not weep, and scarcely gave forth a sound; but her lips were white as snow, and her eyes opened wide with a sort of terror, as they looked over the child far away into vacancy.

Catesby had been feasted on cold pastry and wine in another room, and was just draining the last red wave from its silver flagon, when Maud entered the chamber, white, cold, and shivering, with nervous chills.

"Tell me," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, "is he gone? You know what I mean. Has there been no merciful storm on the coast to drive him back?"

"Lady," said Catesby, "I know less than the letter tells you. It was given me with orders to place it in your hands. That I have done."



"Then you know nothing?—not even where he is gone?"

"Lady, I know nothing, save that it is my duty to obey your behests in all things, and see that none of the comforts to which you have been used are wanting."

"Comforts! comforts! and without him! Still I should be thankful for so much care. So I am. But hear you not a wail? I must go, and still it. That is the way orphans cry out when God smites them with loneliness."

Maud went into her child's room again, pale as death, and crying unconsciously. She did not return for a full hour. At last Catesby sent to inform her that he wished to take leave; and then she came forth, looking like a poor little dove creeping out from the drench of a rain-storm. Catesby looked at her almost in pity.

"Grantley will remain here," he said. "His orders are positive; whatever you desire, he is charged to obtain."

"As you will," answered Maud, drearily. "I have but few wants; but let him stay if it is thought best. But tell me, in mercy tell me, where has he gone? When shall I see him again? Do not say that he told you not. Surely, surely you must know why it is that I am made so wretched."

"Lady, I repeat, no information was given me. I was told to bring that letter, and have obeyed the command."

"And is he gone?"

"Surely he is!"

In her eagerness, Maud had laid her hand on Catesby's arm, but it fell off like a flower suddenly broken from the stalk; and she sat down, dumb with the anguish of complete despair.

Then Catesby took his leave, and she heard the retreating tramp of his horse with a shudder. It seemed as if they were beating her heart into the earth beneath those iron hoofs.

Maud did not sleep that night, nor the next, nor the next. There was fever in her heart and on her brain—fever that heated the pure blood in her baby's veins, and made him share her anguish.

On the second night, while Maud was delicious, the head servant mounted a horse and rode all night, making his way toward London. When he came back, a leech rode by his side, and for many a day rested in the lodge, tending the mother and the child with unusual assiduity.

At last Maud recovered. No, not that; but a lovely shadow haunted the old lodge, that might now and then remind you of the cheerful, rosy young creature, whose very existence had made the old place bright as a summer bower. But the child grew thrifty, and sometimes made that and mother start and catch her breath, the gleam of his joyous laughter sounded so like a mockery in that lonesome place.

Maud took little heed of anything that went on around her; but she was ever gentle and kind to Albert, the idiot boy, who haunted her footsteps with the fidelity of a hound. As for Wasp, his sympathies were almost human. He mounted guard over the cradle, and watched the expression of that sad, motherly face with eyes that seemed to read every pain that flitted across it, and mourn because he possessed no remedy.

For hours he would lie and watch his mistress as she sat mournfully gazing out upon the forest. But if the child, by some gay shout or daring crow, won a smile from her, Wasp would go off, careering about the room in a wild caper of delight, and make the house ring again with his riotous barking.

This could not last.

Human souls are too restless in joy or sorrow for perfect stillness to be anything but irksome. That answers to content alone. In all her brooding, many a strange thought had haunted the young wife. Her mind toiled over its sorrows. Doubt kept her restless, and the natural energy of a character at once beautiful and strong, awoke in her bosom.

One thing she could do.

Her husband had belonged to King Edward's court; nearer still, was a follower of the young Duke of Gloucester. That much he had told her himself.

Why not go up to London, search out the duke, and demand of him the destination of her husband, and the cause of his absence? True, she was forbidden to speak of him, or to claim him in any way before the world; but her heart was breaking, she must hear news of him or die.

She would keep his secret, even though it covered her with shame.

In no one thing would she disobey him; but how could she rest there, hungering for tidings with that terrible ache gnawing for ever at her heart, and make no effort to appease it?

Sorrow had rendered Maud suspicious. She was afraid to trust any of his servants with a resolve that had been forming in her mind for weeks. Yet how could Albert help her, poor wailing?

He was faithful as the sun, and had more than a moderate share of that strange cunning, which sometimes seems almost like wisdom in the weak-minded; but the service she desired was far beyond his range of intellect.

Some knowledge of the country was important, and familiarity with the great world of London, of which she was profoundly ignorant.

One day Maud ventured to sound Grantley, but he received her hint with grim disapproval: and for days after watched her with unusual vigilance, which only served to stimulate her fears and confirm her purpose.

Maud saw that there was no hope in the servants, and began to suspect that they were, in fact, her gaolers. But who placed them there? Not her husband, she never could think that. No, his enemies—for he had confessed to many—had prevailed against him, doubtless, and found a new way of torture through his wife and child.

One day Albert had been sitting at her feet, reading all the eloquent changes of her face, as love will teach the most simple heart to read. His own face was more than usually intelligent. A strange light kindled his pale, blue eyes, and he looked sharp and keen almost as Wasp himself. At last he pulled at her dress.

"I—I can find the way," he said; "Wasp and I. Besides, the black horse knows. Isn't he on it every week? Wasp and I can do it. She, too."

Maud was startled. The idiot had read her thoughts; had decided, also, on the only person of her household who might be trusted to aid in the project that was haunting her mind.

A woman from the forest was that moment holding Maud's child up to the window, where he was making dashes at a great fly which was beating its lovely wings against the glass.

The idiot's finger was pointed to this poor widow, who had lost both husband and child scarcely a year before.

"Yes," said Maud, unconsciously speaking aloud, "she, too, would be faithful."

The woman turned from the window and brought her blooming charge up to his mother.

"Try me, mistress; only try me," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"I will," cried Maud. "My boy would not love you so if you were not honest. Come with me. Albert, follow us."

"And Wasp?" said the idiot, beckoning the dog, who stood with ears erect listening.

These four strangely assorted people went into an inner chamber, and there held council together. Hilda, the forest woman, was sharp of wit, and instantly comprehended the situation.

"I know the forest paths well," she said, "and can guide you so far on the way; beyond that I have a brother, who has followed the royal hunt many a time to the gates of London. He will show us the way."

Albert listened greedily; his feeble mouth worked, his hands were in constant motion. He almost danced with eagerness, while Wasp tore at the rushes with his feet, and gave out a short, fiery bark, more eloquent of impatience than a human voice might have been.

"Be quiet, and wait till night!" said Maud, giving the faithful boy her hand to kiss. "Just before the moon rises we will start. Have three horses ready, Albert—my white palfrey, the black hunter, and any other that you can find. The rest I will leave with you, Hilda."

"It lacks but three hours of the time," answered the woman, placing little Richard in his mother's arms. "We must have food for ourselves, and milk for the baby. Besides, gold will be wanted."

"There is a purse of broad pieces in the cabinet of my bower-chamber, and jewels of price, if they be needed," said Maud, eagerly. "Prepare the rest, Hilda, and I will bring the gold."

That night, when the sun went down, and an hour of darkness lay between its setting and the light of a cloudless moon, Maud stole forth from her dwelling, carrying the boy in her arms, and equipped for a journey. Hilda would have relieved her from the sweet burden, but the young mother would not hear of it—that little form kept her heart strong.

Down by the ford they found Albert, with four horses equipped for travelling. Wasp stood by guarding two of the animals as his own especial charge.

Maud mounted her own palfrey, who knelt like a camel to receive her, and rose again with a toss of his milk-white mane, and the lightness of a dancing girl, arching his neck proudly under the burden of his mistress and her child.

Hilda mounted the black charger, and Albert took his triumphant seat on a stout roadster, leading a sampter-horse by the bridle. In the leathern bag which cumbered this horse, Hilda had packed the choicest robes of her mistress's wardrobe, and added to these a small pannier filled with provisions. "Thus,

with great caution, the little cavalcade crossed the ford, and entered the forest, guided by Wasp, who ran on before, softly as a cat, scarcely brushing the grass in his progress, but trotting onward gravely, as if impressed with the importance of his charge.

It matters not how long this helpless party remained on the road. One bright morning they entered London, fresh from a little hostelry, where they had spent the night. They found the city in a tumult of excitement; crowds of people in holiday-dress were passing up and down the street, all the balconies were hung with tapestry and crimson cloth. Banners floated from the house tops; and wherever she turned her eyes, Maud saw a cognizance which made her heart leap.

The Boar's Head crested balcony and banner that day wherever armoial bearings could be placed—and that was the grim cognizance of Duke Richard of Gloucester—the generous patron and master of her husband.

As Maud and her strange companions penetrated into the heart of London, the crowd deepened and became more eager. At last it blocked her onward passage, and she was crowded against the walls of a stately house, close beneath a balcony draped with scarlet cloth, and fluttering with fringes of gold.

The horses which Maud and her servant rode, had been backed close to the wall, where they were becoming dangerously restive. Little Richard struggled in his mother's lap, and began to cry out. The crowd became so tumultuous that it frightened him.

Albert, who had been separated from the others, heard this cry, and pushed his horse toward the balcony, regardless of the people in his way.

In his bewilderment, he looked upward, and saw a lovely face looking out from the gorgeous richness of the balcony.

Pearls shone in the bright tresses that shaded this face, and a neck fair as the leaves of a blush-rose, gleamed upon him through a flame of jewels.

With a wild ringing shout, that made the crowd pause and look upwards, Albert sprang upright on his saddle; with a single leap he threw himself into the balcony, and flung his arms around the beautiful woman who sat there like some tropical bird in its nest.

"Jenny! sister Jenny! it's me—it's me!"

The woman arose, smitten with joyous terror, and clinging to the idiot boy, withdrew from the balcony, almost carrying him with her.

"No, no! bring them up, too—my lady and Wasp, and the little fellow! Didn't you hear him cry?"

"My brother! my poor darling—how came you here? Who sent you? Oh, Albert! Albert! you are not afraid to kiss me—afraid not ashamed?"

Jane Shore put back the golden locks from that innocent face with both her quivering hands; she raised kisses and quick woman's tears on the idiot's forehead, his neck, and even his garments.

She strained him to her bosom. She held him at arm's length, laughing and crying like a very child.

"But my lady! But Wasp!" he cried, struggling from her arms. "They have crowded her against the wall; bring her in, or I'll never kiss you again."

"My lady! Is she in truth here! Oh, Albert! I dare not speak to her!"

"But you shall!"

The boy spoke with emphasis, looked around him, and seeing a staircase through an open door, rushed down it and out into the street.

"Come in—come in!" he said. "It is a grand, grand place, and Jenny is here. Sister Jenny wants you, and baby, and Wasp, and her! Come along! See, I have tied the horses to this iron ring!"

While Maud hesitated in bewilderment, the idiot, who had grown strong in his excitement, lifted her from the saddle, and hurried her forward through the passage, upstairs, and into the sumptuous chamber where Jane Shore stood, pale as death, and trembling like a criminal, as she was.

When Maud saw her foster-sister, a flush of joy overspread her features, and she felt the ineffable relief of a wanderer who sees a beloved face in the midst of strangers.

"Oh, Jane, Jane, is it you? Heaven has sent us here! My heart was so heavy a moment since! But you do not seem glad—you look so strange! Is it that I and my child are unwelcome?"

Jane had indeed been startled, even terrified, but she opened her arms before half these words were uttered, and clasped her lady and foster-sister to her bosom with a close embrace.

"Oh! my lady! my dear, dear lady! not welcome! You not welcome? Heaven help me! It was anything but that. This child, too! Welcome! The angels of heaven are not more welcome! But all this is so sudden! Nay, do not look at me so!"

The woman blushed crimson under Maud's wondering gaze, and going into another room, tore the jewels from her bosom and the pearls from her hair, ashamed to meet those innocent eyes.

(To be continued.)

**CORPORATION LEASES.**—The City of London is next year to lose the estate known as the Finsbury Prebendal Estate, which produces to the Corporation £50,000 a year. They hold a lease of seventy-three years of it, under an Act of Parliament, and the term expiring next year, the estate lapses back to the Ecclesiastical Commission, as representatives of the prebend. The Corporation are now trying to set up a moral claim to another ninety-nine years, but with no prospect of success. Corporations in England live so long that leases, however long, do not survive them. We heard the other day of a lease of five hundred years, belonging to an hospital, which in a generation or so will lapse back to the Crown, the lease having run out, and the owner's descendants, who would be entitled to the property, having disappeared.

THE extraordinary case of Mrs. Janetta Horton Ryves, who claims to be entitled to £15,000, left her by George III. "as a recompense for some trouble she may have experienced through her father," the late Duke of Cumberland, is shortly to be tried by a special jury. Mrs. Ryves is now living in poverty, but some friends, who are assured of the justice of her claims, have subscribed money to enable her to prosecute them. (The marriage of her mother, Olive Wilmot (afterwards Mrs. Serres), with the duke is attested on undoubted authority, and the legacy of George III. is equally undoubted, but some years since the Prerogative Court of Canterbury refused probate on the ground that there was no precedent in this country for proving a monarch's will. Eminent counsel are engaged, and the trial will excite no little interest.

## EVA ASHLEY.

### CHAPTER XXXVII. CELESTIAL WORK.

HANDSOME apartments had been secured for the party before their arrival at the Spa, and with intense satisfaction Ashley and his wife took possession of a suite of rooms more luxuriously furnished than any they had occupied for years.

Wentworth was located in an opposite wing of the hotel, and anxious to spare Mrs. Ashley and her step-daughter the many outbreaks of temper Maitland's presence near his father would be sure to provoke, he good-naturedly took the boy into his own lodgings; he, however, still retained the services of the tall Swiss, who had managed to establish some sort of control over the young hopeful.

For the first week of their stay the family remained in seclusion, as Mr. Ashley insisted that it would be indecorous to appear in public so soon after assuming mourning for his deceased father. But Wentworth soon detected the real motive of his uncle's changed as Augusta was, and little as Ashley seemed now to care for her, he was still jealously afraid of her attracting too much attention from others while he was still too much indisposed to accompany her to the public rooms himself.

In addition to this, he betrayed extreme unwillingness for Evelyn to go into society at all, and in this he was passively seconded by his wife.

To Frank's intense surprise and indignation, he found that his lovely cousin was to be detained in her father's room even when Mrs. Ashley was permitted to leave him for a short time under the escort of his young kinsman.

On the first evening he went out with his aunt, Frank freely expressed his disappointment that Evelyn was not of the party, but she quietly replied:

"Evelyn is too young to be exposed to the promiscuous society of a watering-place, Frank. Besides, as she is known to be a great heiress, she might fall into some entanglement which would give us much trouble, and herself a great deal of unhappiness. In the propriety of keeping her secluded I quite agree with Leon."

"You may be right," replied Frank, gloomily, "but I hope the prohibition will not be made to extend to me. I may see my cousin as usual, and she can at least be allowed to walk with me."

"You are privileged, you know," replied Mrs. Ashley, with one of her insipid smiles. "You are to become her brother at some future day, and there can be no impropriety in her walking with you whenever the weather will permit. Just now, she is occupied the most of her time in reading to her father or playing chess with him. But he is getting better very fast, for the waters are acting on his system like magic, and he will soon be able to walk out by himself."

"I hope that time will soon come," said Frank, with some irritation, "for I think it is a shame to mew a young girl up in a sick room all this time, especially when the invalid is so hard to get along with as my uncle."

Mrs. Ashley sighed but made no reply to this. After a pause she said:

"On some accounts I am glad that Leon is not yet able to mix with the gay company here. You can imagine why I shall be anxious about him when he becomes strong enough to do as he pleases."

"I understand—but I shall keep a strict watch over him. My uncle knows that the money I can at present control will not suffice for our own joint expenses if any portion of it is appropriated wrongfully. I believe after all that it will be best for him to return to England, and in the seclusion of a country home avoid the temptations that must always assail him among his old associates."

With a heavy sigh his companion replied: "Do not imagine that your uncle will ever live in seclusion, Frank. I only hope that the house is large enough to afford me a suite of apartments removed from the noise and revelry that Leon is sure to bring into every place he inhabits. I speak frankly to you because you are our only friend, and by this time you must understand the character of my husband."

"Perhaps things will turn out better than you think," said Wentworth, with an implied trust in his uncle's reformation, which he was far from feeling. "As to the house, it is an immense structure, built by the first Arden. You will find plenty of room in the old place for many more than you will have to accommodate. Evelyn has a noble inheritance, and I think she is one who will endeavour to perform the duties as a just steward, conscientiously and well."

He turned to his aunt as he spoke, and he was struck by the change that came over her face when he uttered the last words. There was something inexplicable to him in the expression with which she vaguely replied:

"Yes, Evelyn is a good girl; but such a fortune should never have fallen to a daughter, when our son will have so little. Just think of it; when Evelyn attains her majority, her father will be almost dependent upon her. It is shameful."

Frank quietly replied: "If my cousin's property is well managed, there will be enough, and to spare from it. You need have no apprehensions on my uncle's account, for I have pledged my word to him that Bessie and myself will allow him a third of our joint income as long as he lives."

"That is very liberal of you both; but it would have been better if you had kept back something to accumulate for Maitland. Poor fellow, surrounded by rich relations, my boy will be a pauper among them, for my fortune passed into his father's hands, and has been spent long ago."

Maitland will have the ten thousand pounds bequeathed to him by his grandfather, to begin the world with; he is a lad of fine abilities, and I hope he will sustain the prestige of his family for talent, and develop into a good man. Never fear for the boy, Aunt Augusta; I will answer for his future, and with his exuberant vitality, it will be all the better for him to have his own future to carve out. With wealth at his command, he might go to ruin in a few years."

"I will endeavour to think as you do," she replied; "but here we are at my door: will you go in and see how your uncle has spent the evening. He will be sure to ask innumerable questions as to who I have seen in the public rooms, and you can help me to answer them."

Wentworth did not require a second invitation, for he had scarcely obtained a glimpse of Evelyn for the last three days.

He entered the beautifully-furnished drawing-room, in which Mr. Ashley sat playing chess with his daughter.

The hue of health had partially returned to his pallid features, and the bloated appearance which had so greatly disfigured him was rapidly disappearing under the influence of the mineral water, and continued abstinence from the fiery potations which had wrecked his health.

A few glasses of wine daily were all he was allowed, and, for the present, he submitted to so strict a regimen, though he promised himself unusual latitude when once he was sufficiently restored to venture to drink without suffering from the immediate effect of his potations.

Like many other men, what the future was to bring to him was silently ignored, while he went on accumulating poison in his system, which, at one fell blow, might strike him lifeless to the earth.

To reform one of his evil ways had never entered the mind of Leon Ashley; for if any man was ever thoroughly given over to a profligate and hardened heart, he was that man. He argued that to him nature had made excitement and pleasure a necessity, and while health lasted, he would have as much of both as was to be attained, even through the most questionable means.

When the power to enjoy was exhausted, life would no longer be worth possessing, and he was ready to die as the fool dieth, hoping that the criminal re-

cord of his wasted life would be buried in the dust into which his body would resolve, and no awful voice ever call upon that sinful soul to arise and answer for the deeds done in the flesh.

Evelyn, looking pale and dispirited, sat opposite to her father, and as Frank glanced toward her, he felt an emotion of resentment at the thralldom in which she was held.

Since their arrival at Baden, she had scarcely been permitted to go beyond the narrow boundary of their apartments, and both health and spirits had evidently suffered from the confinement.

Ashley's face was slightly flushed, and he eagerly turned to his nephew and said:

"You have just come in time to decide a dispute between Evelyn and myself, Frank. She insists that I have made a false check, and I maintain that I have done no such thing. Look at the board and see what you think about it."

Frank understood the game, and he glanced over the position of the pieces, saw that Evelyn was right, and was about to speak to that effect, when, divining his intention, she made a sudden movement, caught her open sleeve on the edge of the board, and swept the whole array down. She arose, laughing, and said:

"There—that decides the game in papa's favour. He never likes me to beat him, though I and sometimes sorely tried at having to bear defeat so often."

"Do you mean to insinuate that you could beat me if you wished it?" asked Ashley, with a frown. "You know that Frank would decide in my favour, and you took that method of saving your credit."

Frank unclosed his lips to utter the truth, but Evelyn, who had glided behind her father, made a rapid movement to him, entreating him to refrain, so he said nothing.

Augusta immediately began to describe to her husband the gay scene in which she had mingled during the hours of her absence, and in the interest of the narrative he soon forgot all about the disputed game. He presently asked:

"Did you encounter any one we have known before, Augusta? Do you know if any of my old set are to be found here?"

"I think not. I saw no one with whom we have ever been acquainted. The gay men you associated with in Paris will scarcely be found at this place so late in the season. The most of the people now here have come for the benefit of the waters."

"Hum! so much the better," he muttered. "It might be inconvenient to meet some of them just now. The small amount of money I have received for my special use must not become the prey of remorseless duns. It may be made the nucleus of a fortune to me yet."

Thus, with the unvarying faith of the gambler in a change of luck in his favour, Ashley was yet looking forward to the restoration of his fortunes through the diablerie of play.

While Ashley thus talked with his wife, a pleasant by-play was going on between the young people. Frank asked:

"Evelyn, why did you destroy your game when it was evidently in your own hands?"

"Did I not tell you why when I said that my father cannot bear to be beaten. If I but win a single game, he gets into such a passion as frightens me. To-night I was tired and reckless, so I tried to beat him, but when you were called on as umpire between us, I knew what your decision must be, and my last move was made to save you from causing a scene. It is dreadful to speak of one's father in this way, Frank, but you have been in our interior, and you know what a turbulent one it often is."

He saw the tears of weariness were troubling in her eyes, and he gently said:

"You know that you may trust me as a brother, Evelyn, but I find it difficult to contain myself when I see you troubled as you are. You are growing pale from confinement to the house, though my uncle and aunt seem conveniently blind to it. It is not very late—do you think your father can be persuaded to let you promenade with me through the illuminated grounds? Your mother has already promised me that you shall walk out with me every day. It is a heavenly night, and nearly as light as day. Shall I ask him if you may go?"

"Yes; pray do. I am dying for a breath of fresh air, and the sight of something more agreeable than the walls of this room. Mamma is accusing him now, and perhaps he will let me go with you."

Wentworth watched for a break in the conversation of the elder pair, and then preferred his request.

"At first Mr. Ashley objected; he said: 'It is getting late, and it is all nonsense for Evelyn to wish to go out at this hour.' Besides, it is hardly prudent."

"Oh, papa, I shall be with my brother Frank," she gaily replied; "and you know I shall be quite safe under his protection. I so much wish to see the



grounds illuminated, and I have never been permitted to go out a single night since I have been here, although I have spent my days in trying to amuse you.

She threw her arm over his shoulder in a caressing manner, and Ashley half smiled as he said:

"You are a good little creature, Evelyn, and I won't be hard on you. You shall go with Frank for an hour, but be sure to be back by twelve o'clock."

"Thank you, papa; I promise to be prompt to the time."

And she bounded into her own apartment to get something to throw over her head. When she returned with a large black lace shawl wrapped over her, Wentworth said:

"What is the use of wearing that, Evelyn? The young ladies here walk out in their evening gowns, and the air is so soft and warm to-night that there is no danger of your taking cold."

She glanced timidly toward her father, who disapprovingly said:

"I never permit Evelyn to go out with her face uncovered, especially at a place of this sort. She is pretty, and will be rich, and I do not wish to be annoyed by fortune-hunters seeking her acquaintance while she is, as yet, almost a child."

Though the reasons given seemed almost to Frank, he acquiesced, and drawing Evelyn's arm beneath his own, prepared to go out.

As they were leaving the room, Ashley warningly said:

"Remember, Evelyn, that you are to keep your mantle drawn closely around your face. It is my will that while here you shall attract no one."

"Certainly, papa; I shall obey you in every particular."

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## A RECOGNITION.

EVELYN was sincere in her promise, but when she was fairly in the grounds, the flitting figures in gaudy dresses, the strains of gay music floating from the ball-room, and the lively chatter of voices speaking in many different tongues, formed a scene so novel and attractive to her that she forgot her father's caution, and suffered her veil to fall aside, revealing her dark bright face with its vivid charm of expression; and more than one cavalier turned to look after the fairy-like beauty and her tall, light-haired escort.

Suddenly Evelyn became conscious that she was attracting a great deal of notice. She blushed, gathered up the folds of lace, and laughingly said:

"I have been so heedless as to forget all about papa's injunction, but I do not suppose that any evil consequences will follow my face being seen. I am sure that I do not think it so attractive as to burden him with visitors for my dainty hand; oh, Frank?"

"If you asked my opinion, I should say that your father cannot be too cautious in guarding the precious treasure entrusted to his care. You are strangely beautiful, Evelyn, and I am sure your glass must have told you the same story."

She laughed merrily—not a boisterous laugh; but a little ripple of mirth, as sweet and bewitching as her smile.

"I am such a little scrap, Frank, that what there is of me should be as well fashioned as possible. I do not think much of my own looks, because I admire tall, fair, queen-like women; and when I contrast myself with such, I feel too insignificant to fancy that other people can admire me."

"Does your taste in blonde beauty also extend to tall, fair men, *ma petite cousine*?" asked Wentworth, archly.

"I have never thought about it; but I like one fair man quite well enough, and that one is my brother Frank."

"Brother! pahaw. Evelyn, it is time to put an end to that delusion. If I tell you a secret, do you think that you can keep it faithfully? That you will hold it in the profoundest depths of your heart?"

His voice vibrated with emotion, and she turned her startled eyes upon him; her heart gave a great bound, as she asked:

"Why do you talk so strangely, Frank? If you are to be Bessie's husband, of course you will be my brother."

"Would you be contented with that arrangement, Evelyn? I frankly tell you that I should not."

But this time she was in a tremor of distress, and faintly said:

"Oh! cousin, do not say that you are ready to do what is wrong. You are pledged to my sister, and you shall not break her heart by deserting her forever—"

Her voice sank away in an indistinct murmur, and she dared not utter the pronoun that suggested itself.

Frank hastened to say:

"Bessie's heart has no more to do with the contract that binds us together than mine has. I have a very great fraternal regard for her, but I now know that I have never loved her with that love which would lead me to sacrifice everything for her sake. It was a whim of grandfather's to marry the heirs to his estate together that his property might remain undivided. I was quite willing to accede to the arrangement, for I did not then know that there was a more different and far more enchanting than that I felt for my betrothed. But Bessie understood herself much better than I did, and her resistance alone prevented our union before I left England. Luckily for us both, she evaded the wishes of Mrs. Ashley, and left us free to make another choice. Mine is already made; can you guess on whom it has fallen?"

Evelyn listened with vivid interest, and she gravely replied:

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, Frank; but you are getting into a terrible difficulty in choosing me. I have good reason to believe that you wish me never to marry, and he will certainly refuse to accept the betrothal of my sister as my future husband. You make me very unhappy by talking in this manner, and I scarcely know what is right for me to say to you."

"Oh, well, I think I can enlighten you as to that," said Frank, with a mischievous smile, with which some solicitude was blended. "Say to me, 'I love you dearly, Frank Wentworth, and come what will, I mean to pass my future life with you.' There, that is a charming speech, and I hope it has at least the germ of truth in it, Evelyn."

Making an effort to cover her agitation, she lightly said:

"Upon my word, you are a confident wooer. I shall say no such thing, nor do I think that I should stay here to listen to such improper language. It is a wrong to poor Bessie."

"If you won't say it, you feel it," persisted Frank; "and as to Bessie, she will thank me with her whole heart for having given her a rival. Why should you fancy that your father intends to keep you single? Pooh! he will never be allowed to do such a thing as that!"

"I am convinced of it from many little things that have fallen from him; besides, he wishes me to remain in the convent in which I completed my education, and consent to take the veil. He says that women are seldom happy when married, and I am afraid he speaks the truth, for he and mamma do not get along as smoothly as could be desired."

The childish simplicity with which she spoke amused and interested him, but he replied, with some bitterness:

"My dear Bry, I hope you do not consider your parents as fair specimens of what the conjugal relationship often is. If you do, I am not surprised that you listen favourably to him when he descends on the miseries of matrimony. It is to his interest to induce you to give up all thoughts of marriage, for your home will be his, and your income his chief dependence to supply his prodigal wastefulness. Then, he has a son, to whose interests his parents seem quite alive."

"Oh, Frank, how hard you are!"

"I but speak the truth, my love; so listen to me without being wounded by my candour. I do not intend that you shall be sacrificed to any such selfishness as that, and I mean to win you to be my own, special darling, and the brightener of my life. You need never fear that I shall give way to such transports of passion as so often move your father to violence, for I have been reared to respect myself and those around me. Why, Evelyn, if I thought your life was to be wasted in ministering to so selfish a being as my uncle, I should be the most unhappy of men. The woman I love well enough to make my wife will be cherished and tenderly guarded from evil as a hot-house flower—that is, if she wears your smile, and speaks with your bewitching tones."

Evelyn seemed still to shrink from his avowal of affection, and she replied as if but one thing had struck her in this speech. She eagerly asked:

"Why do you call papa uncle? Is he really your uncle? and if so, what is the mystery that made him deny the relationship the first day you came to see him?"

"I have heedlessly betrayed to you what your father is not yet quite ready to reveal; but it is of little consequence now, as you must soon have learned all. He is the brother of my mother, and the son of the grandfather of whom you have so often heard me speak. Painful circumstances, all of which I cannot explain, caused Mr. Ashley to drop his last name, and he has been known of late years as Leon Larne. But you must be on your guard, Evelyn, not to betray to your father that I have revealed his secret to you."

She seemed painfully affected by this revelation.

"And these circumstances, Frank? Was disgrace attached to them? It seems to me that nothing less than that should induce a man to relinquish his own name."

"It was a duel—a sad affair. It took place without witnesses; and, as his antagonist was killed, my uncle was liable to a prosecution for murder. The sensitive pride of his father induced him to prefer that his son should feign death, and expatriate himself, retaining only a portion of his name. Now that Squire Ashley is dead, and the whole thing nearly forgotten, it will be quite safe for your father to return to his native home."

"But will it be right, Frank? By acting thus, he will give his dead father the lie; for if I understand you right, it was his will that dictated the deception which seems to have been practiced."

"As to that, Evelyn, you and I must not sit in judgment on my uncle. He acts to please himself; and since I have learned to love you, I can never find it in my heart to object to his return to England. When there, we shall at least be near each other. Time will work things round in our favour; and if you will only consent to return my affection, we shall yet be united."

"I cannot see how such a revolution in our favour is to be accomplished."

Wentworth eagerly caught at the implied confession her words contained.

"Then you are really not indifferent to me, Evelyn? I may hope that if I can overcome the obstacles to our union, your consent to become mine will not be refused. Only give me the assurance of your love, and I swear to do so. Bessie herself shall release me from such allegiance as I now owe to her, and I will make such pecuniary concessions to your father as to induce him to give his consent to the exchange of daughters which I wish him to make."

Evelyn shrank from his love-beaming eyes—from the ardent impetuosity of his manner. She said:

"Oh, Frank! you press me so eagerly that I scarcely know what my own feelings are. But I am quite sure that we are doing what is not right in talking in this way."

"I dare say my uncle would say that it is not right for us to do anything of which he would not choose to approve; but I do not happen to agree with him in opinion. We are but seeking what is every human creature's inalienable right—our own happiness, and in so doing we injure no other being. Your father's interests can be as well served by this marriage as by the other."

"But your interests will be sacrificed. Unless you marry Bessie, you are to get nothing from Squire Ashley's estate."

"By heaven! I care not! Bessie is welcome to the whole, and I am sure she will not play the niggard to her father when she gets it in her own possession. I have education, abilities, and industry, and if you will only consent to endow me with the priceless boon of your affections, I will give up everything, and toil to place myself in the way of well-earned independence. If your father, as the price of his consent to our union, asks the enjoyment of your estate for the term of his natural life, I would give it, demanding from it barely enough to support you in comfort, till my industry has won its sure reward."

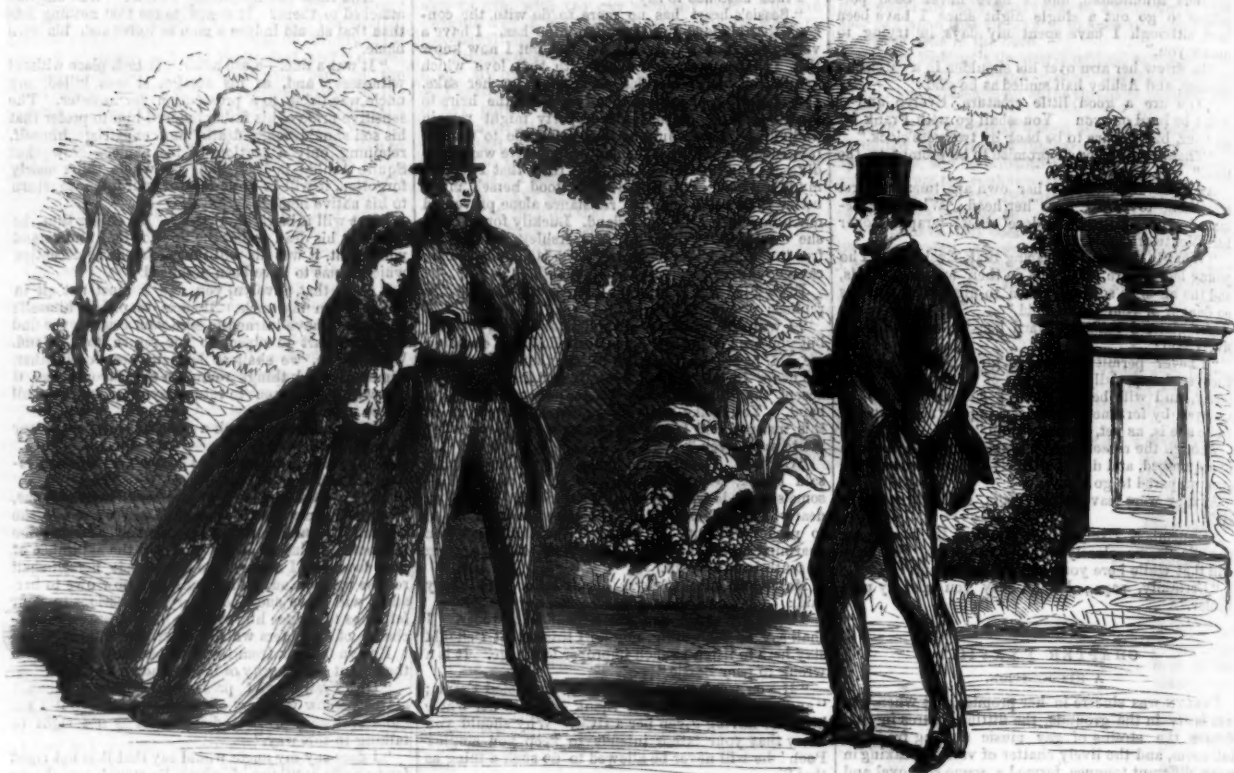
His earnestness and disinterestedness swept away the last barrier of prudence to which Evelyn had desperately clung. She tenderly asked:

"Oh, Frank! would you indeed make so great a sacrifice for my sake?"

"I would do much more than that, for the sweet reward of your love, Evelyn. If you will only consent to share such a future as I may be able to offer you, everything else will seem easy. Besides, where would be the sacrifice on my side? The fortune to which you are entitled in right of your mother, is much larger than the half of my grandfather's estate; and even if we relinquish it to your father for his life, it must eventually come to us. In the meantime I shall make a man of myself by putting my abilities to some good purpose; you will cheer me in my new sphere, and make the humble home we shall be able to afford a scene of contentment and happiness. Dearest Evelyn, only let me deliver you from the violence from which you daily shrink, and make up to you for the want of affection—from which I can see that you so keenly suffer, and I shall be the happiest of men."

By this time poor Evelyn's resistance had completely given way, and beneath her shrouding veil she wept tears of delicious emotion. She faltered:

"Since you came, a new life seems to have opened to me, Frank, and I now know that if I am compelled to go back to the old dreary round of unshared duties, with no prospect of change to brighten the future, I shall be most miserable. If Bessie willingly gives you up—if she shrinks from accepting this dear hand, there is no reason why it shall not clasp mine in mutual love. But it seems wrong to suffer it to do so



## [A STRANGE QUESTION.]

clandestinely; yet if my father dreamed of what has passed between us this night he would be fearfully angry; he would separate us at all hazards, and I might even be sent back to my convent, and left there when he goes to England."

"I believe all that, love; but we must keep our own counsel; it is our only safety to do so for the present. Let not your tender conscience be wounded by the necessity of deception, since circumstances force it upon us. We must be extremely careful not to betray to any one the tie we have this night formed. When I have, in some measure, smoothed the path to the accomplishment of our wishes, I will speak out to my uncle, and demand his consent to give you to me. You can trust in my honour, dearest?"

"As in my life," was the fervent response, and Evelyn passionately went on. "Oh, Frank, until you came, I felt as if I were an alien in my father's family: he cares most for my brother, and if I were not useful to him, my presence would scarcely be tolerated beneath his roof. My stepmother does not attempt to conceal her coldness towards me, and I should have sunk under the blighting influence of their indifference, had not my good old nurse petted and consoled me for it as far as was in her power. You must make Jane's acquaintance, for you have scarcely spoken to her as yet. She is the best and kindest of creatures to me, and loves me with a tenderness almost equal to that of a mother."

"I shall be glad to know Jane better, for I owe her much for her kindness to you, my precious one. When we are married, she shall always live with us; I promise you that."

"You dear, considerate Frank! But you must not talk of marrying yet, for that is far in the future."

"That depends on circumstances. After my return to England, I shall take my own measures for releasing you from the thralldom in which you are held, and claiming you as my own."

The lovers had taken possession of a retired seat in a shadowy nook in the grounds, and occupied by their own feelings, they forgot the lapse of time, and the promise which had been given to Mr. Ashley.

The groups of promenaders gradually disappeared from the illuminated walks, the music still poured out its gay strains, but the gardens were almost deserted.

Suddenly the voice of Maitland was heard close behind them.

"Oh! oh! won't you two catch it? that's all! Papa sent for me to come to his room, and I found him in a towering rage, because Evy has played the part of a naughty truant. You had better come back, *little sister*, as fast as you can, or he may do something

frightful before you get in. He was as red as a boiled lobster, and ma couldn't quiet him down."

Evelyn started up in much perturbation, exclaiming:

"Oh! how thoughtless we have been! Come, Frank, let us return at once. I am all in a tremor at what may happen when we get back."

"My dear Evelyn, do not become so agitated for nothing. I will face your father's anger, and you will see that it is nothing so terrible, after all."

Maitland glanced keenly from one to the other, and commenced dancing a wild saraband as he said:

"I do believe that you and Frank have been making love to each other. Don't listen to him, Evy, for he's got another girl's picture in his portfolio, I can tell you, and he's only a gay deceiver."

"Where is Gretel, and why does he allow you to come out alone at this hour?" asked Wentworth, sharply.

The tall form of the Swiss issued from the shadow of the shrubbery, and he respectfully said:

"Mr. Larne sent to your room for the young gentleman to go in search of his sister, sir, and of course I accompanied him."

"Very well, take him off now, and put him to bed at once. Come, Evelyn, let us go in: I will bear the burden of your father's wrath."

Maitland was still disposed to tease; he evaded the Swiss, and said:

"Oh, oh! master Frank, you are very snappish about my advice, are you? but Evy had better take it, or it will be the worse for her, I can tell her."

"Take him off, I repeat," said Wentworth, peremptorily; but that was easier ordered than accomplished, for Maitland mounted a tree with the activity of a squirrel, and mimicked:

"Take him off—take him off; so you may, if you can, but I am lighter than Gretel, and I can get where he won't dare to follow me, so there now! I defy you Mr. Frank, and I'll tell pa how you treated his messenger, that I will."

The truth of his words was so apparent, that nothing remained but to coax him down again, and Evelyn looked up at him with clasped hands, and pleadingly said:

"Maty, darling, you won't get your poor sister in a worse scrape than she was before. Papa will be angry enough without any nonsense being told him. There, come down, love, and do not try to make me miserable."

The lad listened to her reluctantly, and he said:

"I'll do anything for you, Evy, but I owe Frank a grudge for setting that long kangaroo after me, so

that I can't do thing I want to without being dragged off to something else by him."

"But Gretel takes care of you, Maty, and keeps you out of the scrapes you would be sure to get into every hour of the day."

"Oh, well, perhaps he does, and I like him well enough, but you see he and I don't happen to think at all alike—what I consider prime fun he calls mischief. Mischief, indeed! as if I don't know what that is!"

"I dare say you do, since you have graduated in it," said Frank, whose patience was by this time entirely exhausted. "We must go, Evelyn, and leave Gretel to deal with that intractable youngster. Every moment of additional delay will only exasperate your father more deeply."

He drew her arm beneath his own and moved away. With a backward glance Evelyn said:

"For my sake, Maty, for my sake, go with Gretel quietly."

He shouted back:

"For your sake I'd do almost anything, sister; but I'll pay master Frank yet, though I promise not to tell on you."

As the lovers moved toward the house, a small, dark man, with piercing eyes and grey whiskers, was leisurely advancing toward them through one of the lighted walks.

As they drew near each other, Evelyn raised her arm to gather the folds of her mantilla more closely around her face.

The open sleeve of her dress fell back, and the singular mark upon her arm became distinctly visible to the stranger.

He started, then paused directly in front of them, and exclaimed, in an agitated manner:

"In heaven's name, young lady, who are you?"

Evelyn shrank back in alarm, believing that he must be deranged, and Wentworth laughingly said:

"Excuse me, sir, but your address is very singular. This young lady is a stranger here, and she is frightened by your rudeness."

He seemed to recollect himself, and drawing aside, respectfully lifted his hat, as he said:

"Pardon me, but—something about you reminded me of one I once dearly loved; of one who has long since perished from the face of the earth, and I forgot myself. I hope I have not much startled you, mademoiselle, by the abruptness of my address!"

Bowing low, he passed rapidly on, before Wentworth could again speak.

(To be continued.)





## THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive!

Scott.

Swell bosom with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspic's juice.

Othello.

WALTER LORRAINE had lingered at Rock Land a day after the Lady Geraldine's departure, in the vain hope of seeing something more of the mysterious fugitive or the mysterious vessel which had borne him away, and had then hastened back to town. His first movement was, as we have seen, to write a note to his betrothed, announcing his return and a speedy visit to her at her uncle's residence—the letter which now lay in the pocket of the newly-acknowledged countess.

As Walter was ushered into the drawing-room, upon making his appearance at Montford House, his heart beat high with hopefulness and expectation. He had half-feared that he might find the earl's doors closed against him, and he regarded his ready admission as a sign that the earl's opposition to him was already lessening under the gentle influence of Geraldine.

There were other reasons, too, for his hopefulness.

He had seen, in some of the morning papers, the announcement of the earl's marriage, and that fact had greatly encouraged him. He reasoned that if his lordship had married for love, he would sympathize with him. But if, as was more likely from Montford's character, he had married for money, there would no longer exist a necessity for the sacrifice of Geraldine to Lord Rosbury.

Looking at the case from either point of view, Walter derived hope from it—little imagining the true state of affairs.

When, therefore, Lord Montford entered the drawing-room, with his bride upon his arm, Walter arose to greet him with a sincere warmth of manner, entirely forgetting their late interview at Rock Land, and presenting his congratulations with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

The earl was somewhat embarrassed, as he well might be, knowing his own duplicity, and received Walter's remarks with an awkwardness very unusual to him. The countess, however, was as graceful and self-possessed as though her heart contained nothing but truth and frankness.

### [THE PLOT FRUSTRATED.]

After the lapse of some minutes, and the interchange of the usual compliments of the day, the earl excused himself, with many apologies, and left the apartment, while the countess proceeded to ingratiate herself with her visitor.

"My dear Geraldine has already made me her confidant, Mr. Lorraine," she said, in quite a confidential tone. "Having no mother nor sisters, you may well imagine that Geraldine already clings to me with affection, since I already love her! She has told me of her engagement with you; and I am pleased to find that you seem to merit all her enthusiastic praises."

Walter bowed, and said:

"May I not hope then that your ladyship will use your influence with the earl in my behalf?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lorraine—if such is Geraldine's wish!"

The artist wondered greatly at this proviso, and hastened to remark:

"Since the Lady Geraldine has spoken to you of me, you are doubtless aware that she would be made very happy by your successful intervention with the earl!"

The Italian smiled pityingly, but remained silent.

"The Lady Geraldine is at home?" asked Walter, uneasily, wondering at the expression of the countess, and at the non-appearance of his betrothed.

"She is not!" responded the countess, with feigned hesitation. "She received your note, stating your return and the hour you proposed calling upon her, and, for the time, I really think she intended remaining at home to see you. You will excuse her absence, I am sure, Mr. Lorraine. You know the adulation she receives as a belle is sufficient to turn the wisest head!"

"I do not understand your ladyship," said Walter, coldly.

"No? I am sorry to be obliged to make my meaning plainer, Mr. Lorraine, especially as I have become interested in you. Although such a stranger to you, I am well acquainted with your fame as a rising artist. At first, that is, when I was introduced to her as her new aunt, Geraldine was enthusiastic in your praise. Since, she has scarcely alluded to you, although assured of my sympathy and influence in your favour with the earl. We must not blame her for any change of feeling, Mr. Lorraine. In one so young and beautiful, the fault of fickleness may surely be pardoned!"

The countess's manner was so bland and gentle that Walter did not for a moment suspect her of duplicity and deliberate falsehood. He thought that she

believed her statements, but he smiled as he said pleasantly:

"My acquaintance with the Lady Geraldine has, it appears, been longer than your ladyship's acquaintance with her. You will pardon me, therefore, when I say that she is the last person in the world to be termed, fickle!"

His voice and manner expressed his perfect faith in his betrothed, but the countess resumed:

"We differ about terms, Mr. Lorraine, and you don't like to see the painful fact which I am endeavouring to break to you in the gentlest manner. Have you never seen a child—ay, a grown person—ardently desire something beyond their immediate reach? When the longed-for object is placed within their grasp, a few moments of exultation succeed, and then the charm has vanished. While the object was deemed unattainable, it was desired. When attained, it was speedily thrown aside. Do you comprehend me?"

Walter did comprehend, and for a moment his face grew deathly pale, and his breathing quick, but his emotion quickly subsided, and he resumed his natural manner.

His love for and his faith in his betrothed, rendered him proof against the artful insinuations of the countess.

"I do understand your ladyship," he replied, with a calm dignity that assured her that her venomous shafts had failed to reach his heart, "but you will pardon me, I am sure, if I hesitate to accept their meaning until the Lady Geraldine herself confirms your suspicions. She has, then, gone out?"

"Yes. She is driving with Lord Rosbury," was the response.

"With Lord Rosbury?"

"Yes. His lordship called just before four, inviting her to drive with him, and she accepted the invitation. Dear Geraldine! She so loves society and luxury! I hope, Mr. Lorraine, that you are not offended because she forgot or neglected your proposal to call upon her?"

The slight shadow that had mantled Walter's brow vanished, and he replied, with his usual frank heartiness:

"Not at all, your ladyship—not at all! Whatever the Lady Geraldine does seems to me right! She has, I am sure, a good reason for her absence to-day. Whatever it is, I have perfect confidence in her!"

The countess bit her lips at this assurance.

To her jealous temperament, it seemed as though she had said enough to effect an eternal estrangement between the lovers, and she could not comprehend why Walter should be so calm and unmoved.

After a moment's thought, she concluded that she had said quite enough for her first interview with the artist, and she therefore turned the conversation to other channels.

Walter waited some time in the hope of the Lady Geraldine's return, but at length took his departure, wondering at her continued absence, and much pleased that she had gained such an affectionate and pleasant relative as the handsome Italian.

"The countess must be mistaken in her surmises," he thought, as he walked rapidly down the street. "Geraldine must have mistaken the hour appointed for my visit, if she really received any letter. I think that the earl is too honourable to intercept her letters. I will write again to her immediately. How strange that any one could think her fickle!"

He smiled at the idea, but the smile had scarcely died from his lips when he beheld the Rosebury carriage advancing at a rapid speed.

As it passed, he beheld its occupants, Lady Rosebury, the Lady Geraldine, and opposite them, Lord Rosebury!

It was rather singular that fortune should have so far favoured the schemes of the countess as to make her falsehood seem truth, yet the explanation is very simple.

Lady Rosebury and Geraldine had driven out alone, and the maiden had intended to seize that opportunity to confide to her friend her new hopes and happiness, but she had changed her intention. In the noisy streets, in an open carriage, with footmen behind, and coachman in front, she could not, of course, communicate her happy secret, and she had resolved to defer its communication until a more convenient season.

Her friend could not avoid seeing that she was happy and joyful, although she had not a suspicion as to the cause.

On their way home, they had encountered Lord Rosebury, who had begged to be taken up, on a plea of the hot weather, and he had, therefore, taken possession of the vacant seat, exerting himself to be agreeable.

The ladies and his lordship all bowed to Walter, who returned their salutations with grave dignity, and then hurried onward.

The sight of their beaming faces seemed to jar upon his mind at that moment, and for an instant he felt keenly the difference of fortune and social position that existed between himself and Rosebury.

It was but for a single moment. The next he had recovered his usual serenity and contentment, rejoicing in the many blessings he actually possessed, and proceeded quietly to his chambers to write to Geraldine.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed Than executed.

"I am inclined to think," Egbert, remarked Lady Montford, as she re-entered the library, where her husband was seated, after the departure of the young artist, "that Mr. Lorraine loves your niece for her wealth, not for herself!"

"Why do you think so, Justina?"

"Because, although I made a few subtle remarks which meant something and implied a great deal more, he changed colour but once, and concluded by informing me in the coolest manner that he had every faith in Geraldine, and should not doubt her until he had heard from her own lips that she was tired of him. What do you think of that, Egbert? Why, if he really loved her, he would have been fierce and angry, demanded to see her, vowed vengeance when I said she was driving with Lord Rosebury, instead of acting in his calm, passionless way!"

"An Italian might do as you describe, Justina," responded the earl, "but I imagine that Walter Lorraine has but little jealousy in his composition. Besides, to give you the probable explanation of his calmness, although it's not very flattering to you, I think he didn't believe a word you said!"

The Italian frowned darkly.

The earl smiled as he perceived her emotion, and continued: "He, of course, thinks Geraldine perfect, and has unbounded faith in her. Still, do not despair, Justina. Although he showed no jealousy, one of your arrows may have struck home. You see I differ with you in thinking that he loves her, and not her money. Geraldine is a woman to win and keep love—yes, and to love devotedly in return!"

"You seem to think a great deal of her," remarked the countess, discontentedly.

"I admire her," replied the earl, "and am proud of her. She is the most beautiful woman I ever beheld."

"The most beautiful?"

The earl assented.

Justina gave her husband a jealous, angry look, at which he laughed, and continued:

"I can be proud of my niece, I hope, Justina, without arousing your jealousy. Having arrived at your present age, you should give up those old follies of yours. If you take the trouble to remember, you know that I left you years ago on account of your jealous absurdities!"

"Mature age! Absurdities!" muttered the countess, with a display of wrath that was altogether too great for the occasion. "You had better take care, Egbert. As for your young and sensible niece, she won't stay much longer under the same roof that shelters me. I can tell her that! I hate her!"

She placed a strong emphasis on the adjective "young" and "sensible," and spoke with a bitterness that greatly amused the earl.

It was plain enough that, if he had ever felt any love for her, it had long since vanished. He seemed to delight in stirring up her evil passions, over which she possessed little enough control, just as thoughtless boys like to annoy wild beasts in their cages.

"Well, well, we won't quarrel, Justina," he said, after a brief silence. "If you are going into English society, you must expect to find many ladies more beautiful than yourself—and much younger! Wouldn't it be more sensible to admire them than to envy them, and be jealous of the admiration they excite?"

The countess replied only by tapping her foot impatiently upon the floor, but it was evident that her husband's words only served to add oil to the flame of her passions.

Her self-love had been deeply wounded by the earl's observations, and, in consequence, she began already to feel a strong aversion to the Lady Geraldine, who had been declared her superior in beauty by the person of all others whom the countess desired to dazzle.

The newly married couple spent some time in sarcastic remarks, the earl greatly enjoying the effect of every wound he gave, and the countess indulging in passionate frowns and exclamations. At length, either tiring of his unmanly employment, or fearing to go too far, his lordship made advances towards a reconciliation, and soon after they were seated amicably side by side, discussing and maturing their plans in regard to Geraldine.

As it approached the dinner-hour, the countess consulted her watch, and said:

"It is time for me to make my preparations. Egbert, I shall have to proceed very carefully to avoid the observation of the butler or his assistants. I wonder if your niece has returned?"

"Oh, yes," responded the earl, whose hearing was extremely keen. "I heard her step in the hall a short time since."

The countess smiled with satisfaction, and glided from the apartment, hastening to the conservatory.

Here she busied herself some time, recklessly outting the lovely blossoms from their parent stems, and arranging them with great taste in a delicate silver vase she had brought from the drawing-room for the purpose.

When she had finished her self-imposed task, she proceeded to the dining-room, which, fortunately for her designs, was at the minute vacant. Placing her vase of flowers in the centre of the table, the countess paused and looked around.

The table glittered with delicate porcelain, crystal and silver, and tempting viands were already upon it. By each plate, after the French fashion, stood a bottle of wine, the cork already drawn, and this feature immediately attracted the countess's attention.

She went to Geraldine's seat, drew a tiny vial from her pocket, withdrew the cork from the wine-bottle, and while her eyes and ears kept watch for the approach of anyone, her white hands hovered over the table.

The next moment she replaced the vial in her pocket and the cork in the bottle, and with an expression of satisfaction on her features, glided from the room.

As she passed out of the door, her dress brushed against the butler, who was about to enter, all unconscious of the act which had been effected in his brief absence from the apartment.

Not long after, dinner was announced, and the countess re-entered the dining-room, leaning on the earl's arm, and followed by the Lady Geraldine and Mrs. Tomlins.

They made a very pleasant family party as they sat down at the table.

The countess was in very good-humour, as was the earl, and Geraldine exerted herself to please her uncle's bride, while Mrs. Tomlins, as usual, acted the part of faithful echo to her young patroness and friend.

After dinner, the ladies returned to the drawing-room, leaving the earl to enjoy his wine and cigars in solitude, and the countess engaged Mrs. Tomlins in conversation.

The Lady Geraldine endeavoured to bear her share

in it, but she began to feel strangely tired and drowsy and soon retreated to one of the deep window-seats letting the curtains fall in front of her, entirely concealing her.

Justina observed this movement, and allowed the conversation to flag. Soon after, the earl came up, and Mrs. Tomlins then remarked:

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but I did not observe the Lady Geraldine's withdrawal. I will join her, if you please."

The countess bowed, and Mrs. Tomlins left the room.

The Italian then arose, proceeding to the window-seat, where she found the maiden quietly sleeping.

Patting up her finger, she beckoned the earl to her side.

"How still she is!" whispered his lordship, gazing at the quiet face of the sleeper. "You are sure, Justina, that you gave her the right drug? Oh, what if she should never awaken!"

"Nonsense, Egbert. How could I mistake? The bottles are all labelled. Her sleep will last but a couple of hours. I will give you her ring, and you had better hasten to a jeweller. The shops close so early now—a day that you had better hasten."

She quietly withdrew the betrothal ring from Geraldine's finger, and handed it to his lordship. He took it, and immediately departed on his errand.

Justina then dropped the curtains upon the sleeping form, and took up a book, in which she endeavoured to interest herself.

Her occupation was soon interrupted by the return of Mrs. Tomlins, who looked uneasy and anxious.

"Has your ladyship seen anything more of Lady Geraldine?" she asked. "She is not in her boudoir, nor, indeed, in any of her rooms."

"Possibly she is in the conservatory or the library," answered the countess, carelessly.

"Ah, yes. I wonder I didn't think of that," declared Mrs. Tomlins. "The reason of my anxiety, your ladyship, is that Lady Geraldine has not been herself lately—not since our last visit to Rock Land. She has seemed so strangely happy, and to-day she has started at every knock, as though she expected some particular person to call upon her."

"Perhaps she is in love?" suggested the Italian.

"Perhaps, your ladyship," was the response. "The Lady Geraldine never permits any conversation on that subject between us—never talks of her lovers nor the offers of marriage she has received—so that I expect to know nothing of her love affairs until I, with the rest of the world, hear an announcement of her engagement."

"She must be a very singular young lady," remarked the countess, "not to boast of her conquests."

"The Lady Geraldine is no coquette, your ladyship," responded Mrs. Tomlins. "I think it gives her real pain to refuse any one, and she has great delicacy of feeling. I never heard her say that she had ever refused an offer. I believe she considers the subject of love too sacred for ordinary discussion."

As the countess expressed some interest in the dissection of the maiden's characteristics, Mrs. Tomlins proceeded to praise the Lady Geraldine with a heartiness of manner that showed how sincerely she loved and respected her.

The conversation was finally interrupted by the return of the earl, and Mrs. Tomlins seized the opportunity of retiring to her own chamber.

"Well, Egbert?" said Justina, inquiringly, when they found themselves alone.

"Has Geraldine awakened yet?"

The countess glanced behind the curtains and answered in the negative.

"You are sure the drug won't hurt her?"

"Yes, yes!" declared the Italian, impatiently.

"Did you find a shop open? Did you catch the ring?"

"Very easily indeed. Put it on her finger, and I'll tell you my success!"

The ring was replaced upon the maiden's finger, and the earl continued:

"It is simply a very heavy but ordinary ring, Justina, and I had not the slightest difficulty in matching it. I had the inscription inside the ring accurately copied, and am to have a similar ring at an early hour to-morrow morning!"

"Very good!" commented Justina, with a delighted smile. "We will send the ring back to-morrow, with a note, if necessary!"

The earl assented and looked upon the face of his still-sleeping niece with a triumphant expression.

As if that baleful glance had power to arouse her even in her enforced slumbers, the maiden stirred uneasily.

"Come away, Egbert," whispered the countess. "She is going to awaken. The power of the drug is over."

The earl obeyed her, and they seated themselves upon a distant sofa, and began to converse about the



household, and the changes in its management which the countess proposed to make.

The curtains soon again stirred, and they heard a low exclamation of surprise from the window.

The Lady Geraldine then came forth from her concealment, and after making some apologies for her singular sleepiness, withdrew to her own apartments.

"So far, our plans have prospered," said Justina, after the maiden's departure. "Mr. Lorraine will send Geraldine a note of course, which will arrive in the morning. We will intercept the note, and send it back with the ring! He has pride—I could read it in his face—and he will probably leave town in disgust at her supposed coquetry. And then we must work up her woman's pride to cause her to accept Rosbury. This is a delightful intrigue to me, Egbert, but very easy—very easy indeed to accomplish!"

# CHAPTER XXVI.

Who never doubts never half believed,  
Where doubt there, truth is—'tis her shadow.

Bailey.

Upon returning to his chambers, Walter's first movement was to write a long letter to his betrothed, again announcing his return and detailing the facts of his recent visit to her. Although believing that she had received his previous letter, he did not doubt in the least her constancy or love. He did not reproach her for taking the hour appointed for their interview for a drive with his rival Lord Rosbury, and his letter breathed only the purest faith and devotion. It is true that Walter failed to perceive any just reason for the conduct of the Lady Geraldine, but he believed that it was susceptible of a very simple explanation: With his high ideas, however, he resolved never to ask any explanation, lest it might seem that one was necessary to clear up his doubts of the maiden's truth.

The insinuations of the countess were remembered, but had entirely failed in their object—the lover smiling as he recalled them at the very idea that the Lady Geraldine could prove fickle and changeable.

The letter, a tender and impassioned production, was at length finished, and Walter posted it himself, then returning home to spend the evening in reading and thought.

Could he have foreseen the fate to which his letter was doomed he would hardly have felt so happy and powerful.

It was delivered the next morning at Montford House, was carried up to the countess, who opened and read it, smiled and sighed alternately at the tenderness lavished upon Geraldine, and then consigned it to her pocket.

Walter remained in his studio the whole of the following day in expectation of a summons from his betrothed, but the hours wore away, and still none came. He tortured himself with mental inquiries as to her strange silence, and more than once his mind involuntarily resorted to the words of the countess, but only to indignantly reject their meaning.

His brush seemed to have suddenly lost its charms for him, his books seemed to contain a medley of words without sense, and every occupation palled upon him.

He had several calls from fashionable friends, who liked to keep up his acquaintance because he was a rising artist, and because he had been such a favourite with the late Lord Rosbury, as well as with her ladyship, but they finally departed, leaving him alone with his sad thoughts.

Late in the afternoon, just as he was meditating a call at the Earl of Montford's residence, the familiar knock of the postman was heard, and Patrick brought up to his master a tiny packet and a letter.

Both were addressed, apparently, in the handwriting of the Lady Geraldine.

Walter instantly recognised the delicate characters, for he had frequently seen notes written by the maiden to Lady Rosbury, and had himself been the recipient of one or two business letters from her in regard to the portrait he had painted for her.

With a violently throbbing heart, he locked his door and set down to peruse the letter.

His fingers trembled so that he could hardly tear open the dainty envelope, so he laid it upon his knee, and began an examination of the little packet.

It appeared to contain a small square box, and Walter decided to open it before reading the accompanying letter.

He opened it and beheld his ring—the betrothal ring he had placed upon the finger of Geraldine! At least the young artist believed it to be the same—the chest being perfect—and with a hollow groan he let it fall from his hands to the floor.

"It was true, then," he thought, despairingly. "Geraldine had tired of him—had awakened to a realisation of the great difference between their social positions—had decided to rebuke with proper spirit his presumption!"

The anguish which Walter now endured was far

greater than he had suffered after the late inopportune visit of Collo Lorraine to his studio, when Geraldine and Lady Rosbury were both visiting him.

Then he had expected nothing but disappointment. Now he had been led to hope, had made glorious plans for the future, had tasted the cup of bliss, and his reverses were all the more bitter.

As soon as he could command his thoughts sufficiently, he picked up the ring and surveyed it attentively.

How mocking looked the inscription within that tiny circle!

He could not bear to look upon it, so he flung it down again, and turned his attention to the letter.

It was sealed with Geraldine's initials and her crest, but giving only a glance at the seals, he broke open the letter and read it.

It was brief, but full of startling meaning.

It began by stating that the accompanying packet would declare the writer's wishes more fully than any letter could do, but that she desired to put an end to the pleasant little flirtation that had beguiled the monotony of Rock Land, and begged that Mr. Lorraine would not call upon her for the present, as explanations were always disagreeable. It stated that since the writer's return to brilliant society, she had realized how impossible it would be for her to sacrifice herself to a struggling artist, and how necessary to her happiness were the adulations of the gay world. It concluded by begging him not to despise her for what he might deem her weakness, and with a hope that years hence, when both were suitably married, they might meet and smile over the little episode at Rock Land.

To this precious document was appended the name of Geraldine Summers.

Walter read it again and again, his gaze lingering over the delicate characters that expressed such terrible meaning, and at length he discerned a postscript to the effect that the writer had accepted Lord Rosbury, and earnestly begged Walter not to interfere with her plans.

A bitter smile curved the artist's lips, and it was succeeded by more bitter tears.

As soon as he felt capable of reasoning, he thought over the matter, but he could derive no hope from his reflections.

Perhaps Geraldine had been subjected to strong argument from her uncle, and was but obeying him. Perhaps—but many reasons presented themselves why a lord—an honoured and wealthy peer—should be preferred to a "struggling artist."

"I will go and see her!" he finally ejaculated, springing to his feet. "I will hear from her own lips my dismissal! Until she tells me with her own voice the 'little episode' at Rock Land was on her side only a flirtation, I will not believe it!"

He caught up his hat, and was about starting from the room, when he realized that his dressing-gown was scarcely a suitable garment for the streets, and with feverish haste, he proceeded to make his toilet.

The evening had long since come on, the shadows being unheeded by the artist in his deep grief, but the glare from the street-lamps gave a dim light to the studio, and Walter mechanically lighted the gas.

His toilet was at length completed, and after telling his anxious valet that he should return early, Walter hastened into the street.

He had put the ring and letter into his pocket, determined to return them and Geraldine's promise together.

The letter had been artfully planned to make him despise his betrothed, but such a sentiment could not find room in the breast that cherished such a passionate devotion for her.

All the while he had felt, as he had said, that his happiness was too great, that it was very singular that Geraldine should stoop from her high station to love him, the son of a humble and illiterate gardener, and that feeling now precluded his having any doubt as to the authenticity of the letter.

Besides, who could have known of the compact with regard to the ring?

Hesoon arrived at Montford House, and asked to see the Lady Geraldine. The footman, who had received his orders, ushered him into the drawing-room, into the presence of the countess.

After sending the letter and ring, the Italian had feared that Walter might demand a verbal explanation, and decided to spend the evening at home in order to meet him.

The artist greeted her politely, and asked for the Lady Geraldine.

"She is gone out," was the reply, given with feigned hesitation, and with a look of pretended pity.

Walter asked where she had gone.

"To the theatre—to Drury Lane, with Lord Rosbury?" responded the countess. "Geraldine had a

particular desire to see Milton's *Comus* acted, and in lordship was delighted, of course, to escort her." Lady Rosbury accompanied them.

Walter bowed, and unheeding the urgent invitation to remain, departed abruptly.

With his brain in a tumult, and his heart throbbing more violently than ever, Walter hastened to the theatre, and endeavoured to gain admittance.

He found that the stalls were all taken, and that the only choice left him was a box or a seat in the pit.

He chose the latter, as affording him a better opportunity of observing his betrothed, and made his way to the pit, finding a seat upon the extremity of one of the narrow and uncomfortable-looking benches, quite near the door.

From this position, he obtained a complete view of the box taken by Lord Rosbury, and its occupants.

Lady Rosbury and the Lady Geraldine occupied the foreground, and never had either looked more beautiful to the young artist.

The former was dressed in a mauve moire, with her round, fair shoulders covered by a berthe of flimsy lace, and her sweet and beautiful face beamed with its usual sunniness.

The Lady Geraldine was also dressed very richly and becomingly, in a style that befitted her youth and beauty, and there was a smile upon her lips and a light in her eyes that seemed to mock the anguish of her lover.

Lord Rosbury, who sat a little behind, yet between his two lovely charges, had been saying something that had made them both smile, and for the first time in his life Walter felt a pang of jealousy.

But he soon noticed that the smile quickly fled from Geraldine's face, and that a shadow succeeded it—a shadow so faint as to be perceptible only to himself. He noticed, too, that a sadness succeeded the light in her eyes, and that her attitude expressed a patience, as though she were waiting for something.

He read it rightly.

All day Geraldine had looked for him with girlish eagerness, endeavouring to repress her anxiety, yet continually wondering why he did not come to see her, or write her at least one line.

She had received a note from Lady Rosbury in the morning, inviting her to go with her to Drury Lane; and anxious to escape her own thoughts and fears, she had accepted the invitation.

Lady Rosbury had called at an early hour for her, accompanied by Lord Rosbury, and while the latter visited the earl, the maiden had communicated her betrothal to her best and truest friend.

Nothing could exceed her ladyship's joy on discovering that her favourite, Walter Lorraine, had been blessed with the fruition of his hopes, and was really engaged to be married to the lovely belle. She bestowed her blessing upon the maiden with a motherly tenderness and with tears of gratified feeling.

Walter feasted his eyes upon the countenance of the Lady Geraldine, watching every change in her expression, soon becoming satisfied that she realized as little of the play as he himself, and that she was not entirely happy and contented.

His heart swelled almost to bursting at this thought, and for relief he turned his gaze upon the face of Lady Rosbury.

How sweet and happy she looked!

The secret tie that bound her to Walter made itself felt to the young artist at that moment in an excess of tenderness and love.

His glances soon reverted to the Lady Geraldine, whose gaze was now wandering restlessly about the theatre, even resting upon the occupants of the pit.

It was, perhaps, the magnetism of the artist's glances that drew her attention in the direction of himself; but whatever the cause, their gaze soon met.

A quick, glad smile suddenly beamed upon Geraldine's features, and she inclined her head.

Walter mechanically returned the bow.

The maiden then turned to Lady Rosbury, and seemed to communicate the fact of Walter's presence, for her ladyship glanced over the heads in the pit, singled out the golden locks of the young artist, and beckoned him to come to her box.

Walter took advantage of the first change of scene to accept the invitation, and made his way out of the pit to Lady Rosbury's box.

Rosbury, with apparent good grace, made room for him beside him, and the ladies each extended a hand to him.

Walter shook hands with each, seeing neither of them, and then sank into a chair by Lady Rosbury's side.

"How very pale you look, my dear Walter!" said her ladyship, with tender interest. "Have you been ill since your return?"

Walter replied in the negative.

"How changed your voice is!" continued her ladyship. "I am quite alarmed, dear Walter."

"It is nothing, dear Lady Rosenbury," said the young artist, conscious that Geraldine was looking at him. "Please don't speak of my appearance. I shall be well in a day or two."

Lady Rosenbury was silenced on that point, but not convinced.

Although secretly alarmed at Walter's apparent illness, she changed the subject, remarking:

"You have been home two days from Rock Land, Walter, and haven't yet been to see me! Has the new love entirely destroyed the old?"

"Never!" declared the artist, with emphasis. "Dear Lady Rosenbury, my best, truest, only friend, I will come and see you to-morrow!"

The Lady Geraldine had listened to the whole of this conversation, wondering why Walter did not speak to her, and if he were really very ill. She longed to clasp his hand, and inquire into the cause of his grief—if his illness were caused by grief—and console him, but she was obliged to listen to the rapid remarks of Rosenbury, or observe the equally uninteresting play.

At length, with sudden resolution, she begged his lordship to exchange seats with her, as the glare of the lights was distasteful to her. Rosenbury could not refuse to grant the request, and reluctantly yielded his seat to her, Geraldine taking her place in the background and beside her lover.

As Walter watched the movement, his heart increased its beatings, and a film seemed to gather over his vision, shutting out her form, the lights, everything.

"Are you ill, Walter?" she asked, her sweet, tender voice arousing him. "You make me very anxious!"

"Anxious?" repeated Walter.

"Yes," replied Geraldine, not knowing what to make of his looks and manner. "Why haven't you been to see me yesterday or to-day?"

As she spoke, she slid her hand into his for a single instant—a motion unobserved even by the jealous, watchful Rosenbury.

As she did so, the gleam of her betrothal ring caught Walter's gaze.

He stared at it in silent amazement.

Geraldine repeated her question.

"My darling!" he whispered, in a tone that was inaudible to every one save herself. "Oh, I have been basely deceived! Forgive me for believing even so skillful a falsehood! Look at this!"

He drew from his pocket the ring he had recently received and laid it in her hand.

Her surprise on seeing it instantly convinced him that he had been duped by an enemy.

"Read this!" he said, handing her the letter.

The maiden obeyed, reading it through.

"Where did you get these?" she asked, when she had finished.

"They came to me by post this afternoon, in response to a letter I sent you this morning," replied Walter.

"Of course you did not for an instant believe I wrote this silly and infamous letter?"

"Forgive me, darling," whispered Walter. "I doubted when I read the letter that you sent it, but the ring—I feared you had been induced to return it?"

The maiden's reproachful look melted before his beaming countenance, and she said:

"Ah, Walter, you believed it because you have too lowly and unjust an opinion of yourself. Having loved you once, how could I ever cease to love you? How could I ever love another? I own the deception was managed very skillfully, and I do not blame you for believing it. The attempt to separate us may not end here. Let us promise, then, never to believe ought against each other, and never trust in appearances!"

Walter readily promised.

Lady Rosenbury, glancing around at the boxes, was astonished at beholding the change that had taken place in the artist's appearance, he now looked so well and so happy.

The lovers endeavoured to pay attention to the play, and even Rosenbury could see nothing lover-like in their manner; nevertheless, neither heard a word that was uttered upon the stage.

At the conclusion of *Comus*, the party prepared to take their departure, and as Walter cloaked his betrothed, she appointed an hour upon the following day when he should call upon her.

"I want to know all about this ring and note, Walter," she whispered. "I must discover who is so active in separating us. I have suspicions, of course. We will discuss the matter to-morrow!"

At this juncture, Lady Rosenbury approached them, and said:

"Accept my congratulations, my dear Walter. Don't forget to call upon me to-morrow!"

Walter pressed her ladyship's hand, and Rosenbury, consumed with envy and jealousy, would have given

half his ill-acquired fortune for the privilege of insulting him on the spot. But he was obliged to mask his real feelings, and feign a friendship he could not feel. He was not only jealous of the artist's favour in Geraldine's sight, but enraged to behold him on such friendly terms with Lady Rosenbury.

Every hand-pressure they exchanged, every glance of motherly tenderness from her ladyship to Walter, every look of adoring affection—such as might be given a guardian angel—from Walter to her ladyship, seemed to menace his false position as Lord Rosenbury.

He inwardly resolved that his present state of suspense should soon be terminated, and led the way to the waiters' carriage.

Walter followed with the ladies, conducted them to the vehicle, and with a warm hand-clasp from each—his unknown mother and betrothed bride—saw them depart, in charge of Rosenbury, and then turned his steps towards his chambers, his heart swelling with his new-found happiness and joy.

(To be continued.)

## DISPUTED TERRITORY.

### CHAPTER I.

LEONARD THAYER glanced up from his book, attracted by a soft, rippling laugh. Beside him, on the promenade deck of the day boat going from Calais to Dover, stood two young girls, talking with a great deal of animation.

Both voices were low and smooth, with nothing in them to attract casual attention.

But his was not casual attention.

He seldom remarked a fellow-traveller, unless there seemed some special source of interest connected with him or her, as the case might be. And although in his journeyings young ladies had proved no great rarity, and had hitherto gained but little notice from him, as I said, he glanced up at the laugh.

They were very different in style, these two girls. One was quite tall, a decided brunette, with clear, colourless complexion, but relieved by lips of such brilliant scarlet that you could not for a moment imagine ill-health was answerable for her paleness.

Her features were regular, with a certain highly-bred air, her hair and eyes steeped in dusky beauty.

He allowed at the instant that she might be pronounced handsome; yet she did not please him as well as her companion.

A trifle smaller and slighter, with a peculiar grace more readily felt than described, and forming a striking contrast to the other. A blonde, with large violet eyes that were grey or blue, according to her mood; an abundance of rippling hair, that seemed to hold all the hues from gold to chestnut.

Examined critically, her face was not as correct, but harmonized more by expression than construction. Then the colouring was so lovely. The gentleman scanned it with the eye of an artist. Tints of pearl and pink were so exquisitely blended that you could hardly tell where one ended and the other began. Only in the middle of the cheek it deepened to a delicious rose hue, and as she talked, her whole face flushed and paled with varying emotions.

He decided that the bewitching laugh came from her.

They were at a little distance, but in such a position he could command a perfect view of them, while they could not see him without turning. And being sufficient for themselves thus early in the day, they were quite oblivious of every one else.

Leonard Thayer was eight-and-twenty. For the last five years he had roamed about considerably, and a pretty girl was no great marvel to him. He was no believer in love at first sight, or romantic passions generally, and a wholesale admiration of young ladies was not down in his creed. In truth, he was rather fastidious. And a little circumstance that had occurred to him within the last year, rendered him rather nervous and apprehensive of the sex.

The sun kept noising the girls, and occasionally they took a step towards Thayer's vicinity.

With some effort he bent his eyes upon his book, as he had no fancy for being caught in anything that might savour of attention to them.

At first he had only been able to distinguish the different voices; for they had the grace of talking low, but presently something enchained his attention.

The blonde was telling a story in a rapid, earnest tone:

"There's quite a romance about it, you see. His mother was uncle's first and only love. They were engaged, against the wishes of a cruel parent, I suppose, for it seems her father did not approve. Uncle was away, somewhere, trying to make a fortune, when something went wrong with the letters. They made the lady believe he was false, and managed to marry her to another—as if any one could ever make me marry a man I did not like. Well, after several years, her

father died, and her husband, who proved a villain and a spendthrift, broke her heart and deserted her. Ten or twelve years after this, one stormy night, a little boy accosted uncle, and begged him to enter a house where his mother was dying. There was no fire, but the room was clean, and what little furniture they had, was tidy enough; but by the dim light of the candle, uncle recognized this lady whom he had once loved so dearly, and thought false to him. When the matter came to be explained, they found at heart both had been true. Uncle took her away from the miserable place, and did everything in his power for her, but in vain. It was too late to restore her to life and happiness. But uncle kept the child, and loved him dearly; took him wherever business called him, sent him to college, and as the boy evinced a great taste for art, gave him every advantage, and sent him on the Continent. Possibly he may be home; uncle expected him the early part of the summer."

"And you have never seen him?"

"No. It seems odd, doesn't it?—Uncle brought him to our house once while I was away at school. He had just gone on the Continent when dear papa was taken ill and died."

And for a moment the sweet face was shadowed by tender and sad recollections.

"I don't know what I should have done but for Uncle Ralph. He was the only near relative I had on papa's side, and though mamma's people are very good, I fancy I shouldn't want to live with any of them. Well, Uncle Ralph promised to take me, and he has been kindness itself. Just before papa died, this foolish plan was talked over, as if uncle had not suffered enough from arbitrary marriages never to tolerate one."

"But you are not compelled to marry your cousin, or whatever you call him."

"I call him Mr. Thayer. My dear Kate, do you suppose for an instant I shall be so foolish as to marry him?"

"I don't know that it would be foolish. If he is good and handsome and talented, and your uncle's heir, what more can you ask?"

The blonde shrugged her pretty shoulders. "It was such a piquant, dainty movement, and the gleam in her face was so spirited, that Mr. Thayer could hardly forbear smiling, vexed as he felt."

"I have the old-fashioned assurance to ask one thing more—love. Laugh at me if you like, Kate, but I do mean to be loved, and I will not marry a man I cannot love. It is a perfect farce to expect two people to fall in love, when they have been instructed beforehand that such is their duty. Now, I should have liked him a great deal better if he had written to uncle with some spirit. Instead—I saw the letter, Kate, and Uncle Ralph thinks it a perfect model of dutiful obedience—he very quietly assents to the plan, assures uncle he is fancy free, and if the lady is just what he desires, he has no objection. Fancy him inspecting me critically, weighing my virtues and defects, and condescending to approve; for, after all, I warrant he will be most difficult to please. We shall not agree in the slightest particular. My only hope is that uncle will see how very unwise such an arrangement would be, and relinquish it of his own accord."

"You have quite resolved not to marry him?" said Kate, with a smile.

"Oh, yes. Yet uncle has been so kind to me that I do not want to appear unamiable. But there is no sense in anticipating trouble. I know very well we shall not suit. How this sun follows us! Let us go on the other side."

They turned, their faces still away from him. He hit his lip, under cover of his moustache. To be rejected without a hearing; to be discussed by Miss French among her school companions, or friends; to be made the butt of jest or sarcasm! And this too when only the highest motives of delicacy had dictated that letter to his more than father.

This silly child had read it, and found in it only food for laughter. He had meant honestly enough to return home and see Miss French. There might be one chance out of a thousand that they would fancy each other, but he had little faith in it. He had determined not to pain Miss French, or her uncle, his kindest friend, if he could avoid it. And yet he had as great a dislike of made marriages as she.

Presently he gained courage to look opposite. They were seated now, still earnestly pursuing their conversation. The thought brought a warm flush to his face. Yet how lovely Rosemond French was!

And then he recalled the sound of her voice, and the peculiar depth of her eyes, as she had said, "I do mean to be loved, and will not marry a man I cannot love."

His worst fear, since he had known the plan, had been that Miss French might be tempted to marry him for position and wealth. He had a horror of scheming women.



And though her father had lived in elegant style during his life, the portion his orphan would inherit was much smaller than every one had supposed. Leonard felt this had something to do with Uncle Ralph's desire for the marriage.

In about ten days they would meet. He had been home—been welcomed most tenderly by the kind old man whose darling he was—as much for his own as for his mother's sake—and learned that Rosamond had been spending a month with a friend; was to go to London, and then return to Uncle Ralph.

He had two or three commissions to execute, and was then to go back to Lakeland to spend the summer. The nearer the time of meeting Miss French came, the more he dreaded it, so assured did he feel that they would not assimilate easily.

Yet, so far as personal appearance went, there could be no objection.

From boyhood his one passion had been blonde beauty.

He smiled to think of the faces he had begun, and pointed out in disgust at his own lack of power to realize his thought.

Here made a picture with every varying expression. Its fascination grew upon you, it was so changeable, so pure and tender, with all its archness and spirit.

Presently an indifferently-dressed woman came out on deck with a sick child in her arms. Every seat in the shade was occupied, and no one seemed inclined to yield up one for the new comer's benefit.

The woman glanced wistfully around. Rosamond French caught the look, and rising quietly, beckoned her to take the one she had occupied.

There was a faint negative at first, but the fair girl insisted.

Half a dozen seats were offered for her acceptance; but declining them with a firm, yet pleasant smile, she withdrew to the saloon, accompanied by Kate.

It was a simple enough incident, yet it touched Leonard Thayer.

And somehow when she had gone, the glory of the place appeared to vanish.

He tried to resume his reading, but a brilliant vision flashed over the page.

He resolved to dislike her, and yet he found himself admiring her more with every passing moment, and speculating as to how they would meet and what explanations would take place between them.

Of course marriage was not seriously to be considered, and still—well, it would please his man's love of power to gain a victory over her, to make her love him! He smiled over her absurd idea.

After communing with his thoughts awhile, he closed his book, rose from his seat, and began a slow walk, wondering if Rosamond would be quick enough to connect him with the pictures she must have seen at Lakeland.

He was leaning over the rail, looking into the water, his mind floating off into vacancy, when something drifted down on the idle wind.

With a mechanical impulse he stretched out his hand and caught it; a lady's handkerchief, soft, fine, and ornamented with delicate embroidery. In one corner he read a name—Rosamond French.

A little satisfied smile crossed his face. Returning to the promenade deck, he bestowed a quick glance around, and took in the situation of affairs.

Rosamond and her friend sat quite alone, Kate crouching some intricate pattern, Rosamond twisting a paper, with a half suppressed yawn visible on her fair face.

"Some lady dropped her handkerchief a moment ago," Mr. Thayer said to the nearest group.

They all disclaimed. Rosamond looked up with a bright smile, and unconsciously held out her hand. He went to her at once.

"I am indebted to you," she said, with a grace that was at once charming and natural.

"I am happy to have served you," he rejoined, "even in so trifling a matter."

"But it is not trifling. I valued the handkerchief as a gift, though I was unparadoxically careless with it just then."

"Not the usual fate with gifts, you think?" and he met her eyes carelessly, assured that she did not recognize him.

"I cannot answer for any one but myself," she said, gravely. "I should never dream of parting willingly with a gift."

Kate glanced up rather deprecatingly. He understood that she thought it not quite correct to be thus familiar with a stranger. But the change to Rosamond was very agreeable. She did not lay aside her dignity in these few commonplace, and yet she acted with a certain freedom that was far removed from boldness.

As for Leonard Thayer, he had a will to be fascinating. Refinement was a part of his nature, and the generous culture he had received led him to discern and apply rapidly.

He first bent his energies to thawing out Kate a little, and she was not proof against his power. But in the meanwhile he did not lose a word nor an expression from Rosamond's face.

There was something really charming about her. A naturalness that never degenerated into girlish folly, a sort of delicate intuition, and a quickness to seize upon any thought.

She was well educated and well read, without being pedantic, and had a certain vivacious spirit that pleased and puzzled, so rapid were her transitions from grave to gay.

Warming with the influence, he became a very entertaining companion. And when he fancied he pleased Rosamond, he could not believe it all due to vanity.

He was glad to give her an opportunity of seeing him before she indulged the prejudice he knew she would not fail to entertain at her uncle's.

How rapidly the time passed! Rosamond felt absolutely sorry as they neared the pier.

He fancied he read this in her face, and it gave him a feeling of exultation.

The steamboat swung around into the pier. There was the usual bustle and confusion.

"Have you friends to meet you?" Mr. Thayer asked.

"Perhaps—there will be a carriage at least," Kate Coningsford returned, a little embarrassed.

He waited with them awhile, and after the crowd thinned out, took them down at Kate's desire.

She soon espied the expectant carriage, and a rather stylish matronly face glancing from the window. An embarrassed flush crossed her brow, but her cavalier, or rather Rosamond's, attended them thither, bowed politely, and left them without any assumption of intimacy.

But Rosamond laughingly related the adventure to Kate's aunt.

"I think he was most gentlemanly in not asking you to exchange addresses," was the comment.

"I almost wish he had," was Rosamond's quick rejoinder. "I confess I was interested in him. And I fairly expect to meet some one who is acquainted with him. I have a presentiment."

And though the gay girl let the matter drop, it made a strange impression upon her. Perhaps from very wilfulness, because she did feel in some degree bound, she kept speculating on the kind of gentleman she could love and marry, if the fates permitted. And now they all, had the face and air of her unknown.

## CHAPTER II.

LEONARD THAYER walked to the station in a peculiar state of mind.

A few hours before he had thought it quite impossible to marry Rosamond French, but she had unwittingly vanquished every objection.

The acquaintance thus commenced would certainly have been questionable under any other circumstances, to a man of his nice sense of propriety. But he had been observing her narrowly all day, and found her comparatively free from any desire to attract. And though at the last she had acted in the only way he could approve of, he fancied that she had been pleased with him.

He knew he had interested her, and disarmed the judgment she would be most likely to form at Lakeland.

As for her, she was really pleasing. He began to count on the next interview. They would probably have a pleasant laugh over the little episode, and become very good friends.

His business being concluded, he resolved to go home immediately.

Mr. French was delighted with the unexpected return of his adopted son. And when he mentioned Rosamond's name, he found him more attentive than ever before.

"The provoking little gipsy! In her letter of yesterday she coolly announced that she intended to stay another week. So I wrote to insist that she should not remain a day over that time. And she was very curious to know when you were expected. Leonard, my boy, I'm a little afraid everything will not go smoothly. I have set my heart upon it, too;" and he glanced furtively at the young man.

"If she won't have me," said Leonard with a laugh, "what can I do?"

"I don't know—unless you take a lesson from Petruchio's wooing. But if you can only like her, I shall have more hope of it. You are the only two I have in the world to love, and it would make me so happy."

"I will try and not be unreasonable," Leonard said re-assuringly.

He found the days very long. Fitting up a room for a studio occupied him a little while, and then he tried sketching, but somehow it failed to interest him.

He began to paint a fancy picture of Rosamond, but this only increased his desire to see the original. Nearly every day the subject was mentioned by her uncle, and Leonard was far from thinking it unpleasant. At last she appointed a time for her return. Something in the letter put Mr. French in quite a passion.

"Perhaps you have misunderstood what she said," suggested Leonard, with a wistful glance at the epistle.

"No indeed! I've half a mind to give you this to read. It would serve her just right, the minx!"

"Not if it is at all confidential."

"I don't think it is. Yes, read it. I expected more trouble from you than her; but you have taken the matter in such a good, kindly spirit, that I can't tell you how it comforts me. But she is going to just the other extreme with all her fol-de-rol about love. Does she take me for an old tyrant, and think that I mean you to marry if you should hate each other? If you can't love and be happy, and please an old man who delights in you both, why you can't—that's all about it. I shall feel disappointed, and live through it, I suppose. But she might just promise to try."

Leonard had some compunctions about perusing the letter, but Mr. French insisted, and he really felt desirous to understand a little the workings of her heart.

And strange to relate, he found the missive really charming, except for a certain wilful persistence underlying it that gave one the idea she did not mean to make the slightest effort to like Mr. Thayer.

But her own views of love were so pure, so lofty and delicate, that he felt as if he had wronged her girl-heart by thus surreptitiously looking into it.

"Rosamond's a good little girl, too," said her uncle; "but just now she has taken a womanish fit of perversity. I'm afraid she will discourage you in a week."

Leonard shut his lips together in a manner that signified he was not easily discouraged when once in earnest.

Then after a pause he said, quietly:

"We won't force her inclinations in the beginning. I have faith to believe it will end rightly, in any event."

"Oh, I suppose so."

And yet the old man sighed. He could not bear the thought of relinquishing his pet project.

In the afternoon the carriage was driven round for Mr. French. Leonard intercepted him on the balcony.

"I wish you would allow me to drive to the station," he said.

"My dear boy, I shall be delighted with your company," was the joyful response.

"No, I meant alone."

And in spite of his self-possession, a warm colour flushed the young man's face.

"Oh, if you wish it—yes. Rosamond may feel herself obliged to you for saving her from a good scolding, which she richly deserves."

"My dear friend, my more than father," and Leonard laid his hand kindly on the old man's arm, "let us deal gently with this young girl's heart. It seems a very sacred thing to me. We cannot force her love into any given channel. And I ask you as a favour, for my sake, to be tender with her. Allow her to indulge her own fancies for awhile, without thwarting, or even opposing her. Promise me."

"Leonard, she will never know how good, how noble you are," Mr. French said, regretfully. "I almost feel as if I wasn't doing the fair thing in asking you to marry her."

"If it does not happen, we shall know it was not right and best," he said, seriously, as he walked down the steps.

Then he drove slowly away.

He had rescued Rosamond's last letter from destruction, and had it safely stowed away in his little diary—that was an inseparable companion. He confessed to a very curious feeling regarding this young girl. It could not be dignified by the name of love, hardly regard; yet it was a deeper interest than he had experienced in any woman since the days of some evanescent, boyish fancies.

He had learned more of the sweetness and truth of her heart than months of ordinary acquaintance might have afforded him. And her lovely face haunted him with a strange persistence—it was so like the face of his dreams.

Beside, the opposition, the resistance she was preparing, aroused the pride and power of his manhood. The thought of being vanquished in such a strife was not at all gratifying.

He was early at the station; and tying his horse in the shade, began to pace the little platform. He had been desirous of meeting her first alone. He fancied he could judge from her face, if he took her by surprise in an unguarded moment, what her present feelings toward him were. If she would only betray

pleasure, no after indifference would be able to vanquish the belief in his mind that she had been thinking of him. He hoped she had, and smiled at himself for his growing earnestness.

The train came streaming through the quiet belt of woods, and began to slacken its pace as it reached the station.

He recognized Rosamond at once. He fancied he should have known the dainty figure, in its grey mantle and dress, and its jaunty little hat, anywhere. But she lifted her veil, gave a sort of startled glance around, and met him directly in her way.

"Excuse me," he said, as if he had in some way interrupted her.

"Oh!"

The voice and the eyes quite satisfied him. An unwonted thrill sped through his heart.

Then a rosy, half-embarrassed flush suffused her face; and in a blind, troubled manner, as if she could not explain the matter satisfactorily to herself, she asked:

"Were you in the train?"

"No."

They walked together to the door of the waiting-room.

She paused, and glanced inquiringly into his face, which he answered with a happy smile. And then she smiled, more puzzled than ever.

"Can I find your luggage for you?" he asked.

"In the mean while you had better sit down."

She was confused, uncertain, and helpless. He led her to a seat, and then placed in the fingers, that he could feel were trembling with excitement, a card.

She read:

"Leonard Thayer."

The bright smile faded slowly out of her face. At the first moment he fancied it would be replaced by tears, and began to regret that he had subjected her to such a trial.

But the little curl of the lip, the flash of the eye, and the contraction of the brow, betokened the reign of sentiment was speedily over.

"Mr. Thayer," she said, in a biting tone, which was far from being calm, "it was you I met on the Dover boat. You were gallant enough to save my handkerchief for me."

"Yes. It led to a very pleasant little episode for me, and I have been quite anxious to meet you again."

He said this in one of the tones most difficult to understand. It might have been the polite indifference of necessary compliment, or it might veil something deeper. At all events, he was in no wise abashed.

"You could have met me much sooner," she said, rather sharply, "by deigning to acknowledge your name then."

"I was not sure it would be a pleasure to you, nor selfish enough to gratify my wishes at your expense. Now I will go for your trunk."

And, bowing gracefully, he left her.

She turned nearly around, and glanced out of the window.

But the green, waving trees merely danced before her eyes, and left no impression on her mind. Her first feelings were utterly beyond description.

She suspected that day's journey had been planned beforehand.

How long he had watched her, and how much he had enjoyed thus throwing her off her guard, she dared not even imagine.

She knew very well she had betrayed her pleasure in his society; it seemed to her now very much more than the reality. If she could only blot the memory out of existence.

And the most provoking thought of all was that she really did like him, had been foolish enough to half hope—indeed, what dreams had not indulged in.

She started, agitated at the memory.

Withal she was angry—positively angry at herself, and at him; more bitter against him, because, since the moment of their first meeting, she had approved him so thoroughly.

Doubtless her uncle knew all, and they had laughed at Mr. Thayer's successful method of out-generalling her. Well, they would find it only a brief triumph.

She had resolved not to marry Mr. Thayer, and nothing should alter her resolve—nothing.

It gave her a shiver, and sent a shadow down her future. It filled her mind with strangely-sad musings.

"The carriage is ready," he said, coming up to her. He took the little parcel out of her hand, assisted her in that assured but still gentlemanly manner, that she could neither refuse nor resist. Quite ignoring her coolness, he went back to the day of their meeting.

"You informed my uncle?" she questioned.

"No. Just as you please about it."

"It is not of the slightest importance to me." Then, fearing he might plume himself upon a secret, she added, "Perhaps you had better."

He would not allow the interview to subside into awkwardness; and compelled her to talk pleasantly so against her will, compelled her to feel constantly that she did like him, in defiance of all resolves to the contrary.

Her uncle welcomed her warmly. Everything conspired for her enjoyment, and she was unable to resist the strong current. Mr. Thayer gave her no opportunity to rebuff him decidedly. If he had been trying to please her then, which he was not, especially, he could have succeeded no better.

When she went to her room for the night, she was actually surprised at the rapid strides he had made in her favour, and more than ever angry at herself. What was to be done?

Well might she ask. Uncle French remained in the most importunate good humour, listened to all Rosamond's objections and impossibilities, but was decidedly non-committal. Mr. Thayer made no special effort for her approval, but was courteous and agreeable. A chain seemed to be tightening around her, enclosing in its firm sweep liberty and power. It was necessary to take some decided step of resistance.

So she plunged into gaiety. Lakeland was not wanting in young people, and Rosamond had made herself a great favourite with them before this.

Mr. French looked on rather suspiciously; but Leonard's tranquil manner re-assured him, and kept him from any overt counsel.

The gentleman himself painted a little, an accomplishment in which Rosamond failed to conceal her interest; read, sketched, and mingled a great deal with society; indeed, his fine voice soon brought him into universal demand.

It was something of a sacrifice to his exclusiveness, to mingle continually with people who were well enough in their way, but in a way which certainly was not his way. Rosamond could not elude him. The effort she made to appear unconcerned, was too transparent. He began to enjoy his position wonderfully in some respects. The gay, capricious, wilful girl was a pleasant study. His superior penetration soon divined what was real, heartfelt, and what was assumed. But he allowed all of the latter to pass current, with a quiet smile.

Each day he felt more truly that she was worth the winning, and determined in his own mind how the contest should end. Possessing the grand virtue of patience, he could wait.

Rosamond had informed her uncle, by tender stages, how impossible it would be to comply with his request. She had tried to soothe his disappointment with tenderest kisses; been gentle and obedient in all things else, and fancied she should gain her point. It vexed her to find her thoughts dwelling upon Mr. Thayer, to contrast him with others, always to his manifest advantage; to become insensibly interested in his pursuits; and, occasionally, in his absence, fairly long for his coming. It was nothing more than the inevitable law of association, and yet it annoyed her as being a sort of incipient love. She fortified herself every day with innumerable declarations that she never could love him; and yet, at night, she pondered some word or look that had given her pleasure, and questioned its meaning.

Fearful that she would drift down this dangerous current, she resolved on a bold expedient. If she could once lead Mr. Thayer to discuss the bond between them, she might appeal to his sense of honour for a rupture. She wanted to feel perfectly free. And so, after a month's light skirmishing, she drew him into an ambush.

I think he was deceived by her manner. She no longer seemed trying to shut him out of her confidence or regard.

She sat for a portrait, to Uncle Ralph's unbounded delight; sang the songs he adored, and really led him astray.

And, one day, when he had hardly been thinking of love at all, he stumbled into some tender phrases. Rosamond was very calm.

She had rehearsed her part so many times that the words rolled off roundly, and musically, without embarrassment.

"I know to what you allude," she began. "It has been a pet idea of uncle's for some time—foolish, you must acknowledge, as well as ill-judged. To expect two people to fancy each other simply because it pleases a third person, is preposterous. And it has placed us both in an awkward position. We are too dissimilar to be more than friends."

"Are you quite sure?" he interrupted, quickly.

"Quite sure; of myself, at least. And I should be very sorry to mislead you. I want to be honest, frank; and though it may offend you, I wish to say the affair had better be given up, for I do not think I shall ever—love you, she was about to say, but delicacy recoiled—"change my mind on the subject."

Mr. Thayer took two or three turns across the room.

To be rejected so coolly by this pretty little lady, before he had even asked her hand, or her regard.

His blood and his pride were up in a moment. His first impulse was to disclaim the slightest desire for her love. But somehow the truth came home, and he could not utter such an absolute falsehood. He found he did care a great deal for her. It made him fairly angry to see her sitting there so composed, so indifferent.

Giving her this opportunity to triumph over him had been an exceedingly foolish move on his part; and, at first, he could not think how best to retrace his steps.

She was a little amused withal, and began to fancy he did like her.

The thrill that sped through her pulses confessed it was not such a distasteful thing, after all. And when she had once shown him she was not to be bartered away, not to be forced into any such compliance, she might possibly—be won.

She had just reached this determination, when Mr. Thayer paused abruptly before her, his decision made. His face had a new sternness in it.

"I believe you are quite right," he said, in that positive tone from which there is no appeal. "Such arrangements generally end by a positive dislike on the part of both parties. Love being an impossibility between us, there is still left a very fair basis for friendship. Doubtless we shall be a good deal thrown together at this place, so it is much pleasanter to understand our positions. We are both as free as if the subject had not been touched upon. I will inform Uncle Ralph that such is your desire, as well as mine."

She was hardly prepared for being taken at her word so suddenly. She coloured, and lost her self-possession an instant, and made the greatest of all concessions, by saying, hesitatingly:

"As you please."

Neither words nor manner escaped him. He had regained his false step, and felt himself in some degree victor already.

As for Rosamond, when she went to her room, she felt quite forlorn, and indulged in a few tears. Uncle Ralph would be dreadfully displeased. Perhaps it would have been better to have waited a little before announcing her mind so freely.

Well, it was done, and when she recalled Mr. Thayer's determined face, she felt there was not the slightest possibility of his intruding the subject upon her attention again.

She gave a little dissatisfied sigh, and wondered whether he would go away. How lonely Lakeland would seem without him!

### CHAPTER III.

UNCLE RALPH was angry. This time Leonard did not intercede, and Rosamond had to brave the promised scolding.

Mr. Thayer went to London for a few days to see about engaging a studio for the winter, and she passed the time drearily enough.

His return was an immense relief, and somehow it restored Uncle Ralph to good humour, and seemed to settle everything in its olden channel. Or at least, in all but one respect.

This was Mr. Thayer's behaviour. Rosamond felt he had changed towards her.

He was much more free in many particulars, treated her in a sort of sisterly manner, talked over his plans and his hopes with her, giving her now and then glimpses of a heart which it made one sad to think must be lost for ever.

Rosamond was much too proud to acknowledge how grievous a mistake she had made, and craved down all regretful longings.

But she could not blind herself to one great fact, that Leonard Thayer was a gentleman in the highest sense, a man of whom any woman might justly be proud—loyal, tender, capable of truest affection; and making about himself an atmosphere of most winning geniality.

Yet she felt his power as strongly. Hardly a day passed that she did not chafe at some restriction, or strange extreme, some careless word that showed her plainly, she fancied, how merely brotherly his interest in her was.

Kate Coningsford's arrival created a new sensation. She and Rosamond had been very warm friends, and the latter had not kept her in ignorance of affairs at Lakeland.

"You foolish child," said Kate, when they were alone the first evening, "how could you have let such a chance slip through your fingers? I think Mr. Thayer absolutely charming. I did not hardly dare like him that day on the boat, you know; but wasn't it odd? I suppose he felt he had a perfect right to your acquaintance. And it spoils all the romance not to marry him. My dear, I don't see how you could stay in the house six weeks with him, and not fall



desperately in love. Confess, now, you are a trifle touched? What a blush! Don't pretend that is all genuine indignation."

Rosamond made some effort for composure. "You know I told you it was all an end," she said, in a tone meant for calmness, but which sounded strangely forced.

"As if there never could be another beginning?" "I don't think he cared—very much. He took it so quietly, and seemed relieved, I thought. So it would have been folly to—"

"Yes, my dear, but were you not a little premature in your anxiety to have things settled, as you called it? I believe I shall try your handsome hero myself. Have you any objections?"

"No," said Rosamond, with a gasp. "I declare! if the child isn't almost crying. You do love him?"

"I don't!" exclaimed Rosamond, with an angry flush. "Flirt with him, or marry him, as you like. It is all the same to me."

But for all that, Rosamond cried herself to sleep, perfectly miserable. After a restless night, she rose early in the morning, and began to fortify her mind with some judicious resolves. She had become more interested in Mr. Thayer than was at all wise or comfortable for her. She could not endure the rivalry of Kate's ready tongue, and above all things Leonard Thayer must not suspect her secret. There was a sort of blind, yearning impulse to go at once to Uncle Ralph and confess her folly—to be thrown upon Mr. Thayer's pity! Oh! no, no; she could not endure that. Well, the only alternative was being recklessly gay, a mood she utterly hated now. It must be assumed, however.

And while she was entertaining people in whom she felt but small interest, Kate would be with Mr. Thayer, enjoying his refinement, the pleasure he gave every one who delighted in something higher than mere amusement. And she knew Kate could not fail of pleasing him in many respects. And if they should become mutually attracted? Ah, what a jealous pang shot through the young girl's heart!

She was not weak, neither did the conflict in her heart betray itself by look or word. Indeed, Mr. Thayer thought he had never seen her more brilliant. For a day or two, it quite puzzled him; but when he fancied he had learned the cause, his first impulse was to save her from herself, by one determined effort. Or should he let her go on until, weary and wretched, she would be glad to come to him for rest? Perhaps it would be as well.

Another incident had a great effect upon Rosamond's destiny.

The preceding summer she had met one of the young eligibles of the village, who, so far as position went, was certainly well enough. But Uncle Ralph soon gave him to understand he had other views for his niece, and Rosamond was not sufficiently interested in Walter Hayne to continue the acquaintance in the face of disapproval.

Now Walter had just graduated with highest honours, and improved greatly in a year, she confessed. Kate admired him, and this was commendation enough for Rosamond. She received him graciously, and Uncle Ralph no longer frowned.

The young man had been more than pleased with Rosamond during the first few weeks of their acquaintance.

When he learned from Miss Coningsford—for, discovering his penchant, she soon took care that he should know the engagement between Miss French and Mr. Thayer was at an end—he resolved at once to win her. It was not perhaps the highest order of love, but he cultivated it assiduously. His father wished him to marry, and he liked Rosamond French better than any woman of his acquaintance. Then, it must be confessed, he felt a little gratified at the thought of triumphing over the uncle who had dismissed him so cavalierly a year ago; neither was he at all loath to be the acknowledged rival of such a man as Mr. Thayer.

As for Rosamond, she took up the intimacy without any particular thought.

The young people in the village met daily or nightly for rides, drives, sails, and parties.

Kate depended on Mr. Thayer, and made no secret of it.

He attended to Rosamond when it was possible, but never attempted to influence her choice of an escort, until Mr. Hayne's preference became marked.

Miss Coningsford had no desire that the breach between Rosamond and Mr. Thayer should grow any less. She could not quite disown herself of an idea that they owed more for each other than appeared on the surface.

And so, by a few well directed insinuations and a little ridicule, she managed to plunge Rosamond in a desperate flirtation. The poor child did not mean to make it a serious matter. But the deeper she became involved the further Leonard Thayer seem drifting

from her. What did she expect from him? Love she had refused. Sympathy was torture. Neglect, as she called his coolness, stung her to the heart.

Daily she realized how she might have loved him. But the self-condemnation only seemed to hurry her on the opposite course.

Uncle Ralph would have interfered but for Leonard, who kept a quiet mastery in all things.

Rosamond little dreamed in those days what vigilant eyes were watching her, what strong arms longed to snatch her away from the threatening danger. Leonard could not believe there was the slightest danger of her loving Walter Hayne simply, because he felt assured she loved him. Walter, however, plumed himself on an easy conquest. He had a great deal of boyish impatience, and a month in his estimation was long enough to settle the most momentous affair.

Rosamond started in dismay at the vehement appeal of her suitor. Confused and troubled, she urged the fear of her uncle's displeasure, and the uncertainty of her own feelings. Walter overruled the latter, and proceeded at once to Mr. French to dare his fate, certain of success.

The old man's anger could no longer be restrained. He dismissed Walter peremptorily, and started in full haste for Rosamond, when Leonard intercepted him and learned the story.

Rosamond was in her own room, blaming herself in a most extravagant fashion, and weeping the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

How had she been betrayed into such a false, foolish step!

For if her uncle consented—she did not love Walter, and to break a second engagement would prove her vacillating beyond any one's respect. What could she do?

She did not remark how the afternoon was slipping by, until the sun low down in the west startled her. Then she hurriedly brushed her hair and changed her dress, trembling at the near approach of the dinner hour.

There was a light tap at her door, and a gentle voice uttered:

"Rosamond."

She opened to Leonard Thayer.

"Will you come to my studio a few moments?" he asked, "I have something important to say to you."

It was on the same floor, at the end of the hall.

She hardly noticed that he placed his arm around her, though she remembered it afterwards. And that he closed the door behind them, so they might be out of the reach of curious eyes.

"Rosamond," he began, kindly, "I have been talking to Uncle Ralph about this affair. I think you will believe we both have your happiness at heart. I have won his consent on condition—"

"Oh!" she said, with a bitter little cry, and buried her face in her hands.

"Rosamond," he went on, in a grave fashion, "you have been a naughty, wilful child. Once you told me you wanted to be honest, frank; do you dare tell me the truth now, whether you love me or not?"

She raised her face suddenly, because she could not believe she had heard him aright. It was so lovely in its tears and blushes, but she quickly turned it away.

He drew her towards him with a gentle force.

"You must answer me," he said. "Is your heart mine, or is it to be given to the keeping of Walter Hayne?"

She trembled violently. The whole room seemed slipping away, and she reached out her hands entreatingly to him.

"Oh! Rose of the world, so dear to me, that I think I could not endure the idea of your loving another, answer me, quick."

"I love you," she said, nestling to his heart. "I believe I have always loved you. Save me."

"My darling, I have read your heart more truly than you read it yourself. Let us go to Uncle Ralph and tell him you have taken the 'condition' instead of Mr. Hayne."

At the dinner-table Uncle Ralph announced the engagement to Miss Coningsford.

A. M. D.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LONDON DUEL.—Lord William Lennox, in a work just published, says:—"Soon after the Prince Louis Napoleon arrived in London, he was followed by a pugnacious Frenchman, who, for some public grievance or private pique, was anxious to fix a quarrel upon him. A challenge ensued, and the Prince's foe was looked upon as an expert shot with pistols. Although brave as a lion, Napoleon felt that he ought not to throw away a chance, and named the broadsword as his weapon. This led to some discussion. Lieut.-Colonel Radcliffe, the French challenger's second, held a commission in the fusillading Dragoons, a regiment which had recently been com-

manded by my brother George; and anxious, upon so important an occasion, to consult a friend as to the line he ought to take, he requested Louis Napoleon to allow him half an hour to consider the matter. With this view he called upon my brother, who was then lodging in the same house as myself in St. James's Street, but not finding him at home he asked for me. He narrated the circumstance, and I at once took upon myself to say, that unquestionably the Prince, being the challenged party, had the right to name the weapons. Radcliffe adopted my suggestion, and the duel was arranged to take place with swords on Wimbledon Common. The combatants met there at seven o'clock on the 3rd of March, 1840, but the police interfered, and all parties concerned were taken to Bow Street. The principals were released on entering into their own recognizances of £500 each, and one security each of the same amount. Hearing that I advised the use of the sword, Louis Napoleon expressed much gratitude to me, and to this slight cause I was indebted for an acquaintance of a most friendly nature, which brought about many social meetings. And, since this was written, I have to acknowledge a further result of our acquaintance, in the shape of a presentation copy of the *Histoire de Jules César*."

# "SO FADETH."

MISERABLE legacy to fallen humanity! Is there no revoking the stern decree? The day dawneth bright and beautiful; silver clouds gild the horizon; gentle zephyrs softly caress the delicate leaf; all nature chants a sweet lay, and the very air is heavy with the music of ethereal breezes, whispering of fairy sprites, and murmuring of low fountains that gush forth from the midst of roses.

Twilight approaches, fearful clouds rear their huge, dark forms over the landscape, threatening to read the embraced elements, and launch their fury upon the entrancing scene; fierce convulsions cruelly crush the frail flowers that dared presume, for so short a period, to cast a halo of resplendent beauty upon the earth; terrific crashes of thunder sink the sound of the crisp water, and all the transient splendour of the morn has faded.

Rear thyself a fabric, oh, man! of hopes, anticipations, aid desires; see thyself borne on the pinions of fame to the empyreal vault of heaven; hear thy deeds rehearsed and eulogized by bards; and surely "to perish" is not the inheritance of an existence like thine!

False prophet! the crown of Fame will prove a coronet of thorns; the carasses of the world will be as barbed arrows; the structure you have reared so carefully will be finally a horrid sepulchre, into whose yawning mouth you will gladly cast from off your earth-worn shoulders the compilation of spectral hopes and phantom enjoyments, glad to see them fulfil the curse of humanity.

Love, an attribute so pure, so grand, so noble, under whose influence demons become angels; a jewel so effulgent, of essence so celestial, that wicked, sinful passions blush and cringe away from its fair presence.

Love, the Prometheus of higher and holier aspirations, the ray of translucent beauty, sent to radiate our path through darkness; quaff deeply from its chalice, and surely it will prove an amulet against the destroyer's power.

False seer! Know the hollowiness, the heartlessness of the mass of human hearts; little they care for the wealth of affection; soon the offerings of love will be blighted and crushed by rude contact with the world; gradually the stray pearl from heaven's casket fades; fainter and fainter grows the halo of light, and all is extinguished.

Where are the smiles that yesterday rippled the face like fairy waves? To-day the mantle of sadness sables the pale brow.

One year ago your step was light; the tone of your voice was as joyous as the nymphs of the sea; your heart was as stainless and free from guile as purity itself; the present seemed so bright, so replete with happiness, so much of heaven, so little of earth, that who would dare predict thy joy to prove visionary?

To-day you stand a wreck of what once was a monument of unappreciated affection and trampled regard; one by one the sweet dreams have faded; page after page of betrayed trust and false hopes; darker and deeper are the lines traced upon life's tablet; you, too, chant the elegy of faded hopes.

Yesterday a mother tenderly caressed a velvet cheek; soothed a tiny, fragile butt; clasped the gem close to her loving heart; and it was well—for to-day the waxen lids are closed, the little hands folded, and the sweet bud is transplanted to a fairer home.

Mainly forms enter the forum of life, mount the rostrum, and proclaim to the astonished world in tones of eloquence and power; when suddenly the star dims and disappears, the crowd pauses a

moment, exclaims, "Oh! hapless fate!" and passes on.

So all through life. We live, love, act, and die; on all we do, on all we see, is stamped, by the kaleidoscope of Fate, the doom—to fade.

G. W.

## AHAB THE WITTY.

## CHAPTER XXI

SADOC followed the page, with visions of gold teeming in his imagination. Some doubt of honourableness of his errand obtruded upon his mind; but he stifled such thoughts as speedily as possible. In passing into the palace, he turned his eyes neither to the right nor left to notice those objects of curiosity which usually attract the notice of strangers.

The king received him in a private chamber. Sadoc saluted him after the manner of the country, and assumed a humble attitude.

"Thou art Sadoc the Jew?" said the king, after eyeing him leisurely.

"I am so called," replied the Israelite, submissively. "Thou hast dealt somewhat largely in moneys, Sadoc?"

"Not of late years, your majesty. Formerly, I dealt somewhat; but heavy losses compelled me to seek a humbler occupation."

Sadoc sighed. Aben Hassan covertly smiled.

"Thou art reputed rich. Truly, I am sorry for thy misfortunes; but if thou loamest by them not to lay up thy treasures on earth, thou wilt in the end be the gainer."

"Thou speakest like a rabbi," said Sadoc, somewhat dryly. "Riches are oftentimes a snare; and yet, sire, they are better than poverty. It is not easy for the old to become inured to the privations that the young only can endure."

The Israelite's countenance became very grave.

"Where dwellest thou, Jew?"

Muley Aben Hassan yawned and looked unconsciously at Sadoc.

"I have no abiding-place. I flee from city to city, the avenger of blood behind me. The rulers and potentates of the land show no compassion for such as I. When I had gold, I was somewhat thought of. Now, alas! I am but Sadoc the Jew."

"It is marvellous that one so sharp should become so poor. What brings thee to me?"

"Now," thought the Jew, "we are coming to the point." "Being, as I have told thee, a sojourner and a wayfarer, it becomes me to take advantage of every circumstance to better my condition. Sire, I have a secret to sell."

"Thou comest to a poor market. I would rather sell than buy. Yet the page mentioned something of thy business to me, and I am disposed to entertain thy proposals. Thou wouldst make a bargain with me for the delivery into my hands of Boabdil, called the Unlucky?"

The old king smiled grimly.

"I like thy plainness. There is no virtue like straightforwardness in matters of business."

The Israelite seemed revived by the prospect of driving a bargain. He stroked his beard and rubbed his hands, as he was wont when looking prospectively at bags of gold and silver.

"Do you propose to bring this apostate bound to Granada?" said the wily king.

"Go! forbid!" cried Sadoc. "I am not a man of battle. I would no more lay hands on him than I would touch the fiery dragon of the bottomless pit!"

"A bird in the hand, worthy Sadoc, is worth two in the bush. If thou wouldst drive a bargain, bring me the bird," said the king, calmly contemplating the bowed figure of the Jew.

"Thou mistakest me, noble master," protested Sadoc. "It was not in my presumption that I could bind the young lion and deliver him into thine hand; but I thought, peradventure, he might be taken by guile—entangled, as it were, in a fisher's net; lured into an ambuscade, and seized upon by some of thy young men."

"Venerable Israelite, solve me this question. Knowest thou the hiding-place of the apostate Boabdil, who claims to be the lawful heir to my throne, and who has, in his pride and falsehood, it is rumoured, made treasonable proposals to Ferdinand of Spain?"

The hawk-like orbs of the grey-bearded Hassan penetrated Sadoc like steel arrows. The old man's habitual cunning did not forsake him, but fear was fast undermining it.

This, of all queries, he least cared to answer directly; for he knew somewhat of the temper of kings.

"Great Hassan," he said, with much appearance of deference, "I only affirm that I may give such hints

as may speedily lead to his capture. I would not exalt my knowledge too much."

While the Israelite was thus qualifying his knowledge, El Zagal and Zegrin entered the apartment of private audience.

"Thou art welcome, El Zagal. And thou, Zegrin, stand behind our chair," said Hassan. "We have here," he continued, "the exemplary Israelite, Sadoc, who comes to sell us our son Boabdil, the pretender to our throne. Speak, El Zagal. How many ounces of gold shall I give for the traitor?"

"Not an ounce!" answered the unbending Moslem, bluntly.

"A hundred ounces!" muttered Zegrin.

The king having mused a moment, once more addressed the Jew.

"Israelite, I ask you again if you know the abiding-place of this unfaithful son?"

"Powerful monarch," answered the crafty Jew, "if I find him not, I will receive no reward."

Aben Hassan clapped his hands thrice, and instantly the black slaves came in, and prostrated themselves till their sooty foreheads touched the floor. One carried a stout stick, with a cord attached to it; another an instrument called the bastinado.

The king slightly nodded his head, and the Jew was laid sprawling on his face before he was aware of the danger that threatened him. One of the blacks seated himself on his shoulders, the stick and cord were adjusted in a twinkling, and his feet bared.

"What evil is this that has befallen me?" cried Sadoc.

"Lay on!" said Hassan.

One of the slaves began to apply the bastinado to Sadoc's feet. The old man howled with pain, and dug his nails into his palms.

"Hast found thy tongue, lying dog?" asked the king, after this cruel punishment had continued long enough for the black to lay on a dozen or twenty blows.

"Mighty sovereign," whined Sadoc, "the hearts of all men are in the hands of the king. Permit me to arise and stand before thee, as is seemly, and I will answer thee without evasion."

"Thou art well enough as thou art. Learn from this not to tamper with the temper of kings. Knowest thou the secret haunt of Boabdil?"

"Puisant Hassan, I may safely affirm that I can lead thy young men to him," answered Sadoc, still adhering to his non-committal policy.

"Give him another taste of the cudgel!" commanded the king, with a careless wave of the hand; and while the bastinado was flying, and the old man shrieking, turned and conversed complacently with Zegrin.

El Zagal stood shrugging his shoulders.

"I am afflicted even unto death! I suffer greatly in my flesh, and my strength faileth me. He that is wise will not put his trust in princes. I crave your mercy, oh Aben Hassan!"

"Slave, rest your arms. We will see if this Jew will heed reason. Knowest thou, or knowest thou not, that which I asked thee of? Yea or nay, and that quickly!"

"As my soul liveth, yea!" groaned the Hebrew.

"Hast thou sheltered and secreted him? Pause not to frame thy speech, for truth needs no delay, and from willing lips flows naturally."

The old man was now in a dangerous dilemma. He thought of his treasure and his daughter. He felt that heaven was rewarding him for his treachery and grasping avarice.

If he answered in the affirmative, he might loose his head the moment his services were no longer required; while, if he replied in the negative, the bastinado would again torture his burning feet.

"I conducted him to a cave on the side of a mountain, where he yet abides; and where I have from time to time supplied him with food, according to his needs," he answered, with a semblance of candour that deceived the king.

"Was there with him a maiden?"

Hassan averted his eyes, and spoke in a milder tone.

"Verily, a damsel of exceeding beauty," said Sadoc.

"Sawest thou ever an English knight in his company?"

"I have, my lord. He called himself Sir Raoul Mornay, and professed to be in the service of Spain."

"Thou canst go directly to this cave?"

"My memory," stammered Sadoc, "is not what it was a dozen years ago, and my eyes are wondrous dim; yet—"

"Slaves!" interrupted Hassan, "cure that dimness and quicken his feeble memory."

"Nay!" screamed Sadoc, at the first blow; "I succumb! I can go direct as an arrow to the cave whereof I have told you."

"That is to the purpose. Fellows, let him up," said Hassan, with a significant nod at El Zagal.

"Verily, my feet are broken in pieces, even as the

tables of stone were broken by Moses," muttered Sadoc, trying to stand. "My reward, great sovereign—might I presume to speak of my reward?" he added, with abject humility.

"My treasurer," answered Hassan, gravely, "shall count thee out ten pistoles."

The Hebrew groaned aloud. His consternation paralyzed his tongue.

Hassan clapped his hands again. A warrior, booted and spurred, with scimitar girt to his thigh, entered the royal presence. His countenance was peculiarly dark and morose.

He fixed his eyes on the king, and looked at no other till he had spoken.

"Hamet, thou art faithful?" said the king.

"Unto death!" answered Hamet, with a profound reverence.

"I believe thee. Are thy men ready?"

"They stand each with a hand on the pommel of a saddle."

"It is as it should be. Advance, Hamet! Take this dagger; the point is poisoned; its merest prick will produce death."

Sadoc stood gaping with wonder.

"Thou seest that old man?" resumed the king. "Thou wilt mount him on his horse, rivet a chain to his wrist, and fasten it to thy saddle-bow. Let him not from thy sight day nor night till he lead thee to a certain cave, wherein our traitor-son Boabdil lies concealed. If he deceive thee, and thou take not Boabdil, strike him with this poisoned dagger—no matter how lightly, he will die miserably."

"Sovereign Lord, then art to me as the Prophet himself! Thy words are like the verses of the Koran. All thou hast commanded shall be performed as faithfully as if thou wert the All-seeing Eye."

Hamet took the dagger, kissed the hilt, and thrust it beneath his girdle.

Sadoc hobbled forward and fell on his knees.

"Mighty king, have mercy on an old man and a sinner!"

He smote on his breast and bowed his grey head.

"My beloved Hamet, take this Hebrew and set him astride his beast in the manner I have ordered, and let not the grass on the vega grow the sixteenth part of a hair's breadth before thou art outside the gates of the Alhambra."

"God is just," groaned Sadoc, and fell senseless at the feet of the king.

The grim Hamet bent over the miserable Israelite, raised him from the floor as if he had been a sack of down, tucked him under his right arm, and stalked from the royal presence with his countenance as unmoved as a shield of brass.

## CHAPTER XXII

AHAB, as soon as he had left the Court of Lions, hurried to the Tower of Comaros as fast as he could. Threading his way down to the dungeons, showing Zoroya's ring to the various guards on duty, he arrived at the prison of Sir Raoul, who had but a few moments before returned from the torture-chamber. Ahab, struck by his paleness, inquired the cause of it.

"I have," said Mornay, "been to the apartment where they keep the playthings of kings and tyrants."

"I know what these are," said Ahab. "The rack, thumb-screws, pressure with weights, the suspending by one hand or one finger, the hot braziers, and various other cursed contrivances. I hope your worship has come well out of it?"

"In the most incredible fashion. The wheels and pulleys revolved, the horrible engine creaked, and I suffered no great strain."

"That was out of the common course. Who was present?"

"The magician, Zegrin, and El Zagal."

"My wit cannot help you much in the solution of this mystery; but if the lad Zegrin had not something to do with it, I know nothing of the matter. Who do you think has arrived at the palace?"

"Inform me, worthy Ahab."

"Sadoc the Jew is now having audience with the king. I met him in the Court of Lions. This visit concerns the prince. I offered to buy his secret, but he would not sell it, thinking to drive a better bargain with Muley Aben Hassan. But it is all the same; I have not a pistole. If he gets gold from the king, never again give me credit for wit. My master, he has come to betray your friend, Boabdil."

Mornay heard this announcement with profound sorrow. He walked his prison in the greatest perturbation. The danger that threatened Boabdil affected him more than his own misfortune.

"He must be warned of his peril," he exclaimed.

"Learn, if you can, the result of the old man's interview, and communicate the same to me as speedily as possible."

"Certainly, your worship; it shall be as you say."



I am your servant. I go here and I go there, and it is all the same."

Ahab coolly left Sir Raoul, and was gone an hour, when he came back with all the particulars of Sadoc's bargaining.

He waited to be questioned before opening his budget. Mornay finally drew out the whole truth.

"Yes," said Ahab, after once repeating the story, "he got the bastinado, instead of money-bags. The slave laid it on lustily, and El Zagal says that he roared like a hoarse old lion. He has got to ride, too, with that raven, Hamet, with a poisoned dagger at his breast, and a chain riveted to his wrist, so that he cannot get away without taking Hamet, horse and all. It is the curse of Allah for his treachery. The father and daughter are as much alike as a hyena and a dove. Her heart would break if she knew his villainy; but whether it would break or no, it is all one!"

Mornay walked his cell a few moments, then, fixing his eyes on the Moorish youth, asked:

"My faithful friend, is there not some way of escape?"

"As there are but a very few things utterly impossible," responded Ahab, "escape may be practicable, though not easy. There are several armed men to pass, at different points, whose vigilance cannot be lightly disarmed; and perchance the dagger may have to be used."

"But bring me a dagger, and if need be, I can use it as well as another. Time presses. Hamet and his men, according to your information, are already on the way, attended by the wretched Sadoc. If nothing can be done for my liberation by our united wills, you must mount the swiftest steed that can be procured, nor drink water, nor draw bridle-rein till you reach the stone castle of the Jew."

"We will wait till night, which is near at hand. Meantime I will procure the dress of a santon, with such weapons as I can conceal about me. You shall take, also, this ring, which may serve you, perchance, when nothing else will."

"Your plan," replied Sir Raoul, "has some show of success in it, and I am willing to hazard anything upon it. Depart at once, and make all needful preparation."

"There's nothing like trying," quoth Ahab. "With first, and heels afterward! If I were in your place, I should not so much as lift my little finger one way or the other. You see, my master, that it is just here; if it is recorded in the book that you are to die here, nothing in Granada will prevent you from dying. If it is scratched down in the same book, whether in coarse hand or fine, that your joints are to be dragged asunder by one of those cursed machines, you'll be so dragged, if the evil one stood at the door. But, on the contrary, if it be written in that volume that you will cut your way out of this tower and escape, not all the armies of the king can keep you here. But that which is decreed will happen; and whether it be one or the other, it is all the same!"

"This is most salacious doctrine, sage youth. But it is doubtless written that I should make some effort for my liberty, and that you should assist me; therefore, speed on your errand," answered Sir Raoul.

"One thing, my master, is as good as another; but since you exercise the right of choice, it is mine to obey. If I do but eat and drink and sleep and wear clothes, it is enough."

The knight smiled, and waved him away with his hand.

"Then there is one thing more, your worship. If that magnificent sultana, that enamoured she, that black-eyed houri from the third heaven, should chance to drop down upon you, swear that you love her better than your daily bread. Tell her that her eyes glitter like two new daggers; that her breath is sweeter than a confection of roses; that her mouth is more ravishing than a honeycomb, and that her voice is more melodious than the wind! If she asks you to fly with her, fall on your knees and vow there is nothing that you half as much desire. Do this or not; it will be all the same!"

Ahab the Witty locked the door on Sir Raoul with imperturbable serenity, and went his way.

Mornay's confinement was never before so irksome. The betrayal of Boabdil would affect him in a most tender point. What would happen to Leoline after that catastrophe? Imprisonment, perhaps death.

Most distressing was the possibility that he might never again behold her.

In such an event, he believed he should be deprived of the better part of his life. Again, while he was mewed up in the tower, gallant deeds of arms were unquestionably being daily performed by the knights of Spain.

He was chagrined that he could not share in those achievements, and win a name that should be dear to his mistress.

To his infinite astonishment, while these vexatious reflections were whirling through his brain, the swarthy chief, El Zagal, presented himself

A haughty smile curled his lips.

"Christian," he said, disdainfully, "thou comest off miraculously well from the torture! Thou art indeed a favoured mortal. Let thy prudence equal thy obstinacy. The softest hand may crush a mailed warrior. Conceal from the astrologer and from the king the singular immunity that has been granted thee this day. It is something that hath seldom before happened. Thy secrecy will be thy safety."

"Brave El Zagal, I will not feign to misunderstand you. I am indebted to some one, whom I will not assume to say; but to that person I would convey my most respectful acknowledgments. I kiss reverently the hand that stayed my torture, and held back pain. It must have been a most potent hand, and I were not a chivalrous and courteous knight not to confess it and return suitable thanks."

"Thy speech, proud unbeliever, cannot give offence to any; and I pray the Prophet to deliver thee from this bondage," answered El Zagal, in a friendly tone.

"You are generous, gallant Moor. Let me inform you that I have heard of your feats of arms. There is not a name more renowned than yours among the Moslem hosts. The cavaliers of Spain often mention your exploits with admiration."

The famed Moorish leader smiled grimly. The pride of the warrior gleamed over his fallow visage.

"By Allah! I would like to break a lance and cross swords with thee. Though thou art not of my faith and country, thou hast the spirit and gentle courtesy of a worthy and meritorious cavalier. I wonder not that thou art agreeable to the eyes of lady fair. Even a sultana may be forgiven for a transient thought! But, by the sacred Prophet, thou hast been but shabbily treated! As a bearer of dispatches from the Christian king, thy person should have been respected; and if thou escapest not, it will be no fault of mine."

"By the souls of my ancestors!" cried Mornay, "you make me think better of human nature. May the time soon come when we can meet in a fair field in full view of the Christian and Moslem armies. To be vanquished by El Zagal would be no disgrace."

Sir Raoul Mornay extended his hand, the dusky and taciturn chief grasped it in his bronze fingers. A flash of his softer nature streamed into his face, his eyes beamed in an unwonted manner. Through his parted lips his teeth shone out like pearls.

"It is the compact of men," he said. "A sincere friend, an open enemy, and a soul above disguise. Knight of the Red Cross, El Zagal, the chief of the Moslem armies has spoken."

Those hardy palms of honest foemen pressed each other for a brief instant, then El Zagal bowed low, turned away and departed.

(To be continued.)

WHILE we are making our scientific ascents in England, the balloon in America is being appropriated to other and more genial uses. A bridal party recently made a wedding tour in the clouds from New York. This trip took place on the 8th of November, and only two persons accompanied the bride and bridegroom. The car ascended from the Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the Park, and after a very pleasant excursion through the upper air, landed at Mount Vernon, Westchester county, about sunset.

The drama is in active use at several of our asylums. Very recently, Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth* (arranged by Mr. Paterson), was performed by deaf and dumb pupils in presence of their deaf and dumb schoolfellows and an interested body of spectators, rather than audience, at Manchester. The text was conveyed through the "sign language" familiar to the pupils, and it was easily followed by the other spectators. Again, lately, at the Hants County Lunatic Asylum, the inmates thoroughly enjoyed a dramatic representation got up by ladies and gentlemen, amateurs, with the excellent superintendents of the asylum, Mr. and Mrs. Manly, at their head. The pieces were *A Thumping Legacy*, and *Bombastes Furioso*. They were admirably played, and the general enjoyment was unalloyed.

AN APOLOGY FOR SELF-MURDER.—A man, aged seventy-seven, who hanged himself in Paris the other day, left a document headed "The Mysteries of my Life." "I belong," he writes, "to a very good family. I was well brought up. Fatally for myself, I adopted as my device the Italian maxim, '*Chi va piano va sano*.' I know now that, on the contrary, no man should leave for to-morrow what he can do to-day. For my part, I believed that before doing anything it was necessary to deliberate long and maturely; and the consequence was, that all I took part in turned out unsuccessful. By this mania of postponement and this dilatoriness of execution I injured my fortune, I forfeited an important situation, and I missed ten marriages; I have broken faith with all my friends, because I could never return a visit in proper time, pay back an act of politeness, nor keep an appoint-

ment; and I was always an hour too late. I had excellent servants, but I never was well served, because I was never ready to be served. I thought myself extremely prudent, and I always found myself in a false or a difficult position. After long and profound reflection, I am now convinced that my constant habit of putting off everything was but a pretext; that my real character was one of selfishness and sloth; and that I sought to hide, or to cover, that double vice with a fictitious virtue. I was deterred by the fear of fatigue, by my disgust to bodily and mental exertion, by the indulgence of continuous and lethargic repose. Such is the true cause of the vexations which I have constantly experienced. I believe the judgment I now pass upon myself to be correct. At my age I am on the brink of the grave. The thought of self-murder is come upon me, and, as for once in my life I mean to take an energetic resolution, and not to postpone it, I hang myself."

#### IRISH AND HIGHLAND WIT.

"WHAT creatures those Irish are!" said the landlord, as he knocked a feather of white ashes from the tip of his cheroot; "it would be a dull world without them. In India a single Irishman at a station is enough to banish blue devils. The presence of an Irishman anywhere keeps away low spirits, just as a cat in a house keeps away rats and mice. Every station should wear an Irishman as an amulet against despondency."

"I have lived a good deal both in Ireland and the Highlands," said Pen, "and the intellectual difference between the two races has often struck me as not a little curious. They are of the same stock originally, antiquarians say, and yet Ireland is a land of Goshen overflowing with the milk and honey of humour, whereas in every quality of humour the Highlands are as dry as the Sahara. Jokes don't usually come farther north than the Crampians. One or two are occasionally to be found in Ross-shire, over there; but they are far from common, and their appearance is chronicled in the local prints just as the appearance of the capercailzie is chronicled. No joke has yet been found strong-winged enough to cross the Kyles. That's odd, is it not?"

"But have not the Highlanders wit?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of it, but rather of the strenuous than of the playful kind; their wit is born for the most part of anger and contempt. 'There she goes,' sneered the Englishman, as Duncan marched past in his tartan at a fair. 'There she lies,' retorted Duncan, as he knocked the sneerer over at a blow. Of that kind of rapid and sufficient retort, of the power of returning a blow swiftly and with interest, the Highlander is not in the least deficient. But he differs from the Irishman in this—that he has no eye for pleasantly droll kind of things; he has no fun in him, no sense of the genially comic. He laughs, but there is generally a touch of scorn in his laughter, and it is almost always directed towards a man or a thing. The Irishman's humorous sense puts a stitch in the torn coat, ekes the scanty purse, boils the pass with which he is doomed to leap graveyard. The best Highlander can draw no amelioration of condition from such a source. The two races dine often scantily enough, but it is only the Irishman that can sweeten his potatoes with point. 'They talk of hard-ships,' said the poor Irish soldier, as he lay down to sleep on the deck of a transport—'They talk of hard-ships, but bedad this is the hardest ship I ever was in in all my life.' No Highlander would have said that, and I believe that the joke made the hard plank all the softer to the joker."

"And how do you account for this difference?"

"I can't account for it. The two races spring from the same stock; I think it is rather unaccountable, unless, indeed, it be traceable to climate influences—the soft, green, rainy Erin producing riant and obdurate natures; the bare, flinty Highlands, hard and austere ones. There is one quality, however, in which your Highlander can beat the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the North American Indian."

"What quality is that?"

"The quality of never exhibiting astonishment. The Highlander would as soon think of turning his back on his foe as of expressing astonishment at anything. Take a Highland lad from the wilds of Skye or Harris, and drop him in Cheapside, and he will retain the most perfect equanimity. He will have no word of marvel for the crowds and the vehicles; the Thames Tunnel will not move him; he will look on St. Paul's without flinching. The boy may have only ridden in a post-cart, but he takes a railway, the fields, hedges, bridges and villages spinning past, the howling gloom of the tunnels, the speed that carries him in an hour over a greater extent of country than he ever beheld in his life, even from the highest hill-top, as the merest matter of course, and unworthy of special remark."

"But he will be astonished at the same?"

"Of course he is! The very hair of his soul is standing on an end with wonder and terror, but he will make no sign; he is too proud. Will he allow the Sassanach to triumph over him? If he did he would not be his father's son. He will not admit that earth holds anything which he has not measured and weighed, and with which he is not familiar. When Chingachgook groans at the stake in the hearing of his tormentors, the Highlander will express surprise."

#### ANECDOTE OF TWO ARAB CHIEFS.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. The enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, "He hates him as an Anizee hates a Montiffee."

It fell out that the Pacha of Bagdad, being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith twenty thousand men, and the order was obeyed.

The pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montiffee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief, and he was brought into the presence of the Turk.

"I have taken you prisoner," said the pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If you now command that ten thousand of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, and you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not, your head shall roll at my feet."

The chief looked the pacha sternly in the face and replied:

"Your ignorance of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, never!"

The haughty pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body.

The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air.

At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees.

"I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict I should not interpose, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are twenty thousand lances under my command glancing yonder, in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe."

The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tent, and then said:

"We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe, and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostilities are renewed."

With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the pacha.

**PROPOSED PICTURE EXHIBITION IN PARIS.**—M. De Nieuwerkerke, the Superintendent of the Fine Arts under the Imperial Government, proposes to have an Exhibition in the capital of the principal pictures belonging to the various public galleries in the provinces. These galleries contain many fine specimens of the French school, and would doubtless make an interesting collection; moreover, it would be a return for like services rendered by Paris to the departments.

A CONTEMPORARY tells an almost incredible story of gross superstition near Taunton. A farmer having lost a cow, and thinking that an "evil eye" was on his horse, consulted a cunning man, who, for a consideration of five sovereigns, agreed to contract the evil one. The contracting individual (so goes the story) ordered the farmer, his wife and family, and the labourers on the farm, to meet him at night to see the carcass of the cow burnt. They assembled in a field, when the "cunning man" told them if any one present spoke one word during the process of burning the spell would be broken, but if all main-

tained perfect silence the witch would be attracted to the spot, would be unable to move, that then blood should be drawn from her arm, and the misfortunes of the farmer would cease. A huge fire was lit, and when a hundred and a half of good fagot wood had been consumed, one of the labourers exclaimed: "Drat the cow; that wood was to blanch my rick, and the beast won't burn." The "spell" of course was broken, and the "cunning man" ceased his incantations, declaring that he saw in the distance the witch approaching, but that she vanished upon hearing the luckless words of the labourer, who was then, and there soundly rated for his stupidity. With doleful looks the party ceased their midnight vigil, and the disappointed but credulous farmer is looking out for the next catastrophe.

## WATAWA.

### CHAPTER III.

For some time the strange savage we have seen descending the river, with the body of an Indian girl, continued to regard the island near which he had so secretly arrested his course.

We will avail ourselves of our privilege to regard it with him.

It was about a hundred rods in length by thirty in breadth, and nearly midway between the shores of the river, having on each side a broad and deep channel.

The lower end of the island terminated in a barren point, which shoaled gradually into the river, but the upper extremity was elevated and broken, comparatively speaking, and terminated in a bold and rocky bluff, which overlooked deep water, its base having been undermined and worn away by the current of the river.

This point was densely wooded, and offered here and there various shelters and hiding-places, particularly among the rocks, where there were passes and natural strongholds in which a single person or a small party could have made, in case of being assailed, a formidable resistance.

At the left hand side of the island, looking down the river, there was a little inlet, a few rods in length by a single rod in width; in which lay a small log canoe, under the shade of trees and bushes, and from this inlet a well-worn path led towards the centre of the island.

Taking this path, a visitor would have soon perceived an opening, or clearing, partly natural, in the midst of which stood a small stone cabin, at equal distances from each shore, with small graded windows a single massive door, and a huge chimney.

This cabin was a storey and a half in height, at least fifteen feet square, and was built in the most substantial manner, a quarry on the upper end of the island having furnished the materials, in slabs nearly ready for use, in the most liberal profusion.

The chimney was in the centre of the building, and assisted, by means of a shoulder, in supporting the roof, which was also composed of immense blocks of stones, laid at a slight inclination upon huge pieces of hewn timber, and cemented strongly together.

At a glance, it would have been easy to see that a shrewd and lion-hearted man had designed the structure, and this fact was particularly apparent in the little windows, with double grates, which were so arranged as to light the interior of the cabin without lessening the security of its inmates.

It was fire-proof, especially the exterior, and was intended to be impregnable to any assaults the Indians might make upon it.

A little patch of ground in front of the dwelling had been cultivated, and contained beans, peas, potatoes, and other vegetables.

A small stone barn stood at one side of the clearing, and a cow was lying in its shadow, quietly chewing her cud.

Near the entrance of the cabin, and under the shade of a gigantic chestnut tree, was a rustic seat, formed of a single hewn plank, which seemed to be a favourite resort of the occupants of the cabin, to judge by the worn grass and hard soil near it.

On this bench had been cut, in the rude style of blackwoodmen, various emblems and inscriptions, among which were prominent the words, "The Outposts of Lincolnville," and "Strong Abe's Wigwag," in the midst of granite powder-horns, canoes, and other objects of the popular appreciation.

The intimation conveyed by these inscriptions is correct, for the cabin we have described belonged to Abraham Lincoln, and was occupied by the pioneer and his family.

There were marks of bullets and tomahawk cuts in the open door, which showed that the building had been more than once besieged by the savages; but everything about it was as strong as ever, and it had a rugged and defiant air that was well in keeping with the character of its owner.

The river, above and below the island, was nearly

a mile wide, so that in troublesome times, it was easy, by keeping a look-out, to perceive the approach of a foe long before his arrival, and long enough to take all necessary measures of defence.

The roof of the cabin was visible through an opening in the tree tape to the strange savage, and his eyes gleamed with a malignant satisfaction as he beheld a light column of smoke curling leisurely above it.

The sight seemed to assure him that the presiding genius of the cabin was busy within doors, and to encourage him in his mysterious projects.

Again he looked up and down the river, and again he scanned the shores and the island thoroughly, while the sinister expression on his face became more and more jubilant and malignant.

His manner seemed to say that he considered his way clear for the deeds he meditated.

Suddenly seizing his oars, he headed his canoe towards the upper end of the island, and rowed with all his might in that direction.

The current of the river accelerated his progress, and he sped on his way like an arrow.

Occasionally he turned his head to assure himself that he was unobserved, that the quietude he had remarked on the island remained unbroken, and that no enemy was awaiting his arrival.

Ere long he reached the foot of the rocky bluff we have mentioned, and drew his canoe under some bushes overhanging the water, springing lightly ashore, rifle in hand.

His dusky face suddenly blanched.

He seemed to realize that he was intruding upon the domain of a renowned and dangerous enemy, and that it was quite possible that his heart was covered at that moment by the muzzle of his enemy's rifle.

A brief but searching examination of the immediate vicinity convinced him, however, that his arrival had not been observed, and he at once recovered his usual dogged calmness.

Returning to his canoe, he raised the body of the Indian maiden carefully in his arms, and transferred it to a secluded spot a few rods distant. He then removed his canoe to the same vicinity, secreting it in a dense growth of bushes, and in a spot where it was not likely to be discovered.

Again he paused a moment, watching and listening.

At length, satisfied that he had gained the island unnoticed, he advanced cautiously towards the cabin, carrying the dead Indian girl under his left arm, and keeping to the shelter of the rocks and bushes.

In this way, continuing to maintain the utmost watchfulness, he gradually drew near the clearing, and at length took up his position behind some bushes at the edge of it. From this point he scanned the surface of the river.

No pursuer was visible, either above or below, no white man following him, and he accordingly knew that his stealthy approach to the island had not been witnessed, at least, from that direction; and again a chuckle of delight escaped him.

His malignant satisfaction had increased at every step of his progress, to judge by his gleaming eyes and glowing visage.

It was evident, considering his strange proceedings, and the singular burden he carried, that he was there for a terrible purpose.

His eyes seemed to burn like coals of fire as he fixed them upon the little cabin, and bent his ear attentively in that direction.

After a brief interval, as he detected signs of life within the dwelling, what an expression of triumph came over his visage!

He glanced at the sun, again looked searchingly around him on every hand, grasped the form of the dead Indian maiden firmly, arose to his feet, and appeared about to precipitate himself with a few hasty bounds upon the cabin.

At this instant, however, a figure emerged from the bushes on the left-hand side of the river, about a quarter of a mile distant—the figure of a young hunter.

As could be seen in the clear sunlight with sufficient distinctness, the new-comer was a hardy-looking youth, scarcely more than twenty-three years of age, clad in the usual buckskin suit, and having the self-reliant manners and dauntless bearing of a true woodman. A hunting-knife was stuck in his belt, and he carried a rifle in his right hand, moving with an easy, swinging gait, but yet in a way which showed that he maintained a sharp and constant look-out around him.

At sight of the young hunter, as he paused a moment in full view on the bank of the river, looking towards the island, the concealed Indian started as if shot.

His conduct showed very plainly that the young hunter belonged to the island; that the savage had been aware of his absence, and counted upon its continuance for the execution of his intentions, and that the youth's return was a serious if not a fatal interference with the programme of action existing in the brain of the intruder.



True to his stoical nature, however, the Indian said nothing, and was not long in mastering his emotions. A moment only the young hunter halted on the bank, and then he proceeded to a small canoe, half concealed under some bushes, embarked, and commenced rowing toward the island.

At this movement, the savage looked at the priming of his rifle.

His taleful eyes measured the distance between his hiding-place and the shore of the island, and he seemed to realize that he could shoot the hunter at the instant of his arrival, but he promptly overcame this temptation, which was in every way foreign to his projects, and became calm again.

The canoe continued to advance, and soon neared the little inlet at which the inhabitants and visitors of the island were accustomed to land and to take their departure.

As it entered the inlet, and while the Indian's attentions were equally divided between the hunter and the cabin, the stout iron door was suddenly opened, and a young girl appeared on the threshold.

The age of the maiden could scarcely have exceeded seventeen; and there was something so spiritual in the glances of her large brown eyes, something so refined and innocent in the expression of her features, and her manner was so lively and light-hearted, that she seemed a mere child.

And yet she was fearless and self-reliant—a whole-souled woman—gentle without being weak and timid, and brave-hearted without being forward or indelicate—in a word, that compound of strength and delicacy which is so often found among the daughters of the frontier.

Her face was somewhat tinted by exposure to the summer sun, but it was none the less beautiful on that account; and its beauty was heightened by a profusion of golden-brown curls surrounding it.

Her form was of the most perfect proportions, full and well-rounded, her every movement graceful, and every attitude full of winsome gentleness, revealing a womanly nature of the most attractive description.

She was dressed in the simple style of the period, wearing a short skirt, of a home-spun material, a neatly-fitting waist, and a pair of dainty little moccasins.

The resemblance between her and the young hunter showed that they were brother and sister.

In fact, they were Thomas and Bessie Lincoln, the son and daughter of the hardy pioneer.

The interior of the cabin, behind the maiden, as could have been seen at a glance through the open door, displayed taste and refinement.

The hearth floor was spotlessly clean, and the huge fire-place faultlessly neat, its great brass fire-dogs shining like burnished gold, and a sparkling little fire confining itself to its centre.

Upon the broad mantel-piece was a blue pitcher, filled with fragrant wild-flowers.

The grating of the windows was partially concealed by curtains of white muslin, which were looped away with bunches of long ribbon grass and sprays of wild roses.

The furniture consisted of a wide, chamois-covered lounge, with apple pillows at each end, a barrel rocking-chair, covered with similar material, three or four hard-bottomed, high-backed chairs, and two or three cushioned footstools.

A long, wide rug, of gay colours and home manufacture, lay in front of the lounge. A few prints hung against the plastered and white-washed walls, and a big Bible lay on the top of a chest of drawers in one corner.

There was a small room off this apartment, of course, and a ladder leading to a low chamber under the roof. The door of the former was open, and would have permitted an observer to discover that this was the maiden's own private apartment.

A low, white bed occupied one corner, and in front of it lay a gay, fringed rug. The walls were decorated with prints and campers, the latter betraying some artistic skill.

The single window was draped like those in the outer room, and the delicate scent of June roses tingled with the fresh, sweet air.

The only other noticeable feature of the room was a good-sized work-basket of plaited willows, which stood on a chair near the window.

Besides these, there were innumerable little displays of feminine taste that at once attested the occupancy of the apartment, even if a couple of gowns hanging in one corner had not been noticed.

With a glance at the beautiful sky, at the quiet shores around her, and the majestic river—a glance which betrayed the quiet and peaceful happiness of the maiden, and attested that her pure and gifted spirit was in sweet harmony with all the beautiful objects around her—she bounded lightly towards the inlet, humming an old tune to herself, as light-hearted as a bird, and swinging a quaint little bonnet in her hand.

She had evidently seen her brother approaching from one of the windows, and resolved to meet him.

The concealed Indian looked relieved and gratified as his eyes followed her.

"Ah, there you are!" said the young hunter, with a smile, as he stepped ashore. "Has father returned?"

"Not yet, Thomas. Have you seen him?"

"No; and I thought I might as well cut my hunt short for the present, as I have not seen any game worth shooting. You have seen no signs of savages, I suppose?"

"None."

"In that case, I think I will go down to the settlement, if you can spare me."

"Again, Thomas?" said Bessie, with a bantering little laugh. "I think you visited the settlement only the day before yesterday. What can it be that draws you so often in that direction? I shall have to talk to Jenny Hale on the subject, and see if she understands the mystery."

"Laugh away, Bessie, while you have the chance," responded Thomas, good-naturedly, but with a heightened colour. "It will be your turn to be laughed at some day, no doubt."

"Well, give my love to Jenny, and tell her that I am awaiting the arrival of her brother from the East with exemplary patience. Tell her also, if she means to rob me of my brother, to keep a good guard over hers, should he ever come this way, or I may rob her of him."

The young hunter smiled at these playful observations, and responded:

"Take care, Bessie! Robert Hale is no common man, from all that Jenny says; and many a true word, you know, is spoken in jest. Jenny expects her brother every day, and she has prophesied over and over again that he will fall in love with you on his arrival. Well, well—what is to be, will be. I'll drop down the river an hour or two, if you will take good care to keep the door closed and barred, and not allow any prowling savage to seize you. Father ought to be home by this time. I dare say he is not far distant. In any case, I shall not be gone long, and you need not have any fears—only, be cautious!"

He returned to his canoe.

"Perhaps, brother, you had better take your supper before you go," said the sister.

"No, dear. I will take supper with Jenny. The row down the river will give me an appetite. Remember, you are to be cautious."

"Of course. You need have no fears about me. I will watch for father's return, and shall not open the door till I see him."

The brother seated himself in his canoe, addressed a few further observations to his sister, and set out on his way down the river.

Bessie remained on the shore of the inlet a moment, seeing him off.

"Come back, Thomas, as soon as you can," she called to him. "Remember, if you stay too late I shall be anxious."

At this juncture, when Bessie's back was turned to the cabin, the concealed savage, who had observed all these movements, suddenly left his hiding-place, and bounded towards the cabin, still retaining the body of the Indian girl in his grasp.

His face had again blanched to a yellow pallor, as if he realized that he was incurring an imminent peril, but it was none the less determined.

The bushes near the inlet covered his movements, shutting him out from the view of the brother and sister, and he gained the cabin unmolested.

In an instant he had ensconced himself, with his lifeless burden, in the little room off the main apartment, in Bessie's room, and pushed the door nearly to, laid the body behind it, and taken up a position near it, with an active and aggressive air, and with a look of blended malignancy and triumph on his features.

His mission was that of a wolf getting ready to spring upon a victim.

A moment thereafter Bessie returned to the cabin, with a thoughtful expression on her face, and proceeded to close and bar the massive door.

The innocent and unsuspecting girl was thus shut up within a few yards of the mysterious and terrible savage!

(To be continued.)

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS NEAR WINDSOR.—An interesting discovery has just been made upon the Crown lands near Old Windsor. While a number of workmen were engaged in some drainage works upon the farm of Tylesbod, they came upon two large Roman tombs, the chamber of each forming a cube of about four feet. The remains were about two and a-half feet below the surface of the soil, and when the first of the tombs was discovered, the drainers took it

for an old drain, and the top of it was broken to pieces. This tomb contained a fine glass bottle of elegant form, charred human bones, but no urn. About eighteen inches from the first tomb, another of a similar description, but quite perfect, was found; and on its being opened it was found to contain an earthenware cinerary urn of half-baked clay, with charred human bones, while by the side of the vase were the fragments of a fine terra-cotta bottle. Both the tombs had been placed in positions, due north, east, south, and west. Neither of the tombs contained any inscription, coin, or ornament, but the remains are supposed to be between 1,500 and 1,600 years old, the site upon which they were discovered being probably on a Roman by-way leading from the camp on Bagshot Heath through Bracknell and Datchet.

# THE GENTLE HEART.

Oh, gentle heart! until this life be o'er,  
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame;  
Oh, grant but this, and I will ask no more  
Of earthly happiness, or earthly fame.

The gentle, the gifted heart—who shall reveal its depths to human sight?—what eloquence impart the softness of its love, the grandeur of its magnanimity? It is rarely the seat of earthly bliss! It is the blissful home of all the sweet affections. It glows where social feelings meet, it smiles where friendship dwelleth—it is virtue's hallowed fane—'tis freedom's first, and best, and most noble shield! A strength that will remain when feebleness spirits fade and pass away. It is the shrine of true piety, from whence our holiest aspirations rise; where joys which are divine, the fount of tenderness whence every passion has its birth and hopes, which are of heaven alone.

To cheer, to charm, to bless our pilgrimage on earth. Behold a mother's love blending joy and sorrow in her anxious gaze, kneeling in worship by her darling child; her brow so calm, her eye so meek and watchful.

Surely there is naught on earth more genial to the guileless soul than the gentle heart in its perfect purity.

J. A.

TOOTING COMMON.—A letter from the Home Office stated that the Home Secretary had no power to interfere in the matter of the enclosure of Tooting Common.

We understand that the reported destruction of Sir Isaac Newton's residence is incorrect. The house in Kensington, in which Sir Isaac died on the 20th March, 1727, is at present known as Bullingham House, and there is no intention to demolish it.

A BEAUTIFUL bouquet was presented to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on her birthday, consisting of scarlet and white flowers of the Danish colour, with letters in flowers in the centre representing the month, day, and year, the whole being surrounded with choice lace.

A SPLENDID specimen of the crane, which is almost extinct in this country, has been shot in the neighbourhood of Stogursey, by Mr. Haddon, of Taunton. It was a young bird, measuring from beak to claw 4 ft. 11 in., and from the tips of the wings, when expanded, 6 ft. 10 in., and weighing 7½ lb.

HEAVY ORNAMENTS.—The Makololo women are vastly superior to any we have yet seen. They are of a light warm brown complexion, have pleasant countenances, and are remarkably quick of apprehension. They dress neatly, wearing a kilt and mantle, and have many ornaments. Sebituane's sister, the head lady of Sesheke, wore eighteen solid brass rings, as thick as one's finger, on each leg, and three of copper under each knee; nineteen bright brass rings on her left arm, and eight of brass and copper on her right; also a large ivory ring above each elbow. She had a pretty bead necklace, and a bead chain encircled her waist. The weight of the bright brass rings round her legs impeded her walking, and chafed her ankles; but as it was the fashion, she did not mind the inconvenience, and guarded against the pain by putting soft rag round the lower rings.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone.*

PETROLEUM IN YORKSHIRE.—It has recently been found that the shales of unctuous clay overlying the ironstone deposits of the Yorkshire moors in the North Riding can be made to produce a mineral oil, similar to petroleum, at sixpence per gallon. From the fact that these shales crop out to the surface in almost all the valleys, the discovery is expected to impart a wonderful degree of life and activity to those hitherto unpeopled hills. It is evident that during the Roman occupation both the coal and iron deposits were wrought, the refuse from the workings being met with occasionally below the heather. This last discovery, coming quickly upon that of coal and ironstone, has raised the value of land amazingly.

Last week a small property of one hundred and fifty acres, for which, being fit only for grouse-shooting, five pounds per acre was thought too much a few years ago, was sold for nearly sixty pounds per acre.

#### DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

THE following table of the digestibility of the most common articles of food prepared from standard authorities, is approximately correct, and is of very general practical interest:

Quality.	Preparation.	Time of Digestion.
Rice	Boiled	1 00
Pigs' feet, soured	"	1 00
Tripe, soured	"	1 00
Eggs, whipped	Raw	1 30
Trout, salmon, fresh	Boiled	1 30
Trout salmon, fresh	Fried	1 30
Soup, barley	Boiled	1 30
Apples, sweet, mellow	Raw	1 30
Venison steak	Boiled	1 35
Brains, animal	Boiled	1 45
Sago	"	1 45
Tapioea	"	2 00
Barley	"	2 00
Milk	"	2 00
Liver, beef's, fresh	Boiled	2 00
Eggs, fresh	Raw	2 00
Codfish, cured, dry	Boiled	2 00
Apples, sour, mellow	Raw	2 00
Cabbage, with vinegar	"	2 00
Milk	"	2 15
Eggs, fresh	Roasted	2 15
Turkey, wild	"	2 15
Turkey, domestic	Boiled	2 25
Gelatine	"	2 30
Turkey, domestic	Roasted	2 30
Goose, wild	"	2 30
Pig, sucking	"	2 30
Lamb, fresh	Boiled	2 30
Hash, meat, and vegetables	Warmed	2 30
Beans, pod.	Boiled	2 30
Cake, sponge.	Baked	2 30
Parsnips	Boiled	2 30
Potatoes, Irish	Roasted	2 30
Cabbage, head	Raw	2 30
Spinal marrow, animal	Boiled	2 40
Chicken, full grown	Fricassee	2 45
Custard	Baked	2 45
Beef, with salt only	Boiled	2 45
Apples, sour, hard	Raw	2 50
Oysters, fresh	"	2 55
Eggs, fresh	Soft boiled	3 00
Beas, striped, fresh	Boiled	3 00
Beef, fresh, lean, rare	Roasted	3 00
Pork, recently salted	Stewed	3 00
Mutton, fresh	Boiled	3 00
Soup	Boiled	3 00
Chicken soup	"	3 00
Aponcousis	"	3 00
Dumplings, apple	"	3 00
Cake, corn	Baked	3 00
Oysters, fresh	Roasted	3 15
Pork Steak	Boiled	3 15
Mutton, fresh	Roasted	3 15
Bread, corn	Baked	3 15
Carrot, orange	Boiled	3 15
Sausage, fresh	Boiled	3 30
Flounder, fresh	Fried	3 30
Catfish, fresh	"	3 30
Oysters, fresh	Stewed	3 30
Butter	Melted	3 30
Cheese, old, strong	Raw	3 30
Soup, mutton	Boiled	3 30
Oyster soup	"	3 30
Bread, wheat, fresh	Baked	3 30
Turnips, flat	Boiled	3 30
Potatoes, Irish	"	3 30
Eggs, fresh	Hard boiled	3 30
Green corn and beans	Boiled	3 45
Beets	"	3 45
Salmon, salted	"	4 00
Beef	Fried	4 00
Veal, fresh	Boiled	4 00
Fowls, domestic	Roasted	4 00
Soup, beef, vegetables, and bread	Boiled	4 00
Heart, animal	Fried	4 00
Beef, old, hard, salted	Boiled	4 15
Soup, marrow-bones	"	4 15
Cartilage	"	4 15
Pork, recently salted	"	4 30
Veal, fresh	Fried	4 30
Ducks, wild	Roasted	4 30
Suet, mutton	Boiled	4 30
Cabbage	"	4 30
Pork, fat and lean	Roasted	5 15
Tendon	Boiled	5 30
Suet, beef, fresh	"	5 30

#### NUTRITIOUSNESS OF FOOD.

THE following table from authentic sources shows the ascertained per-centage of nutriment in the common articles of table consumption. Boiled rice being the easiest of digestion, because the quickest, is marked ten; boiled cabbage is two; roast pork, boiled tendon, and beef suet requiring five and a half hours to be digested, would be one, or the lowest grade of digestibility.

Kind of Food.	Preparation.	Per Cent of Nutriment.	Time of Digestion.
Almonds	Raw	66	—
Apples	"	10	1 30
Apricots	"	26	—
Barley	Boiled	92	2 00
Beans, dry	"	27	2 30
Beef	Roast	56	3 30
Blood	"	22	—
Bread	Baked	80	3 30
Cabbage	Boiled	7	4 30
Carrots	"	10	3 15
Cherries	Raw	25	2 00
Chicken	Fricassee	27	2 45
Codfish	Boiled	21	2 00
Cucumbers	Raw	2	—
Eggs	Whipped	13	1 30
Flour, bolted	In Bread	21	—
Flour, unbolted	"	35	—
Gooseberries	Raw	19	2 00
Grapes	"	27	2 30
Haddock	Boiled	18	2 30
Melons	Raw	3	2 00
Milk	"	7	2 15
Mutton	Roast	30	3 15
Oatmeal	Baked	74	3 30
Oils	Raw	96	3 30
Peas, dry	Boiled	33	2 30
Peaches	Raw	20	2 00
Pears	"	10	3 30
Plums	"	29	2 30
Pork	Roast	21	5 15
Potatoes	Boiled	18	2 30
Rice	"	88	1 00
Rye Flour	Baked	79	3 30
Sole	Fried	21	3 00
Soup, barley	Boiled	20	1 30
Strawberries	Raw	12	2 00
Turnips	Boiled	4	3 30
Veal	Fried	25	4 30
Venison	Boiled	22	1 30
Wheat bread	Baked	95	3 30

#### WARMTH AND STRENGTH.

ALL food contains nitrogen, the element which supplies "muscle," flesh, strength, or carbon-giving warmth; some articles contain both in various proportions. The colder the weather, the more carbonized food do we require.

Pure alcohol is almost wholly carbon, and all alcoholic drinks are proportionately so, beer having only five per cent. of alcohol; but having no nitrogen, they cannot add a single particle of flesh to the system, and consequently not one particle of strength of power to labour.

A man feels stronger after taking a drink of spirits, but it is not added strength, it is only strength preternaturally drawn in advance upon the store on hand for current use; the nervous system having been stimulated to make that draught by the influence which the alcohol had upon it, but when the system comes to use the strength naturally prepared for it, and finds it has been already appropriated, it "sinks" under the disappointment, so to speak, to a depth proportioned to the strength or quantity of the alcohol used.

The sinking experienced in *delirium tremens* is precisely of this nature, and is almost too horrible to be borne. All know that when the liquor "dies" within a man, he is as weak and powerless as a new-born infant, and this comes upon him suddenly.

On the other hand, food and drink which contain nitrogen, give flesh, create the power to labour, and the strength which is thus added is for current use, is substantial and enduring.

Hence alcohol is not a true tonic, has no really valuable medicinal or curative virtue in any malady known to man. The most that it can do under any circumstances is to give time for nature or for real remedies to bring their influence to bear on the system.

From the following table it will be inferred that aliment containing the largest amount of carbon should be used in winter; but cooling food, that which contains little or no carbon, such as fruit and berries, should be taken in summer; bread and butter and the

grains containing quite as much carbon as the system requires; hence nature craves berries and fruits in summer, and turns away from fat meats and oily dishes.

Names.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.
Gum Arabic	36	0.14
Sugar	42	—
Starch	37	—
Arrowroot	36	—
S. Almond oil	77	0.29
Olive	77	0.35
Lard	80	—
Suet	79	—
Butter	65	—
Wheat	89	2.00
Rye	38	1.00
Oats	40	2.00
Rye Bread	31	—
Peas, dry	36	39.0
Peas, green	42	4.00
Beans	88	38.0
Lentils	37	38.0
Potatoes	11	0.36
Cabbages	—	0.86
Turnips	8	0.12
Turnips, dried	43	2.00
Artichokes	9	0.03
Blood	10	0.03
Milk	—	0.03
Lean meat	18	15.0
Mixed	22	18.0
Soup	75	0.75
Apricots	—	0.17
Peaches	—	0.93
Cherries	—	0.57
Gooseberries	1	—
Apples	45	—
Beef, roast	53	15.0
Veal, roast	52	14.0
Venison	53	15.0

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**PATTENING TURKEYS.**—For each turkey mix about a pint of Indian meal with one pint of unbolted wheat flour, and pour boiling water on it, stirring rapidly till it forms thin mash. Place the dish where the fowls can have access to the feed at any time. Let skimmed milk or water be given also. In two weeks they will be fat and oily as butter. They will fatten better to have their liberty in a spacious yard.

#### VALUE OF FOOD.

Without strength or warmth we die; food imparts these, and is proportionately valuable; hence it is "nutritious," that is, nourishes, sustains, supports life. The elements of food which do this are called carbon, yielding warmth, and nitrogen, yielding strength or flesh. Butter, fat, and oil are almost wholly carbon—contain no nitrogen—cannot make flesh or give strength; on the other hand, apricots, cherries, and peaches contain no carbon. A man who fed on them exclusively would freeze to death, would die for want of the warming part of nutriment. Meats give both warmth and strength, and so do most articles of food, but in varying proportions.

For those who work, that food is cheapest which, shilling's worth for shilling's worth, affords the most strength, the most power to labour. The investigations and experiments of Baron Liebig and others seem to show that one bushel of oats at three shillings a bushel, yields five pounds of muscle, flesh, or strength element, costing sixpence per pound. The Irish masses do not eat meat once a week, yet they work hard, live healthily, and when temperate, live long. The Scotch glory in oatmeal, and are a hardy race. One third of the human family live chiefly on rice.

It would be as healthful as economical for the industrious poor of our land to live chiefly on cereals, as wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, and when they can afford it, have fruits and berries, raw, ripe, and perfect in their natural state, as desserts.

Articles.	Cost.	Muscle Element yielded.
Oats	s. d.	lbs.
Peas, dried	3 0 per bush.	5
Beans	8 6 " "	14
Corn	10 9 " "	16
Barley	5 1 " "	6
Turnips	5 4 " "	8
Flour	2 1 " "	1
Do, fine	40 0 per bush.	25
Potatoes	44 3 " "	22
Meats, 8½ lbs.	5 4½ per bush.	2
	1 0½ per lb.	1

**THE SIZE OF DROPS.**—Are all drops the same size, whether they succeed each other rapidly or slowly? Most of us say yes; but the experimentalist says no. He arranged his apparatus (called a *Stalagmeter*) in such a way that he could make the drops of water



not fall from the little ivory ball at intervals varying from one-third of a second up to 12 seconds. He finds that the drops are twice as large and twice as heavy in the first instance as in the last—that is, when the drops succeed each other more rapidly, they are individually larger than when they fall more slowly, amounting actually to double when the difference is as great as that above stated. The Lady Bountiful and Mrs. Nurse need not be troubled with a scientific explanation of this fact—how that it depends on the time in which the gravitation of the drops has to overcome the adhesion between the oil and ivory ball; but they are very much concerned in knowing that when they administer medicine “as before,” in so many drops per dose, the quantity will vary according to the interval of time between the drops. If they hurry, by dropping too much they may administer 80 drops to baby instead of 20, and then—*we draw a veil over the consequences.* Even medical practitioners themselves are cautioned. “A pharmacist who administers 100 drops of a liquid at the rate of three drops per second, may give half as much again as one who measures the succession at the rate of one drop in two seconds.” Inasmuch that we have not only to be on our guard against taking a drop too much, but must also see that our drops are not immoderate in size. Another caution to the dispensers of drops. Look to the size of the neck and lip of the phial containing medicines; if the vessel is thick and rounded at the spot from which the drops are made to fall, rely upon it that the drops themselves will be individually larger than when a thin-lipped phial is used. Professor Guthrie has ascertained this, and he shows how it depends on the adhesion of liquids to solids, as well as upon the cohesion among the particles of liquids themselves.

### SCIENCE.

VEGETABLE IVORY shows a red stain where a drop of oil of vitriol is applied, which again disappears on washing it with water. Bone or genuine ivory does not show this reaction.

#### THE COLOUR OF THE BLOOD.

THE blood which enters the lungs has a dark purple colour, and is known as venous blood; but when it emerges, and is carried back to the heart, it has acquired a scarlet tint, and is distinguished as arterial blood.

In spite of the number of researches made on the subject, great doubt has always existed as to the exact nature of the change which is effected in the lungs.

This much is certainly known, that somehow or other oxygen is absorbed by the blood, and that this oxygen combines with carbon and hydrogen, and that this combination produces carbonic acid and water, both of which are thrown into the atmosphere during the act of expiration.

Moreover, it is certain that the heat of the body is entirely due to this constant oxidation, which is therefore exactly analogous to the combustion of a lamp or candle.

But how is the oxidation effected? Does the oxygen combine directly with the carbon and hydrogen as soon as it comes in contact with them, so that in fact the whole of combustion is performed in the lungs; or is the oxygen first dissolved by the blood, which it is constantly oxidizing in all parts of its course?

The first view has been abandoned for years, in consequence of one fundamental objection to it. If the whole of the combustion took place in the lungs, it is evident that the lungs and heart ought to be materially hotter than any other part of the body. But this is not found to be the case. There is but a trifling difference in temperature between the heart and the most distant vessels of the vascular system, so that the probability seems in favour of a continuous oxidation in all parts of the body.

Our readers will now be in a position to understand the exact bearings of Professor Stokes's discovery. They will perceive that the gradual alteration of colour from scarlet to purple which blood undergoes as it flows through the vessels is attended by a constant loss of oxygen, which oxygen is employed in the formation of carbonic acid and water. This appeared to indicate the existence of two varieties of cruroine, a scarlet and a purple kind, the latter containing less oxygen than the former.

The following beautiful experiment demonstrated the truth of this theory. A little clear solution of scarlet blood was placed in a tube, and the two lines in its spectrum observed. A liquid had been previously prepared by adding tartaric acid and caustic potash to a solution of protosulphate of iron (green vitriol). Such a liquid has a pale green colour, has no perceptible effect on the spectrum, and, above all, has a most powerful affinity for oxygen, which it will

absorb rapidly from the air, if exposed to it. A little of this solution was now added to the blood, and the result was that its scarlet colour disappeared almost immediately, and a purple tint just like that of venous blood succeeded it.

It was pretty evident that the scarlet cruroine had given up oxygen to the iron solution, and had been reduced to the purple variety. The purple liquid was now examined with the prism, and the first glance showed that the spectrum was entirely changed. The two lines had vanished, and instead there was now seen a single line rather less intense than the original ones, and in position about midway between them.

This, then, was clearly the spectrum of purple cruroine, and it could be readily distinguished from that of the scarlet kind.

The tube was now shaken with air, so as to bring oxygen in contact with the cruroine. The scarlet colour reappeared instantaneously, and in the spectrum the two lines were found to be just as distinct as ever.

This, however, was not the end of the matter. On allowing the tube to remain at rest for a short time, the purple tint returned, and the spectrum again changed, both being, however, restored to their original condition by agitation. The process may, in this manner, be repeated a number of times, until, in the end, the whole of the iron solution becomes oxidized, when, of course, its power ceases.

Here, then, we have a very simple and beautiful explanation of the mode in which oxidation is carried on in the blood. Cruroine is evidently a substance which has the power of combining with oxygen, and giving it up again with about equal ease. Blood containing a good deal of purple cruroine (although a large proportion always remains scarlet) passes into the lungs. Here, as we have before remarked, it is only separated from the air-cells by a thin membrane kept moist by the blood. The oxygen of the air is dissolved by the water of the membrane, and in this way a constant supply of oxygen is transmitted to the blood. Here it singles out and attracts the purple cruroine, combining with it and converting it into scarlet cruroine.

In this state, with all its cruroine in its perfectly oxidized form, the blood exits out from the heart on its race through the body. But these conditions do not last long. The cruroine soon begins to impart some of its newly-gained oxygen to the oxidizable matters in its neighbourhood, which are in this way transformed into carbonic acid, water, and in all probability, other more complex bodies. By the time the blood gets back to the heart, a good deal of its cruroine has been deoxidized, and hence the dark colour of venous blood. It is due entirely to the presence of purple cruroine. In the lungs, the carbonic acid and a portion of the water are thrown off, and a fresh supply of oxygen taken in, so that cruroine plays the part of a mere carrier of oxygen from the air to the oxidizable materials, which last, although unable to combine directly with oxygen, can yet abstract it easily enough from cruroine. The heat produced in this slow and continuous burning is exactly equal to that which would be evolved during a more direct oxidation.

The importance of these discoveries will be apparent to all. They open out a new path in physiology, and one which, if followed with vigour, can hardly fail to lead to the most brilliant results.

A LARGE fire-proof safe has recently been made in America for a banking firm. It weighs 20 tons, and required eleven horses to draw. It is 8 ft. 6 in. high, 7 ft. 6 in. wide, and 3 ft. deep; made of chilled and wrought iron and steel.

MEDICAL.—The inquiries of M. Colin, which have just been published, show that the blood of the left side of the heart, is considerably warmer than that of the right side. M. Colin concludes from this that the blood is heated in the lungs, and that consequently extensive chemical changes, tending to produce heat, must be undergone in the substance of these organs.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOURS.—For many years M. N. de St. Victor has worked single-handed at the problem of producing photographs in natural colours, and has made some progress since the time when he sent a box of his photographs to the jurors of the last International Exhibition. In a recent note to the Paris Academy of Sciences he stated that he had succeeded in obtaining pure blacks, as well as natural colours, by the use of strongly alkaline developing solutions. His heliochromic pictures also are better fixed than hitherto, so that they will now last several days instead of several hours. In the course of his experiments he discovered the curious fact that strontium and other salts which colour the flame of alcohol, will produce the same colours on his photographic plates. Natural compound colours, such as the green of precious stones, are reproduced with ease by his process, yet an artificial green colour, made by the admixture of yellow and blue, will only give one of these colours on the plate, not the mixed green. M. de St.

Victor can dress up a doll, or paint a picture, choosing his own colours, which he can perfectly reproduce in the camera with his photographic plates as at present prepared. He has promised at a forthcoming meeting of the Academy of Sciences to exhibit some heliochromic stereographs, in which all the natural colours will be perfectly rendered, as well as the glitter and lustre of metals and precious stones. Pearls are pictured by his process in vivid reality.

#### CONCRETE FOR THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.

FOR constructing the concrete blocks for the jetty at Port Said, the contract was made on the 2nd of October, 1863.

Since then the installation of the necessary works has been completed. MM. Dussaud, Frères, have set up the following machinery and plant:—

1st. A set of mortar mills, comprising ten grinders, put into movement by a 60-horse power engine. Each grinder is able to deliver thirty-five cubic metres of mortar per diem, or at the total rate of 350 cubic metres, thus producing thirty-five blocks of ten cubic metres each. This amount, at the rate of twenty days per month, gives 8,400 blocks per year. The workshop for making these blocks is established on a travelling crane of large dimensions, connected by an inclined railway with the lime and sand depôts, on which waggons are hauled up by another engine of 60-horse power. According as the ingredients are ready for the blocks, they are dropped down by a shoot into other waggons below.

2nd. Platform for the fabrication of blocks. These are arranged methodically in parallel lines, and at present number about 1,900 ready to be dropped in place. According as these are removed to their ultimate destination, their place is occupied by other blocks, newly made, so that the supply of material is constant. The time for setting is about three months; and at the expiration of that period they become sufficiently hard. In capacity ten cubic metres, and weighing twenty tons each, they are composed of forty-five per cent. of hydraulic lime from Thiel, and fifty-five per cent. of sand and sea-water.

3rd. The machinery for lifting, transporting, and dropping the blocks. This consists in a number of locomotives and stationary engines, which execute the transport in the most satisfactory manner.

4th. Cantilevers, or cranes, for depositing these blocks in the sea, carried by lighters specially constructed for the purpose.

The sand for the concrete is furnished by the dredging of the port, in virtue of a convention passed between MM. Dussaud and the contractors for the excavation of the canal bed. The jetties will employ in all 250,000 cubic metres of concrete blocks, the first of which was sunk on the 9th of August last. Up to the end of August, 148 had been dropped.

The shipping returns of Port Said, from the commencement of the works up to the 1st of July, 1865, give as traffic for the harbour 2,037 ships, of the total tonnage of 359,548.

#### THE LATE THREATENINGS OF VESUVIUS.

M. Fouqué has recently visited Vesuvius and the gaseous caves in the vicinity of Naples.

He states that a few days after the commencement of the eruption of Mount Etna, it will be remembered that Vesuvius all at once put on a menacing aspect, and began to throw out cinders and red hot stones in such a manner that the ascent of the central cone was impassable for many weeks, much to the dread of the inhabitants who feared an eruption.

Soon, however, the phenomenon ceased, and the mountain resumed its usual aspect. M. Fouqué then ascended the mountain, and found that the two deep craters which were visible in 1861 were united into one of 250 metres in diameter, and thirty or forty metres deep. In the centre of this basin was a little cone, only seven or eight metres high, having at its summit an irregular opening, widest at the north and south-east. From this opening great quantities of smoke and steam issued, mixed with sulphurous and hydrochloric acid vapours.

All the rocks near the crater were covered with a thick deposit of chloride of iron or chloride of ammonium. Between the small cone and the sides of the great crater, was a double current of solidified lava, filling the depths of the ancient opening.

From its form, and the appearance of the rocks, it was clear that the liquid lava was ejected towards the south-east, where it was divided into two streams, one flowing to the north and the other to the south, both uniting again on the other side of the basin.

On the sides of the grand crater, the soil is furrowed into two or three cracks, which give out steam and carbonic acid.

M. Fouqué also visited those points near Vesuvius where gases were freely exhaled from the earth. His analyses of these gases will be found in the following, being the conclusions he drew from his experiments:—

1st. That all the escaping gases contain bicar-

buretted hydrogen, and no free hydrogen, while in the combustible gases of Sicily the reverse is the case.

2nd. That these gases contain a larger proportion of hydrocarbons, in the same degree as their place of disengagement is removed from Vesuvius.

3rd. That the gas at Torre del Greco, which in 1862 contained notable proportions of free hydrogen, since the recent agitation has only contained a trace, but possesses in return a small quantity of bicarburetted hydrogen.

These facts tend to prove that among the hydrogenous products given off by volcanoes, free hydrogen represents a period of greater activity than the proto-carburetted hydrogen, and the latter to a period of more activity than the bicarburetted.

**DETECTION OF ORGANIC MATTER IN WATER.**—In the monograph which M. Menier has laid before the French Academy, the author contains that the best method of estimating the proportion of organic impurity in water is that in which permanganate of potash is employed. In his own investigations upon the waters of the Seine he used the permanganate as follows:—A solution containing one gramme of the crystallized salt to a litre of water is placed in a graduated burette, from which a certain quantity is poured into the water under examination. The latter should be acidulated with about one-thousandth part of sulphuric acid, and kept at a temperature of 65 degrees centigrade. At this temperature the oxidation of the organic matters proceeds with great rapidity, and when the roseate tint is persistent, the relative quantity of organic matter may be read off upon the graduated scale of the burette.

### FACETIE

**A CONSTITUTIONAL PUN.**—Daniel Pucell, the famous punner, was desired to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel. "The King," answered the other. "Oh, sir," said he, "the King is no subject."

**GOING ON.**—Seeing a great crowd gathered in the street, a gentleman, meeting a boy, said to him, "Is there anything going on?" "Yes, sir," was the ready reply. "There's two things goin' on; you're goin' on, and I'm goin' on."

### WHUNDER IN FEBRUARY.

Meeting an old friend from Newbury the other day, he reminded us of an affair that happened there some years since, over which we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh together.

A gentleman residing in Newbury, having missed a good many sticks from his woodpile, his suspicion fell upon a well-to-do miserly neighbour, whom he thought capable of the act. He accordingly resolved to resort to the old expedient of placing a heavy log in a tempting position, having first well charged it with gunpowder, not only in the centre, but in several minor crevices.

Sure enough, the stick disappeared, and one very much like it "might have been seen" on the suspected gentleman's hearth the ensuing Sunday. Before it, in a huge fire-kitchen, a turkey was broiling itself to a climax; all of a sudden a thundering explosion was heard—the tin kitchen was blown into a thousand atoms, the dismembered turkey flew through the atmosphere, and the cat disappeared.

The old gentleman and his maiden sister were horribly "skort," but not materially injured, and the former was the first to recover his voice.

"Sister," he said, "that ere was the loudest thunder I ever heard in February."

The next day the plotter of the mischief sent a tin pedler to the depredator's house.

"Want any tin ware?" said the pedler.

"No, sir," said the gentleman, faintly.

"Why, yes, you do!" rejoined the pedler. "Your memory must be dreadful short. Most all your neighbours are saying as how you want a tin kitchen!"

A pair of tongs flew through the air, but the tin-pedler dodged and made tracks, looking in at the window, he exclaimed:

"Better have it, now. It's a first-rate article, warrant it to stand most any clim' and all sorts and kinds of weather, from earthquake down to thunder!"

**A PITMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA.**—At a meeting of pitmen held in Newcastle Town Hall, on the subject of the Cranington strike, a delegate from the black country, after dilating on the moral welfare of the miners at Cranington, proceeded to review the relative bearing of "things spiritual" between master and man, debating at some length on the "wicked conduct of the employers in turning the miners out of their houses." He concluded with the following peroration on "rows," as he termed

the strike:—"Yis, lads; mony a gud thing hez com out iv a row. (Loud applause.) Yis, lads, we read in t' o'ld Book that th' childer o' Isrl' got thru with a row. They was both on th' banks o' th' Red Sea, when they was chased by Pharey. The sea hoped'd, an' th' people o' Isrl' sez, 'Now, Mosey, lad; now's thy time.' Th' sea cleared, an' away they went, Pharey b'ing left behind. Pharey thought he'd hev a shie at 'em, so he sez, 'Here goes.' In he went, and— The remainder of the sentence was lost in consequence of the laughter which ensued.

### THE EVERLASTINGS.

In the interior of a railway carriage are seated a *Gentleman* and a *Lady*. The *Gentleman* is broazed, apparently by a long residence in a hot climate. His hair and whiskers are jet black, but the crow's foot is visible at either temple. The *Lady* is attired in the height of fashion, in a style suitable to youth and beauty.

*Gent.* "Would you object to having the window up? Many years of Indian life have made me very sensitive to draughts."

*Lady* (aside). "That voice!" (To *Gentleman*) "Oh, not in the least!" (Aside again) "It is Eustace!"

*Gent.* (emphatically). "Thank you!" (Aside) "Those accents!"

*Lady*. "Did you speak?"

*Gent.* "I beg your pardon. Your voice recalled recollections of fifty years ago. It reminded me of one who in other times, but—no matter. Your features, too, are strangely like hers—only, if you will allow me to say so, the complexion is even more brilliant."

*Lady*. "Oh! Might I ask her name?"

*Gent.* "Her name was Rose."

*Lady*. "It is my own."

*Gent.* "Is it possible that I am speaking to her daughter?"

*Lady*. "You are speaking to herself."

*Gent.* "Heaven's!—why, what? No, surely."

*Lady*. "Yes, indeed."

*Gent.* "But that fresh—excuse my rudeness—that youthful colour!"

*Lady*. "That raven hair!"

*Gent.* "I'll be candid with you. It is a wig—the gentleman's real head of hair, or invisible peruke—was wanted to defy detection."

*Lady*. "Eustace, I will return your confidence. I owe this bloom to the art of Madame Esther."

*Gent.* "Enamelled love! My Rose, my own lost Rose found! My Rose unfaded!"

*Lady*. "Your Rose will fade no more. She has been rendered beautiful—"

*Gent.* "Oh, how beautiful! Let me fold thee in my arms."

[They embrace as well as they can. The age of his whiskers blackens her face, and the point of her cheeks comes off on the end of his nose.]

*Gent.* "Beautiful!"

*Lady*. "Beautiful for ever!"

[Railway Guard appears at window.]

*Guard*. "Change here for Dorchester!"

[They hobble out.]

—*Punch's Pocket Book*, 1866.

"WOULD you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy, to a clergyman he met in the street. "To be sure I should," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

A LADY asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornament without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

**CHINESE DUCKS.**—The Chinese are the greatest raisers of ducks in the world. They place the eggs in boxes of sand, and hatch them by means of artificial heat. The ducks are fed with boiled crawfishes and crabs cut in small pieces, and mixed with boiled rice. They are kept in boats, three or four hundred in each, going out to feed in the morning, and returning when called by the voice of their master. It is stated that, on some of the rivers in the Celestial Empire, many thousand boats may be seen, each containing three or four hundred ducks. When we consider this fact, is it any longer a wonder that China is so famous for its ducks?

**TOM SAYERS' PRIVATE CHAPLAIN.**—The clergyman of a village in the neighbourhood of London having missed his "bus," and not feeling inclined to walk, confided his dilemma to Mr. W. P. Warner, of the Welsh Harp, Hendon. He was told that there was a gentleman at the bar who was just about to start thither in his gig, and that he would give him a lift with pleasure. His reverence was delighted with his luck; and, after being duly introduced, away he went with his new friend. As they drew near London, the former became conscious that every one was staring at them; and at last he ventured to allude to the

fact: "Really, sir, I don't think there is anything so very odd about our appearance, but everybody is staring at one or other of us; can you explain it?" "Well, sir," said the driver, "the truth is—my name's Tom Sayers." "Oh, indeed!" rejoined the astonished querist, "then perhaps, sir, you will have the kindness to set me down at once." "Can't do that," was Tom's reply. "I promised Mr. Warner to take you along with me to London; you got in yourself, and now go on you must!" It was no use demurring; and so the worthy pair drove into the metropolis, where "the masses" became more and more demonstrative and cordial in their greetings of Tom, as it flashed across them that the champion had at last followed the fashion, and set up a private chaplain.

We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that there are people living amongst us who have a craving for human flesh, though one of the editors of the city press has been called a "ghoul;" yet, what are we to understand from the advertisements: "Wanted, girls to cook." "Wanted, a small girl for cooking," and others of a similar character which daily appear in the newspapers? Are not the advertisers cannibals? If they want girls to cook, does it not follow that they want to eat them? We heard a monster only a few days ago, invite a friend to dinner, saying he had a rare girl in his kitchen!

**OLD BUMBLEBEE.**—was the cognomen of Mr. T. of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day, as he was singling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly between two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for assistance to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on a gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

### TUBBY OR NOT TUBBY?

WHAT will that worthy woman Mrs. Brown say to this advertisement, clipped from her favourite journal?

"**WASHING EXTRAORDINARY.**—A Lady, having discovered a new and inexpensive method of completing a Week's Wash in Three Hours, without the aid of a washerwoman, or the use of machine or soap-powders, is desirous of imparting the information to others. Address (enclosing stamped addressed envelope), Mrs. F—, &c."

This is truly beautiful! No more putting things to soak, no more wringing, no more tea with something in it, no more smell of warm steam! All is to be done in three hours—and the things wash themselves, for there is no woman and no soap needed. Alas! that the doubting fiend should pluck us by the sleeve, just as we are about to send off the stamped directed envelope, and suggest that perhaps after all the clothes and the discovery alike "won't wash!"—*Fun*.

### QUITE A CHINESE.

An international show of chesses will take place at Paris on the 29th of December. It will be a commemoration of peace and tranquillity, though many a country will show its mile—*Fun*.

### R. D. T.'S CONCERTS.

Several new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. Amongst them we are authorised to mention:—

The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.  
The man who haps on one string.  
The man who blows his own trumpet.  
The man who is up to the horns of a dilemma.  
The man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.  
The man who rings the changes.  
The man who drums on the table.  
The man who is fond of his life, and several artists (in spectacles) with their musical glasses.

Scores of applicants have been refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle, and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who sang their own praises.

N.B. The lady violinist will appear in *Justing's*—*Punch*.

**AMERICAN CLAIMS.**—There is a large tick between England and America. The *Atlas*—*Fun*.

### TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

There is a converse to the proposition that many a true thing is said in joke. For instance a contemporary, in an article on *University Extension* at Oxford, observes:

"The question then is, rather for each College, how



it is more men, than for the University, how it can be up a new College.

Supposing this remark to be true in the sense which its writer intended, you will note that it is capable of bearing another construction. With reference to the system of overcharging undergraduates for bread-and-butter at Oxford, you will perhaps think the question for Christchurch and other colleges just now is not how they can take in more men, but how they can get on without taking men in any more.—*Punch*.

## LETTER FROM A LION.

Charing Cross.

DEAR SIR.—I am the Lion on Northumberland House—we say the Lion of the Perry, in the family—only as you know that we are not Perceps, but Smithsons, it is of no use my coming that sort of thing with you.

But you also know that I am to descend. Northumberland House has to get out of the way of a new street. You will see some one to stand and watch whether I wag my tail at one o'clock.

I am attached to the locality, however, and moreover I am an Industrious Lion, willing to make himself generally useful.

The Nelson Column has at present four vacancies for Lions. Would you use your interest with Sir E. L. to get one of these assigned to me?

Your most faithful servant,

Leo Smithson.

—*Punch*.

CHARITY.—Sir, talk of Christian Charity in England! Poor! The Mahomedans are the clasp for me. A late telegram from Egypt stated that the Viceroy of Egypt "had undertaken to pay the debts of the fellahs of Upper Egypt." What a jolly fellow he must be himself! I wish I was one of other fellahs. By the way, please you might get up a subscription for—Yours truly, *MARK KINGTON*.—*Punch*.

## STATISTICS.

VALUE OF PROPERTY IN ENGLAND AND WALES.—The union valuation lists of property in England and Wales from the Poor-Law Board have been issued. In the revised lists for Middlesex the value is 963,661*l*, being an increase of 63,367*l* on the preceding year. The largest increase is in York. The value in 1864 was 3,345,117*l*, and last year 3,642,807*l*, being an increase of 297,690*l*.

ACCORDING to French official returns just published, the quantity of beet-root sugar manufactured in September last amounted to 10,749,515 kilogrammes, and in October to 56,609,101 kilogrammes, making altogether 67,358,616 kilogrammes. The quantity manufactured during the two corresponding months of the preceding year was only 41,603,310 kilogrammes, or 25,755,306 kilogrammes less.

THE number of locomotives at work on the twelve principal railways of Great Britain at the close of 1864, was as follows:—Caledonian, 262; Great Eastern, 576; Great Northern, 345; Great Western, 637; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 398; London and North-Western, 1,187; London and South-Western, 297; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 203; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 179; Midland, 512; North-Eastern, 603; and South-Eastern, 214.

RAILWAY ROLLING STOCK.—Last year the railways in the United Kingdom extended to 12,789 miles, being an increase of 467 miles of the lines open in 1863. Upon these 3,106,651 passenger and 1,865,318 goods trains were run, or 4,969,969 trains in all, an aggregate distance of 129,130,943 miles, or above 5,000 times the circumference of the earth. The passenger trains conveyed 229,272,169 persons, exclusive of season ticket holders, which would probably add some ten million to the number. The live stock and goods trains conveyed 2,998,357 cattle, 8,455,681 sheep, and 2,224,748 pigs, 74,448,781 tons of minerals, and 34,914,913 tons of general merchandise. The receipts for all this traffic amounted to 34,015,564*l*. The rolling stock put in requisition for the conduct of the traffic consisted of 7,203 locomotive engines, 16,985 passenger carriages, 6,506 vehicles of other kinds attached to passenger trains; 204,880 waggons for the conveyance of live stock, minerals, and general merchandise; 8,036 carriages or waggons of other sorts; or a total of 243,610 engines, carriages, waggons, &c., being an increase as compared with the preceding year of 560 locomotives, and 14,283 other carriages. Of these, England and Wales had 5,708 locomotives, 13,981 railway carriages, 5,436 vehicles attached to passenger trains, 166,117 cattle, mineral, and merchandise waggons, and 7,440 other carriages. The Scotch railways used 1,072 locomotives, 2,034 passenger carriages; and the Irish lines, 423 locomotives and 970 passenger carriages, each having besides the complement of waggons for live stock, minerals and general merchandise.

AN Italian paper says that 1,100,000*l* is the sum demanded by the brigands as ransom for the five Swiss they lately carried off from the gates of Salerno, and that the family are doing their utmost to raise the money.

## NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young, When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!

The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed; But, oh! the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born, Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendours of the morn, From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore, Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days, No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise;

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold, But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride, Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side;

There are blossoms all around us with the colours of the dawn, And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot! There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!

There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives! There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives! W. S.

## GEMS.

THE man that speaks plain truth is a cleverer fellow than he is generally taken for.

THE snail looks around his house, and thinks it is the whole world.

THOSE who walk on the highway are always throwing stones at those who walk off the beaten track.

EXPERIENCE and Wisdom are the best fortune-tellers.

THE covetous man makes a halfpenny of a farthing, and the liberal man makes a sixpence of it.

COLERIDGE, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy:—"The water lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves, and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

## DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF A WELSH PRINCE.

—The workmen employed in the renovation of the chancel of St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen, on removing the monument of Sir Ruys ap Thomas, which is built immediately on the left of the altar, came to what afterwards turned out to be the old floor of the chancel, a portion of which was removed by a pickaxe. Beneath were discovered a quantity of bones, placed in a small heap, about the centre of the monument, and underneath the breast of the recumbent male figure. Some of these bones are believed to be the remains of Sir Ruys ap Thomas. He was buried in 1527, at the Old Priory of Carmarthen, but his remains were removed about twenty years afterwards to the chancel of St. Peter's Church, their present resting-place.

A MISTAKE IN THE QUALITY.—A curious action of divorce is about to be brought in Switzerland. A young lady of wealthy family in Paris met, some months ago, in society, a dashing young man, who represented himself to be Count —, of an illustrious family, and very rich; and she with the consent of her parents, married him, but to her and their dismay, they recently found that he was only the son of a poor public-house keeper in Switzerland, that

he had no fortune at all, and what was worse, he was what is called a *mouchard*—that is, a political spy—and that it was to enable him to exercise his disreputable calling that his assumption of a false title had been tolerated by the people about the Government, and his *entrées* into fashionable society facilitated. If the man had been French, the young woman would have had no escape from her matrimonial bonds, divorce not being allowed in France, but as divorce exists in Switzerland, and as he is a Swiss, the belief is that she can obtain emancipation from him, on the ground that he deceived her as to his quality.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF ACHUTENBURG is thirty-four years of age, having been born on the 22nd of January, 1831.

A BRITANNY journal says that the Princess Baciocchi has made a gift of her model farm of Kerner Houet to the Prince Imperial.

A MAN named Thomas Dunford has just died near Evershot, in Dorsetshire, one hundred years old. He retained all his faculties to the last.

A WELL-PRESERVED specimen of a fine young gorilla has just been presented to the museum of the Taunton Archaeological and Natural History Society.

THE diamond diadem purchased in Paris by the Earl of Dudley for the countess, is said to have cost more than £30,000.

RICE strawberries were picked a few weeks since in a garden at Wellington, in Somersetshire, and ripe wild strawberries were picked at the same time in the hedges in the same neighbourhood.

THE great ant-eater in the Jardin des Plantes has died. An unsuccessful attempt, it will be remembered, was also made to keep one alive at Regent's Park.

A COOK and housemaid in the service of a gentleman in Kent were suffocated though having lighted a charcoal fire in an old milk-pail, and placed it in the attic where they slept.

THE King of Italy sent to the Dublin Exhibition the largest emerald in the world. It is six inches long, four broad, and three thick, and has engraved upon it the Lord's Supper after Domenichino.

ANOTHER young lady has been admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts in France. She is named Mlle. Antonia Collesier, is twenty years old, and was placed in the first class.

POOR-RATE ON DOCKS.—By a recent decision of the House of Lords, the Mersey Docks have been adjudged liable to poor-rate, and the amount of the parish claim against the Mersey Dock Board (swelled by arrears), is between £20,000 and £30,000.

A BALL IN 1741.—Now for the birthday. There were loads of men, not many ladies, not much finery. Lord Fitzwilliams and myself were the only two very fine. I was in a great taking about my clothes, they came from Paris, and did not arrive till nine o'clock of the birthday morning. I was obliged to send one of the king's messengers for them, and Lord Holderness's suit, to Dover. There were nineteen suits came with them. Do you know, I was in such a fright lest they should get into the news, and took up the *Cristians* with fear and trembling. There was the greatest crowd at the ball I ever saw. Lady Easton danced country dances with the duke. My aunt Horace had adapted her gown to her complexion, and chose a silk all broke out in pink blotches. The Duke of Kingston, Lord Middlesex, and Lady Albemarle, are dreadfully altered. You can't think what an alteration towards old I find among my acquaintance.—*Extracts of the Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis.*

STREETS NAMED AFTER ARTISTS AND MEN OF SCIENCE.—In the last list of the changes made in the nomenclature of the streets of Paris, the following names appear:—Architects and engineers—Pierre Lesot, Chalgrin, Riquet, and Ferronet (founder of the School for the Education of Engineers in Road and Bridge Work). Painters and sculptors—Pudhon, Gros, Flaudrin, and Ramey. Physicians and naturalists—Blainville, Thouin, Linnaeus, Dumeril, Hallé, and Olivier de Serres. Writers—Sauval, Villapardouin, Alain Chartier, Vangelas, La Fontaine, and Le Maître. Musicians—Berion, Nicolo, Spontini, and Pergolesi. Jurisconsults—Deballeyme, Cojas, Pasquier, d'Argenson, and Nicolai. Amongst the rest are the names of Legendre, the geometer; Philippe de Girard, inventor of a method of spinning flax; those of several generals, including Turenne, d'Hautpoul, Haxo, Petit, Pagol, Curial, Lecourbe, and Jourmel (who fell at Sebastopol); Boissy d'Anglas; Sibour, Archbishop of Paris; and the late Count de Morry. In most cases the streets are in the locality in which those after whom they are named resided.

## CONTENTS.

Page	Page
THE GOLDEN APPLE ... 257	PAETIA ... 296
BRITOMARTE, THE MAR- HATER ... 260	STATISTICS ... 297
SMALL SINS ... 268	NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME ... 297
CHRISTMAS ... 264	GENE ... 297
INNOCENT MIRTH ... 264	MISCELLANEOUS ... 297
THE FEMIN CONTRACT LONDON NEW WATER SUPPLY ... 268	
MAUD ... 268	
A DAUGHTER TO MARRY ... 268	
EVA ASHLEY ... 270	
THE BELLE OF THE SEA- SON ... 273	
DISPUTED TERRITORY ... 273	
"SO EAGER" ... 279	
ARAB THE WITTY ... 280	
LEIGH AND HIGHLAND WIT ANCEPOT OF TWO ARAB CHILDREN ... 282	
WATAWA ... 282	
HOUSEHOLD TREASURES ... 284	
SCIENCE ... 285	

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. P.—There is no law that can compel you to pay the debt.

J. C. G.—The name "Eva" is pronounced e-vah, and means life.

Wm. R.—The birthday lines "To a Friend" are declined with thanks.

ARROW.—We gave in No. 125 a very full description of the process of staining gun-barrels. See reply to 2nd M. A. in No. 125.

L. S.—Hallow-eve, or Halloween, means the evening preceding All-Hallows, or All-Saints Day, which day comes on the first of November.

A. S.—You must make your application for an appointment as police constable at Scotland Yard; where you will obtain all further particulars as to testimonials required, &c.

C. GREENWOOD.—We cannot supply you with more minute particulars as to E. Wall's process of coating metals than are afforded in the paragraph referred to.

BEYLA, a beautiful young brunette, in every way attractive, is desirous of meeting with a gentleman who would make her a suitable husband, and provide her a good home.

ROSALIE is disposed to entertain a suitable matrimonial proposal. Is seventeen years of age, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has fair hair and hazel eyes, and is considered handsome.

ALICE P., who is twenty years of age, and considered very good-looking, wishes to correspond with a gentleman who is in search of a wife fully qualified to discharge domestic duties.

J. R. L.—You have strained your voice—and lost it, musically speaking. It is doubtful whether you will recover it; but do not force it; that is the only means affording a chance of its restoration.

J. M. R.—Much reading is certainly injurious to the eyes. It is always advisable to rest with the light coming from behind, and so as to fall over the shoulder. (The handwriting is like ladylike.)

C. W. P.—The process of browning, &c. gun-barrels, and the chemicals employed, are fully stated in No. 125, in the answer to 2nd M. A.; a reply to which we have also referred another correspondent, "ARROW."

J. MACDONALD.—Volume VI. of THE LONDON READER is now ready, price 6d., and can be forwarded by the publisher. The volumes are consecutive, as regards some of the tales; but in all other respects are complete in themselves.

BARNELEY.—The story of Robinson Crusoe is supposed to be founded on the actual adventures of one Alexander Selkirk, who was shipwrecked on the island of Juan Fernandez. The handwriting is very good for your age.

CHARLES B. is desirous of corresponding with a lady with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-five years of age, rather fair, with auburn beard, moustache, and curly hair; is very musical, and fond of home.

A. B. J. M. wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Is just eighteen years of age, tall, and graceful, with light brown hair and bright blue eyes; is considered handsome, and can sing and play.

ELIZABETH AND Co.—You are probably correct as to what should be the proper weight of the miniature steam-engine and boiler. You can probably obtain the maker's name and address by applying to the Secretary of the Wakefield Exhibition.

ALTY wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Is seventeen years of age, has dark brown hair, soft blue eyes, and fair, clear complexion, and is considered pretty; is in good circumstances, thoroughly domesticated, and would make a good wife.

ERIGETTA.—If you were invited to the ball—as it is to be presumed you were—it would be a breach of etiquette not to call afterwards and pay your respects. The eldest daughter of the house only is to be addressed as Miss; the younger daughters are to be addressed in their Christian names and surname.

J. A.—You may either forward your dramatic manuscript to the theatrical manager by post, or deliver it personally. But in either case its destination will probably be the same—namely, the shelf or the waste basket. Managers do not take the trouble to read one in a thousand of the compositions which they receive.

L. RICHMOND.—The first examination, before the Civil Service Commissioners, for clerks in the Colonial Office, comprises handwriting and orthography, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), prices or abstract of official papers, geography, and translation from either the Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, or Italian languages, at the choice of the candidate. Candidate failing to satisfy the commissioners in this preliminary examina-

tion, will not be permitted to proceed further. The final examination comprises languages and literature of Greece and Rome, also of France, Germany, and Italy; modern history, including that of the British colonies and possessions; exercises to test accuracy and purity of style in English composition; elements of international law, and political economy; pure and mixed mathematics; and accounts and book-keeping. Of these five classes of subjects candidates may select any three in which to be examined.

H. V. F. M. is anxious to bestow himself in matrimony upon some young lady. Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, considered good-looking, has been in India, and is a musician by profession, and in a Government situation, with a good salary.

ANNIE and BESSIE are both desirous of obtaining eligible suitors, the former being dark and fair, and the latter fair. They are both considered good-looking, and are quite capable of making good domesticated wives. *Cartes de visite* to be exchanged.

POLLIE.—It is quite possible to obtain (by advertisement in a newspaper) an engagement in America as governess, or as a companion, to a lady, but the probability of doing so is not great. The cold is more severe in New York and Cincinnati than it is in this country.

A. B. is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with a young gentleman from eighteen to twenty years of age (a lover of music preferred). Has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, is considered very good-looking, and has a private income of her own; but is very lonely.

ARTHUR K., a young bachelor, in receipt of a good stipend (in addition to having a small fortune and a comfortable home) wishes to enter into a correspondence with a young lady, aged twenty-eight or under, with a view to matrimony. It is desirable that the lady be amiable, somewhat prepossessing in appearance, educated, musical and possessed of some means.

## A CHIEF FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Harrah, for Merry Christmas!

Let all our hearts combine

To greet him with a merry shout,

In the flow of sparkling wine,

And while with gay endeavour

We sing his praise in rhyme,

We'll cry—harrah, for Christmas,

The good old jovial time!

Harrah, harrah, for Christmas,

The joy of young and old!

In the gladsome dance and jocular song,

We'll heed not frost nor cold;

Adieu, to all ill-feeling!

With friendship grasp the hand,

Whilst round the yule log blazing,

We join, a happy band!

Harrah, for Old King Christmas!

With snow-lots on his brow,

He revels in his laurel wreath,

And waves the holly bough!

Bright jewels deck his regal breast,

And crystals round him shine;

Then hail him with a ringing cheer,

And pledge him deep in wine.

Harrah for Merry Christmas!

We'll hail him, one and all,

For see, the merry misletoe

Is gleaming in the hall!

With joyous hearts and voices,

While the bells peal forth their chime,

We'll praise the glorious Giver

Of good Old Christmas Time!

VIOLA ALBA.

J. R. E., who is in his twentieth year, of medium height, with brown hair and dark eyes, a chemist by profession, and having good expectations, would like to correspond matrimonially, after a preliminary exchange of *cartes*, with young lady of good family, who is a good pianiste, and moderately good looking.

EVA.—The wedding-ring is put upon the "fourth" finger of the woman's left hand, because, it is said, in the original formulary of marriage it was placed first on the top of the thumb, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" then on the next finger, with the words, "And of the Son;" then on the middle finger, with the "And of the Holy Ghost;" and finally on the fourth, with the "Amen."

ELLEN AUNDALE, an only child, eighteen years of age, with dark curling hair, dark eyes, well educated, domesticated, and accomplished, would be happy to meet with a *beau* gentleman, noble-minded, intelligent, and of decided religious principles; he should also be good tempered, rather tall and nice looking, and have quite sufficient income to render life enjoyable.

EDITH F., a brunette, who is in her eighteenth year, is tall, and commanding in figure, with black hair and hazel eyes, fresh complexion, and of a merry and domesticated disposition, would be happy to correspond with young gentleman (fair preferred), from twenty to twenty-five years of age, with a view to a matrimonial engagement.

ROSEBUD, who is eighteen years of age, and fair, has blue eyes, light hair, is of the medium height, and good looking, and first, who is seventeen years of age, having dark curly hair and dark eyes, is of the medium height, and of slight figure, would willingly enter into a matrimonial correspondence, after preliminary exchange of *cartes*, with two gentlemen, who must be tall and dark, and not under twenty years of age, respectively.

GERALDINE, who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, *petite*, has dark brown hair, large hazel eyes, and is very domesticated, good tempered, and of good family, is willing to accept a matrimonial offer from a gentleman of good family, and possessing a moderate fortune, and who must be dark, and 5 ft. 9 in. in height.

C. B. T.—The mineral basin of South Wales is estimated in round numbers at 1,000 square miles of surface; and the average thickness of the vein in this coal-field is considered to be seventy-two feet, or twenty-four yards. Now, at this rate, as every cubic yard of coal may be fairly estimated to weigh a ton, we should have 4,800 tons of coal under every inch of land, supposing such coal to be only a yard in thickness, or 11,160 tons at twenty-four yards in

thickness; from this acreable produce of fuel, if we deduct the 16,160 tons for unavoidable loss in working, there will remain 106,640 tons of available coal per acre, or 64,000,000 tons per square mile, and the product of a quantity of 64,000,000,000 tons of coal in the coal-field of South Wales alone.

EUGENIE F. and ADA V., would like to correspond matrimonially with two gentlemen. "Eugenie," who is twenty-one years of age, fair, tall, ladylike, and considered rather good looking, would prefer a gentleman in the Navy. "Ada," who is eighteen years of age, dark, tall, ladylike, and domesticated, would prefer a gentleman in business, and of sound moral principles.

M. R.—Printing in colours on cotton goods seems to have been practised for a considerable time in Mexico. When Cortez conquered that country, he sent cotton garments of this description to Charles V. It does not appear to have been practised in Europe till the close of the seventeenth century, when Augsburg became famous for its cotton prints. The first print-ground in England was founded by a Frenchman on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, and soon after a more important one was established at Bromley Hall in Essex.

WILD ANNA.—To clean hid gloves, place a little new milk in one saucer, and in another a clean cloth or folded towel, with a piece of brown soap; on the folded towel spread the glove neatly, take a piece of clean flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off on it some of the soap, and rub the glove downwards towards the finger ends, holding it firmly. Continue doing this until the glove is white, looks of a dingy yellow, or, if coloured, it looks dark and spotted. When cleaned lay the glove to dry, and they will be as good as new. (The handwriting is good, but looks to disadvantage from the badness of the ink.)

ON DEMAND.—Persons desirous of marrying, according to the civil form, before a Registrar of Marriages, must give three weeks' notice to that official for their district. The ceremony consists of merely answering a few questions, and making a declaration of the intention to take each other as man and wife, they receiving a certificate of marriage, which is then in every way lawful. No wedding ring is necessary (though usual), and the fee is only a few shillings. If married in church by common licence, three weeks' notice must also be given; the cost of this licence is about 2s. 10d. Marriage by banns entails only the expense of the fees to the clerk and clergyman, which varies according to circumstances, but is generally very little.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

H. W. would be most happy to enter into a correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Blanche," with a view to a matrimonial alliance. Is twenty years of age, over 6 ft. in height, and of fair complexion.

LOTTIE responds to the appeal of "M. T. K.," with whom she would willingly exchange *cartes*, &c. Is twenty-one years of age, tall and fair, with dark brown hair, good tempered, and affectionate, and a very respectable tradesman's daughter.

GEORGE responds to "Flora May," and states that he is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and fair, is in a good position in society, and has good prospects.

ANNA HOWARD would be very happy to correspond with "Edward J. R.," is eighteen years of age, tall, has blue eyes and brown hair, and would rather that a preliminary exchange of *cartes* should be made.

E. C. wishes to correspond with "Flora May," to whom he is willing to impart the fullest particulars that can be required.

MARGARET H., who is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, respectfully connected, and considered good looking, is favourably disposed towards "Frederick," with whom she would willingly correspond.

E. T. I. desires to correspond matrimonially with "M. F." (whose *carte* is desired). Is twenty-eight years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, is tall, and has black hair, whiskers, and moustache.

DANIEL is disposed to enter into a matrimonial alliance with "W. R. R.," presuming herself to be all that he desires.

H. H. F. replies from Ceylon, to "Lottia Malvina," with whom he would be happy to enter into a matrimonial alliance. Has been travelling all over India, in different capacities, for upwards of four years, is respectably connected, and would be happy to receive "Lottia Malvina's" *carte de visite*; though he regrets that he cannot at present forward his own, having only just arrived at Ceylon from Madras.

MARY thinks "Y. R. X." her best ideal of a husband, and would like to correspond with him. Is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of fair complexion, with light brown hair and blue eyes, is very affectionate, and a lady by birth.

VIRGIL would be happy to exchange *cartes* with "Alice Grayham," or he would be glad to hear from "Lizzie" or "Eliza."

E. F. E. thinks there is a great similarity between herself and "John W.," a widower, with whom she would be glad to correspond matrimonially. Is twenty-eight years of age, with hazel eyes and dark brown hair.

ALBERTA G. M., who is nineteen years of age, good looking, amiable, and is very well connected, thinks she would like to hear further from "N. E.," whose *carte* is requested.

BANNER will be happy to open a correspondence and exchange *cartes* as a preliminary, with "Flora May," with a view to a matrimonial engagement. Is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and has, at present, an income of 1500 per annum.

PART XXXI., FOR DECEMBER, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6d.

\* Now Ready, Vol. V. of THE LONDON READER. Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to Vol. V. Price ONE PENNY.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

† We cannot undertake to return rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors, at 34 Strand, by J. E. GILSON.



# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BRADEN'S HOUSEHOLD TEA, 3s.** Pleasant flavour, abundant strength; 6lb. case, 18s., carriage free to all England.—**ALEXANDER BRADEN**, 13, High Street, Islington, London.

**WHY GIVE MORE?**—Excellent TEAS, black, green, and mixed, are now ON SALE, for family use, at 2s. 4d. per lb. at **NEWSOM and CO'S**, Original Tea Warehouse, 50, Borough. Established A.D. 1745.

**THE LONDON LOOKING-GLASS COMPANY'S FIVE-GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS.** Several new designs now ready.—**A. JENKINS and CO.**, 167, Fleet Street, and 1, New Road, Brighton. New Design Book free, post-paid.

**ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.**—The **OCTOBER BREWINGS** of the above ALE are now being supplied in the finest condition, in bottles and in casks, by **FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, and CO.**, at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

**EVANS'S PRIZE KITCHENER.**—This Matchless Kitchen obtained a prize at the Exhibition of 1862. It is adapted for the cottage or mansion, from £4 15s. to £30. Also larger sizes for hotels, taverns, private and public schools, and hospitals, with steam apparatus, from £50 to £100 and upwards. Show-rooms, 33 and 34, King William Street, London Bridge. Manufactory, 10, Arthur Street West, adjoining.

**ARROWROOT.**—Finest St. Vincent 7lb. Tins, 5s.; 14lb. tins, 9s. 6d.; and 21lb. tins, 13s. 8d. each. One ounce sample sent post free on receipt of two stamps.—**FORSTER and SON**, Tea and Arrowroot Merchants, Philpot Lane.

**GREY HAIR.**—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—Ladies, from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye is sold at 3s. 6d., and sent by post for 54 stamps. Any shade produced.

**SPANISH FLY** is the acting ingredient in **ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL**, which produces whiteness and thickens hair. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; or per post, 5s. 8d., or 14s. stamps.—**A. ROSS**, 248, High Holborn.

**ALEX. ROSS'S DESTROYER OF HAIR** removes superfluous hair from the face without the slightest effect to the skin, 3s. 6d., or per post for 54 stamps. **ROSS'S TOILET MAGAZINE**, 1d., monthly; had of all booksellers; or for two stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

**FELIX SULTANA'S GOLDEN CASSETTE**, which unceasingly emits a delightful fragrance, 1s. The Fairy Fountain, six different perfumes, in boxes, 1s. Queen Dagmar's Cross, a jewel for a lady's neck, deliciously perfumed, 6s. 6d. A bottle of Jockey Club, Wood Violet, and Kiss Me Quick, in case, 4s. 6d. Genuine Otto of Roses, in original bottles, 3s. 6d. All post free.—**FELIX SULTANA**, Royal perfumer, 23, Foultry, City, and 210, Regent Street, London.

**FRY'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA**, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard article of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is equally adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**J.S. FRY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Prize Medal, 1862.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—The causes of dysentery in hot climates and diarrhoea in our own country may be safely counteracted by the purifying agency of these well-known pills. Within these few years the chance of escape from a dangerous disease was only by taking dangerous remedies; now the malady is dispelled by general purification of the blood, and its regenerating influence over every organ. Thus the very means for overcoming the sighing, vomiting, cramps, and straining include the elements of new strength. Holloway's Pills are admirable tonics and astringents, and can be confidently relied upon. Whatever may have immediately given rise to the irritation of the bowels, these pills soothe the irritated membranes and repress the excessive excitability of the intestines.

**MESS GABRIEL**  
THE OLD ESTABLISHED  
**DENTISTS**

**TEETH.**—Osteo Eidon, Messrs. Gabriel's Specialite.—The numerous advantages, such as comfort, purity of materials, economy, and freedom from pain, obtainable hereby, are explained in Messrs. Gabriel's Pamphlet on the Teeth, just published, free by post, or gratis on application.  
27, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, and 34, Ludgate-hill, London; Liverpool, 134, Duke-street; Birmingham, 65, New-street.  
Complete Sets, 4 to 7 and 10 to 15 guineas.

**RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUME, CUPID'S TEARS**, in a pretty moire-antique box, 3s. 6d.—**E. RIMMEL**, 96, Strand, 128, Regent Street, and 24, Cornhill, London. Just published, "Rimmel's Book of Perfume," with above 250 illustrations. Price 5s. Sent by post for 68 stamps.

**PROFESSOR STANLEY.** Hair Cutter and Hair Dyer, 46, Blackfriars Road, S. (12 doors from the Railway Station). Hair Cut and Brushed by Machinery, 3d.; Cut, Shampooed (with hot and cold showers), and Brushed by Machinery, 6d. No business on Sundays.

**POWNCEBY'S FRENCH BRANDY**, at 4s. 6d. per bottle, is confidently recommended. Dr. Hassall's report: "The French brandies sold by Mr. Pownceby are a pure grape spirit, and valuable for medicinal purposes."—**S. POWNCEBY**, 19, Ernest Street, Albany Street, N.W. Samples forwarded.

**CADIZ, OPORTO, and LIGHT WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited).**—Capital, £150,000.—West-end Depot, 434, Strand. Sample bottles of the following WINES, direct from Vineyards: Dinner Sherry, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Household Port, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Club Sherry, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d. Club Port, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d.

**COLMAN'S PRIZE MEDAL MUSTARD** bears their trade mark, the Bull's Head, on each package. It is the only mustard which obtained a Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition, 1862; their "genuine" and "double superfine" are the qualities particularly recommended for family use. Retail in every town throughout the United Kingdom.—**J. and J. COLMAN**, 26, Cannon Street, London.

**CAUTION.—COCKS'S** celebrated **READING SAUCE**, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies, Hot and Cold Meats, unrivalled for general use, sold by all respectable Dealers in Sauces. Is manufactured only by the Executors of the Sole Proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke Street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

**TWO THOUSAND** best **SILVER WATCHES**, 25s. each; 500 gold ditto, 55s. each, all warranted; 1,000 Solid Gold Guard Chains and Albert Chains, 16s. 6d. each; Gold Gem Rings and Signet ditto, 4s. each; 1,500 Solid Gold Scarf Pins, 5s. 6d. each; Gold Brooches, Earrings, Studs, and every kind of Jewellery, at a similar reduction. Country orders, per remittances, carefully attended to.—**George Dyer**, 90, Regent Street, London.

**WATCHES and CLOCKS.**—**FREDC. HAWLEY** (Successor to Thomas Hawley), many years Watchmaker, by special appointment, to his late Majesty George IV., invites inspection of his carefully-finished Stock, at 148, Regent Street, W. Elegant Gold watches, £2 15s. to £35; Silver Watches, £1 5s. to £12 12s. Eight-day Timepieces, 12s. 6d. Clocks, striking hours and half-hours, £2 15s. and upwards.—**FREDERICHAWLEY**, Watchmaker, 148, Regent Street, W. (from the Strand and Coventry Street). Established nearly a century. Merchants and Shippers supplied.

**BRANDY.**—The Best and Cheapest in the World. Cognac, 15s. per gallon; one dozen, 33s. Champagne, 18s. per gallon; one dozen, 39s. This splendid Brandy cannot be equalled. Best London Gin, full strength, 13s. per gallon; one dozen, 29s. The above prices per dozen include railway carriage.—**G. PHILLIPS and CO.**, Distillers, Holborn Hill, London.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.**—This Celebrated Old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill Street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**M. R. HARTY**, Surgeon-Dentist, by a new Process REPLACES TEETH in the month without any pain or inconvenience to the patient. He is only to be consulted at his residence, 41, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square. Painless extraction if required. Moderate charges.

**LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.**—Chairman in London—Sir WM. DUNBAR, of Mochrum, Bart, M.P.

While affording all the advantages and facilities usual with other Offices, this institution possesses special and attractive features peculiar to itself; and during the twenty-six years of its operations it has largely contributed to the extension of Life Assurance throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

The system and regulations have been framed, and from time to time improved, so as to secure to the policyholders not only the utmost value for their payments, but especially the following:

As small present outlay as possible.  
No Responsibility, whether of Partnership or Mutual Assurance.

No liability to Forfeiture, or so little that only gross carelessness can affect the policy.

A liberal return to the policy-holder, if he desire to relinquish his policy; or

The loan of a sum nearly equal to its office value without cancelling the policy.

The eminent usefulness of the institution is apparent from its having paid policies on deceased lives amounting, during last year alone, to

**NINETY THOUSAND POUNDS.**

One whole Year's Ranking for Profits over all later entrants will be secured by Assuring before 5th April.

**THOS. FRASER**, Resident Secretary.  
London (Chief Office), 20, King William Street, City; (West End Office), 48, Pall Mall, S.W.

**CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.—Established 1824.

**FINANCIAL RESULTS OF THE SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.**  
The annual income exceeds ... .. £201,000.  
The Assurance Fund safely invested, is over ... .. 1,446,000.  
The New Policies in the last year were 466, assuring ... .. 271,440.  
The Bonus-added to Policies at the last division was ... .. 275,077.  
The total claims by death paid amount to 1,962,629.  
The following are among the distinctive features of the society:

Credit System.—On any policy for the whole of life, where the age does not exceed 60, one-half of the annual premiums during the first five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the policy, or be paid off at any time.

Low Rates of Premium for Young Lives, with early participation in profits.

Endowment Assurances may be effected, without profits, by which the sum assured becomes payable on the attainment of a specified age, or at death, whichever event shall first happen.

Invalid Lives may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

Prompt Settlement of Claims.—Claims paid thirty days after proof of death.

The Reversionary Bonus at the Quinquennial Division in 1862 averaged 48 per cent., and the Cash Bonus 28 per cent. on the premiums paid in the five years.

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1867, and persons who effect new policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that division to one year's additional share of profits over later entrants.

Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or of **GEORGE CUTCLIFFE**, Actuary and Secretary, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

**THE LAND SECURITIES COMPANY (Limited).**  
The Company ISSUE MORTGAGE DEBENTURES, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, payable half-yearly, at the Bankers of the Company in London, or at such Country Bankers as may be arranged with the holders, payable at such periods and for such amounts as may suit investors. The aggregate amount of the debentures at any time issued is strictly limited to the total amount of the moneys for the time being, secured to the Company by carefully selected mortgages, of which a register is kept at the Company's Chief Office, open to inspection by debenture-holders. The holders have, moreover, the security of the large uncalled capital of the Company, which amounts at present to £900,000. These debentures, therefore, combining the advantages of a good mortgage with ready convertibility, will be found a perfectly safe and convenient investment.

The Company accept money on deposit in the smallest or largest sums, at interest, in anticipation of investment in the mortgage debentures, and they undertake the negotiation of special investments, to suit exceptional circumstances.

Apply to the Managing Director, Land Securities Company, No. 82, Charing Cross, S.W.

# **"WANZER"**

## **LOCK-STITCH**

## **SEWING MACHINE.**

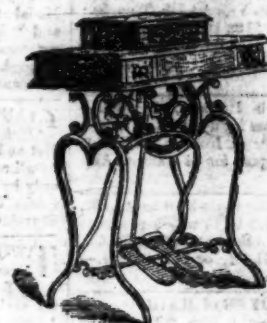
**The latest improved—the most simple—the most easily learned—the least liable to get out of order—performing a greater range of work than any other Sewing Machine yet invented.**

IRON OR WOOD TABLE.



£9.

QUARTER CASE.



FROM £10.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE "WANZER" SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS, 4, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

The popular use of the Sewing Machine has been long retarded by the complicated machinery necessary to do the work. This objection is removed by the "WANZER" MACHINE, combining the minimum simplicity with thorough effectiveness. The Company fear no competition, being confident that their Machines will give perfect satisfaction to all who try them.

The "Wanzer" Sewing Machine will perform more work than any other Machine yet offered to the Public, and aided by the new Patent Hemmer and Feller, the exclusive property of the Company, will Hem and Fell flannel and heavy material, which no other Machine can do.

The extreme simplicity and perfect finish of these Machines render their management easy by inexperienced hands, while their neatness and extensive range of work mark them as the best Family Machine. Tailors, Dressmakers, or Milliners will find them peculiarly adapted to their purposes.

Price, from £9, including Hemmer, Tucker, Quilting-Gauges, &c., with requisite tools for the management.

**PROSPECTUSES POST FREE.**



# LONDON READER

Of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

PART 33

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. WATSON, 334, STRAND,

AND SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE BOOKSELLERS.

## Extract from "The Railway Times" of Dec. 22nd, 1866.

The Lines having their Termini in the Metropolis exhibit the following receipts per mile for the week ending December 22nd, 1866, 1865, and 1864:—

	1866.			1865.			1864.		
December 22nd, 1866.	£	s. d.	Passgrs.	£	s. d.	Passgrs.	£	s. d.	Passgrs.
London and South Western ....	44	0 0	3,520	44	14 0	3,576	45	18 0	3,672
Great Eastern .....	48	10 0	3,880	49	8 0	3,952	47	6 0	3,784
Great Western .....	54	9 0	4,356	55	0 0	4,400	53	5 0	4,260
Chatham and Dover .....	62	10 0	5,000	58	13 0	4,692	50	19 0	4,076
London and Brighton .....	63	0 0	5,040	61	0 0	4,880	61	14 0	4,936
South Eastern .....	66	7 0	5,308	66	2 0	5,288	64	14 0	5,176
Midland .....	67	14 0	5,416	73	6 0	5,864	71	4 0	5,696
London and North Western ....	90	0 0	7,200	91	10 0	7,320	85	0 0	6,800
Great Northern .....	100	13 0	8,052	94	0 0	7,520	93	5 0	7,460
Total for 9 Railways, viz. . .	597	3 0		593	13 0		573	5 0	
„ for Goods .....	298	11 6		296	16 6		286	12 6	
„ for Passengers .....	298	11 6	47,772	296	16 6	47,492	286	12 6	45,860

Calculation for Passengers estimated at 1½d. per mile, allowing half for Goods.

Per mile for the week ending December 22nd, 1866.

	1866.	Passengers.	1865.	Passengers.	1864.	Passengers.
*North London .....	£444 15 ..	47,440	£402 11 ..	42,939	£349 11 ....	37,285
**Metropolitan.....	£953 9 ..	152,552	£827 15 ..	132,440	£586 19 ....	93,912

\* One-third Goods.

\*\* For Passengers only.

The above Return shows that **all the nine large Railways carried but 47,772 Passengers per mile, and the METROPOLITAN RAILWAY carried 152,552 Passengers per mile during the same week, showing a return of nearly three times the number of Passengers.**

In addition to this traffic of the Metropolitan, Hammersmith, and Kensington Lines running on the Metropolitan, arrangements have already been made for a Terminus at Moorgate Street Station for the Midland, Great Northern, Great Western, London, Chatham and Dover, and possibly the North Western Railways, three of which are already running part of their Trains.

### METROPOLITAN RAILWAY COMPANY.

The number of Passengers conveyed in each Half-year since the opening of the Line has been as follows:—

Amount Received.	Number of Passengers.	Half-year ending
£.		
53,058	4,823,437	June 30th, 1863
48,640	4,631,738	Dec. 31st, 1863
54,740	5,207,335	June 30th, 1864
61,749	6,514,554	Dec. 31st, 1864
69,072	7,462,823	June 30th, 1865
72,441	8,031,084	Dec. 31st, 1865
102,947	10,303,395	June 30th, 1866

The number of Passengers has increased to upwards of 12,000,000 for the six months ending December 31st, 1866. It will thus be seen that the **whole of the population of London, consisting of Three Millions, pass over the Railway eight times in the course of the year.**